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# THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing

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# Luck and Wheels

CHARLES R. GOLDMAN

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 12*

SPRING VACATION WAS RAPIDLY APPROACHING AT Culver Military Academy, and in an attempt to make the time of waiting go still faster I decided to get my twelve year old Plymouth coupe ready for the trip home. My counselor was a bit dubious about the idea, and his doubts quickly spread to the other members of the faculty. Most of them managed to wander out to the Motors shed to get a look at the old car, and some of them were bold enough to insinuate that it wouldn't go many miles without trouble. It must be said at this point that their skepticism was not wholly unwarranted, for the Plymouth in question was in numerous pieces all over the shop.

The faculty's light view of such a serious enterprise only put me on my mettle and drove me to greater efforts. I worked between classes, during recreation period, and frequently at night, in order to have the car in the best possible running order by the beginning of vacation. My best friend, Dan Pope, became interested in the project and decided to join me. At this point Major Harper, who taught Motors, furnished valuable aid by putting some of his classes to work on the car. The problem of obtaining manifold gaskets for such an old model almost stopped us, but again Major Harper came to our aid. Kicking the right rear tire in a friendly way with the wooden leg he had brought back from the First World War, he assured us that with little added effort we could make the gaskets ourselves.

As the day of departure approached, the faculty, further incited by the knowledge that we intended to add six hundred miles to the trip in order to spend a week-end in Bay City, Michigan, began to bet on the success or failure of our journey. A foot of snow was reported just north of the Indiana line, and as several inches had fallen on Culver the night before vacation started, the reported betting was said to be strongly favoring the weather.

My friend and I had agreed to wire from important points on route in order that those concerned might plot our progress. We decorated the car for our departure with slogans and streamers. An injection of light oil made it possible to produce a huge cloud of smoke from the exhaust for a spectacular take-off. The night before I had called a girl friend in South Bend, Indiana, and asked her to send a wire saying that we had passed through South Bend about an hour after the time at which I had counted on our making our departure. We spent a little too much time driving and honking around the campus, so when the first wire arrived we had only been gone twenty min-

utes. Upon receiving the wire a startled group of instructors in Physics and Mathematics announced to the other faculty members that by their nearest reckoning we were progressing northward as a speed slightly under eighty miles an hour.

It was zero when we left Culver, and about ten below by the time we reached the Michigan line. The absence of glass in the side windows and the lack of a heater and of weather stripping on the doors made it a cold trip. We kept blankets over our legs and canned heat burning constantly in the door-less glove compartment to keep our hands warm.

The only mechanical trouble on the trip arose from the poor workmanship of some well-meaning students in the Motors course, and was not of a very serious nature. The right front wheel had been set with a half inch too much toe-in, so that it rolled down the pavement at an angle rather than almost straight ahead as it should. If we left the tie rod as it was, we were almost certain to blow out the already thin tire. As we were miles from the next town when we discovered it, and going back was out of the question, I picked a grove of trees with a narrow lane and drove the car in for protection from the icy, night gale which was beginning to drive a fine snow from the northeast.

While I jacked the fore end of the car up, and cleared away the snow from under it, Dan built a fire about a foot in front of the radiator to keep the car and us from freezing to death and to furnish light for the operation. The wheel correction was surprisingly easy; we were ready to leave again in a few minutes. Then we discovered that it would be more difficult to get out of the lane than it had been to get in. Because of the density of the timber there was no way of turning around without serious risk of getting stuck, and the whirling snow made the visibility poor everywhere except directly within the beams of the head lights. Dan therefore very carefully directed my backing; yet in spite of this I bumped several small pines which retaliated by dumping their burden of snow on top of the car. The Plymouth was little more than a snow drift on wheels by the time we reached the highway.

The wind gradually became more severe, gathering the powdery snow into dense clouds which seemed to buffet the car from all directions. Because there were no windshield wipers it was necessary to make frequent stops to clear away the dry snow which piled rather than stuck on the glass. Trucks first appeared as only a faint glow through the swirling snow, then there was a sudden glare, a haze of snow and exhaust, and for an instant afterwards I could pick up the tiny pinpoints of red from their tail lights in my rear view mirror before they vanished into the night behind us.

It was midnight. We were running several hours behind schedule by the time we reached Lansing, Michigan, and announced the fact by wire to Culver. North of Lansing it was colder, but the wind drove only the drifting snow now,



and a pale silver moon illuminated the countryside. Just west of Owosso we ran through several miles of small drifts. As long as we maintained a good speed, the light car navigated the annoying drifts surprisingly well. A thin layer of snow gradually sifted up from the drifts through the floor boards. More blew in around the cardboard which took the place of the missing windows. We stopped in Saginaw to sweep this out, get a hamburger, and warm up a bit, then started on the last fifteen mile run into Bay City.

We arrived a half-hour ahead of the train we had been advised to take and sent a final wire back to school. The story may grow some by the time I tell it to my grandchildren, and I suppose a lot of people think we were crazy for taking such an uncomfortable and dangerous journey; still, it will always be something to remember when remembering eventually replaces action.

## Book Report on Winesburg, Ohio

JOHN C. BROWN

*Rhetoric 101, Third Book Review*

MOST AUTHORS WRITE ABOUT THE OUTWARD OR external aspects of their characters' lives. Their novels are constructed around a plot or definite story plan which serves to direct the line of action of their characters in a preconceived pattern. And so these characters are consigned to the roles of actors who dramatize the story-form the author creates for them. It's true these character-actors may be very realistic and may be easily recognized as life-and-blood humans, but few authors attempt to describe the silent but persistent emotions which motivate their actions. *Winesburg, Ohio* is one quiet, compassionate book that does tell of the inward longings, suppressions, and desires which shuttle unceasingly through a man's mind and which mold his personality.

In this book Sherwood Anderson describes the lives of some of the citizens of a small town in Ohio. These citizens aren't the ordinary men and women who are normally happy and well content with their lot in life, but they are instead the grotesques of modern civilization. They are the lost people who have accumulated too much of one phase of life in their personalities, and therefore live an out-of-proportion life that sets them apart from their ordinary fellow townsmen.

A normal individual has a well rounded personality which is subject to a change of mood by such emotions as anger, pity, and love, but he manages to keep these emotions in check. A normal man's personality is also affected by the motivations of many of the compelling forces of life—hunger, sexual de-

sire—. He will react to these forces in a manner which his intuition assures him is fitting. Most people are able to keep their desires, emotions, and ideas under control so that they will at least appear to be rational people. But practically all of the grotesques in Anderson's book have personalities which are unnaturally receptive to just one particular phase of living, such as one man's fanaticism for religion, another man's abnormal habit of telling people all of the interesting ideas which suddenly tumble in torrents from his active brain, and a woman's futile love for a man for whom she waited in vain for many years.

As the personality of Wing Biddlebaum developed from boyhood to manhood, it became more strongly attached to the more tender, more kind, and more sensitive choices of reaction to life's bewildering problems than the personalities of most masculine men tend to become attached to these more effeminate reactions. When Wing Biddlebaum carelessly fondled and rumbled the hair of his boy students while he talked sympathetically with them, he was only physically expressing the affection his nature had for all living animals. But the wild imaginings of a dull-witted boy served to crystallize the suspicions of the townspeople, who branded Wing as a moral degenerate and who organized themselves into a howling mob which delivered upon Wing's innocent and frightened form the oaths and blows befitting indignant parents.

You see, Wing hadn't talked enough to the farmer, to the housewife, or to the butcher. For these people who represent the townspeople knew him only by the occasional glimpses they had of him and by the loose-tongued gossip of their neighbors, who were more interested in startling their friends by eye-lifting exaggerations than by telling them the truth about savory morsels of news; but none of these townsmen actually knew what Wing thought about life or people. This almost bald man with the long, slim, nervous fingers was to Winesburg's social men a stranger who conversed only with the shadows of his own mind. This sensitive man always moved on the outskirts of the community's activity with the frightened eyes of a man who has been terribly hurt by a misconception which had stamped the ugly stigma of homosexuality on him. After the rude, jostling, vicious crowd had hysterically chased him out of town on a wild, rainy night, Wing's spirit was completely crushed, and he was never able to walk straight again.

Many other characters in *Winesburg, Ohio* had abnormal quirks in their personalities just as Wing had. Probably the character in the book who had the most peculiar nature was an eccentric artist called Enoch Robinson. This artist had found himself too unimportant in his regular circle of friends, and so, because of this hurt pride that choked his throat, he stopped seeing these friends. After his withdrawal he lived alone for years in a small tenement room with only the strange, misshapen people of his imagination to converse with. Even though his dream world was illusory, and even though it was a



hazy, fanciful world that bordered on insanity. Enoch was a happy and contented man. He had found in phantoms love and security which his flesh and blood brothers were not able to give him. Probably the individual with the most normal temperament of all the grotesques was the school teacher, Kate Smith, who was, nevertheless, akin to the nearly insane artist Enoch. She too was searching for a love that would give meaning and warmth to her rather barren, frugal existence as a school teacher. What Kate Smith needed and what the other grotesques needed was to find a meaning to Life.

The serious but futile words of a tall, red-haired, young stranger who had attempted to avoid the confusion of the modern world by drinking express what the grotesques were searching so longingly for. The red-haired man declared sadly to a small girl, "Drink is not the only thing to which I am addicted; there is something else. I am a lover and have not found my thing to love. That is a big point if you know enough to realize what I mean. It makes my destruction inevitable, you see. There are few who understand that." Most of the other characters in the book were also hopelessly searching for a chimerical something that would satisfy their desperate hunger for love. Many of Anderson's characters found this elusive will-of-the-wisp for a short time, but inevitably their brief happiness would be shattered by some implacable blind-spot in their characters which caused them to avoid making friends who could give their life fullness and richness, and which caused them to avoid developing a useful and respected place for themselves in the community life of Winesburg.

In this book men die deaths because they have lost their motivating interests in life; women are seduced by men-opportunists while searching for a love that would fill their nights and days with color, but they only find an occasional excitement; a thin, wiry man envisions himself a Biblical prophet; and so these frustrated people move and stumble through this story with the unceasing pace of a march of ants, always searching for their grail of happiness. Men die; women fall; a man calls hosannah, and the book moves on with the unhurried rate of a slow river. For Mr. Anderson is first and last a reporter who writes with an economy of detail that at times tends to repress the emotion of the book, until the culminating cries of urgent appeal from the distraught people become but a monotonous undertone.

Because of the reporter's restraint, Sherwood Anderson presents his ideas in a very succinct and lucid manner. Many of the author's most thoughtful ideas are very striking in their simplicity of delivery, and their importance is noticeably increased by this well-defined shortness of presentation. Rarely does Mr. Anderson elaborate upon the basic thought of his ideas by philosophically discussing them in paragraphs of abstract thought. But there tends to be too much striving for eloquence of expression in many books today, especially when an author laboriously endeavors to explain the ambiguity of a

person's nature in the esoteric cant of modern psychology. Sherwood Anderson felt it was sufficient to express the ideas of the people in the words of the people.

Heavy-lidded people who wear the dull, expressionless masks of worldly cynicism and aloof sophistication may brand *Winesburg, Ohio* as a rather childlike book. And they may smile their weary smile of deprecation when they apologetically murmur their casual opinions as to the apparent naivete and brevity of expression of this book. However, ultimately they hurriedly add in a hurt tone of protest (lest you misunderstand their liberal appreciation of ash-can literature), "Oh, the book is simply *crawling* with imagination but—!" By the word "but," which they soften with an ingratiating smile of emphasis, these embittered people imply there is no great intellectual jig-saw pattern of words in this book which would fully exercise their intellectual capacity and their vocabulary. And it is true, there is none of the dignified wording and sonorousness of expression of, say, Emerson or Jefferson, found in this book. But there is something more; there is an appealing quality present to which every thoughtful person will respond who has stood awkwardly before the glaring third-degree lights of his own self-scrutiny.

When critically inclined, what man alive is there who hasn't mentally sweated great beads of worry, who hasn't grown sick and weak from the poignant discouragement of failure, who hasn't awakened tossing feverishly in the throbbing musicale of darkest midnight when silence is oppressive and wondered at the inexorable enigma of human life; and what perplexed human being hasn't asked himself, "Why am I alive, who am I alive, and where am I alive?" If you have flirted with these unmapped regions of thought, or if you are only sympathetic with your less fortunate brethren—the grotesques—you will almost be able to feel the warm rush of human blood that is pumped throughout the pages of the book by the gently throbbing heart of this compassionate story about a confused race of men. If you have spent a thousand hours in the pursuit of the will-of-the-wisp abstraction called happiness, then the grotesques' search is your search.

## David

The statue of David, by Michelangelo, has long been my favorite piece of sculpture. The slim, boyish perfection of David, the fearless, frank face, the confident stance, all these add up to a surging, rising tide of optimism. Then I see the hand. Swollen, murderous in appearance, the hand seems to contradict, yet to complement the boy. Fit only for killing, it symbolizes the deed to be done, the future of the man, and the imperfection of human-kind. The long, lank arm is fit also for the task; yet, its strength seems to be a good strength—as if it reflects the strength of God behind the act.

David was inherently good, yet he failed at the end of life. The hand is a prediction. In this case, the hand makes the man—crowding out the good of the boy and young man with its bloody and sullen strength.—JOHN S. HOLLADAY.

# Should We Have a Democratic Army?

HARRY MADSEN

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 3*

"THIS IS A DEMOCRATIC COUNTRY, AND WE OUGHT TO have a democratic army." That is the cry that went up from citizens both in and out of uniform. When the war was over, a large part of the population was suddenly disturbed by what it sometimes even termed "un-constitutional caste differences" in the army. There was much evidence to prove that the army and other branches of the service did embrace prejudices which were adverse to the mode of living in the United States. Talk dilated into congressional investigations, and editors eagerly pressed the question, "Should we have a democratic army?"

The Websterian interpretation of *army* holds that it is a body of men trained and equipped for war, and that *democratic* means socially equal. We shall be guided by these definitions in all further discussion.

To the question cited there are the three normal answers: (1) Yes; (2) Maybe; (3) No. The first of these answers is supported by those who encourage the assertion in the opening of the first paragraph. We shall ignore those members of the second classification who say, "Maybe" only because they are incapable or afraid to say anything else. We will consider though, those who sincerely believe that a solution lies in some sort of a compromise. Among the representatives of the negative group we will find a great many members of the civilian population as well as supporters from every rank in the army. Let us investigate the reasoning of each of these factions.

The first faction maintains that the founders of independence in our country were men and the sons of men who were refugees from the religious and political persecution of the feudality of monarchical governments in Europe. When they drew up their laws and charters, they expounded upon the purpose for which they had fled their mother countries. In the Declaration of Independence and in the Constitution of the United States the roots of a nation took hold in the fertile ground of phrases entirely based upon freedom and equality.

Since the penning of these original documents all legislation in the United States has been centered about the interests of the individual. If at any time a proposed bill violated any section of the Constitution, it was either voted down or amended. Throughout our history the rights of the individual have been closely guarded except where the military service has been concerned.



Under the system now in effect it is impossible for a man to enter the army, voluntarily or otherwise, without sacrificing the very freedoms he is supposed to defend.

The economic practice of free enterprise in our country is only a reflective magnification of individual freedoms. One does not have to delve too far into history to trace the day when all businesses were operated upon the same theory as the one our army operates today. The executives of yesteryear were domineering individuals who, not unlike many of the officers in our army today, preferred to think of the commoner as a cog fulfilling a preordained destiny in a wheel of his little kingdom. "In the recent bitter years of management-labor strife we have learned the hard way. So far these lessons and the answers we have found have not been conveyed to the military phase of our national life. Well managed organizations in and out of business have come to see that men work best when encouraged thru [sic] proper executive environment."<sup>1</sup> If the army would utilize those devices which have remedied parallel evils in the business world, not only would there be longer lines at the recruiting stations, but a greater service would be received from the individual soldier.

The second faction holds that all of the sciences, including that of theology, assure us that no earthly thing is perfect. Undoubtedly this includes the organization of the army. Scholars, research, and history lead us strongly to believe that everything may be improved upon, and, even more assuredly, this includes the organization of the army. There is much room for improvement in our military services, but the system as it is now set up should not be undermined completely.

It is understandable that in any society there must be leaders and there must be followers. The army should maintain a specialized group of leaders that would correspond to the present classification of officers. However, the distinction of separate uniforms and separate insignias which serve only as labels to classify the wearer for the convenience of his superiors does nothing to promote the efficiency of his contribution towards the unified effort. Rank should be maintained, but rather than being distinguished by a stripe or a bar, it should be at all times perceptible by the quality of the actions displayed by the individual. The respect of subordinates should be for the quality of their superiors rather than for the degree of their rank.

The third group maintains that an army is an organization designed for a single purpose, and that purpose is success in combat.<sup>2</sup> Unless an army is

<sup>1</sup> "End to Insignia of Rank Urged by Ex-General" (News item), *Chicago Daily Tribune*, Nov. 17, 1948, 28:3.

<sup>2</sup> This is the definition accepted by the United States Army Infantry School in Ft. Benning, Georgia.

capable of achieving the stated purpose within the scope of logical odds, its existence is pure folly and the taxpayer might as well enjoy observing military allocations being applied to the reduction of the national debt. If a democratic army could accomplish the end for which it was intended, it would be entirely logical that we should have such an army, but could a democratic army do its job?

Initially it must be admitted that the term *democratic army* is conflicting in itself, because if an army is democratic it ceases to be an army in the military sense. The banishment of rank differences has not gone untested in history. The outcome of this practice has been well demonstrated within the last decade.

While the smoke was gathering for the full fury of World War II, the world was amazed by the drama that took place in Northeast Europe. The way little Finland was apparently swinging the big, bad Russian Bear by the tail was an international source of mirth. Faces in Moscow grew red and military advisors were quickly dispatched to determine the source of the trouble. Dispatch was unnecessary, however, for within the Kremlin were men who understood the whole situation and the way in which it came about.

After Nicholas II, the royal family, the military leaders, and any other sundry nobility that the revolutionists of 1917 could summon had been relieved of all burdens above their shoulders, everything was going to be fine in the U.S.S.R. There were to be no castes, no classes, and everybody was going to be everybody else's brother. The word *comrade* gained fresh significance. Even in the army everything became *comradski*<sup>3</sup> from top to bottom. Saluting was abolished, and the Russian equivalent of *Yes sir* and *No sir* was exchanged for a slap on the back. It was in this state that the army of the U.S.S.R. attacked Finland in 1938.

Says Ivan, "Let's take that hill from the left, comrades."

Indignantly Mishka rolls over and says, "No, no, comrade Ivan; anyone can see that the proper way to take that hill is from the right."

Pishka looks up from the kettle of borsch that he is stirring. "Comrades, to go to the left, or to go to the right would obviously leave us open to the greatest concentration of enemy fire. The only way to take that hill is to completely circle it and attack from the rear."

These three of the twenty million generals in the Russian Army each knew himself to be correct, for had not he reasoned to arrive at a solution, and had not the government said that his voice was to be heard in all decisions? Each was puzzled until Pishka, the brightest, ignored for a moment his ragout stew and proclaimed, "Ivan! Mishka! Comrades! I have the solution! We will vote on which is the best way to take the hill."

A poll was taken, and of the votes cast, one chose left, the second right, and

<sup>3</sup> A non-dictionarial term which the author feels is self-explanatory.

the third was in favor of an attack from the rear. With scorn at the injustice of his uncooperative comrades each of the red doughboys snatched up his rifle and bottle of vodka before stomping off to take the hill by himself from the direction that he knew was best.

The net result was that nobody got up the hill. The reader may say that this situation is fantastic, and the author will agree, for he is quite sure that this specific incident never took place. These circumstances were cited for the purpose of reducing the actual picture to a magnitude which may be observed freely. The moral, if you wish to call it that, which may be derived from this story is the same as that conclusion which was accepted by Premier Stalin as the reason for the poor showing of his armies in the Finnish campaign.<sup>4</sup> The story and the Russo-Finn War illustrates to us that in order to derive the maximum benefit from a military organization in combat there must be a centralization of command.<sup>5</sup> Not only must that command be centralized, but it must be clearly defined.<sup>6</sup>

When you have a centralized command, you have a situation in which the one head man in a military unit has only to say, "Jump," and every man in the unit will jump. They don't stop to ask why or to investigate the logic of jumping, because as soldiers they have been taught that it is not particularly important that they know why they jump but very important that they do jump. In a combat situation a battle might easily be lost in the time it takes to explain to a company why forces should be deployed to the left flank. Chances are that if Pishka, or Mishka, or Ivan had been in sole charge of our hero trio, they might have been successful in making a unified attack from any one of the three directions. A winning army must operate on a policy that is often sneered at as the blind obedience of subordinates to their seniors.

War is not the only time the application of this theory should be practiced, because it cannot be taught to a *democratic army* overnight in preparation for combat. I have seen instances in the service where a lack of this quality has been costly.

The single track railroad running from Pusan to Seoul, Korea, was used principally by the United States Occupation Forces, but was operated by the Koreans. On September 16, 1948, a native switchman got his signals mixed and sent a single locomotive speeding southward. Heading north on the same tract was a military troop train which had stopped to take on water at Pang Jin Chuk. Two alert members of the Corps of Military Police noticed the approaching locomotive and ran from one end of the train to the other shouting

<sup>4</sup> Information from lecture given by Captain J. Wilson in April, 1947, in the Infantry School, Ft. Benning, Georgia.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*



into each car, "Evacuate this car immediately!"<sup>7</sup> Two soldiers from my platoon were on that train, and they were among the few who obeyed the command of the MPs. From a ditch fifty yards away they saw the entire train reduced to splinters, and the headlines back home read, "45 AMERICANS KILLED IN KOREAN CRASH DEATH TOTAL RISING." Before the end of the week twenty-two more men died of injuries incurred in the wreck.

No, we're not too hard on the boys in service. It seems to me that rather than a *democratic army*, what we need is more discipline and a finer line of distinction between those who issue and those who receive orders. When there is a variation of uniforms between ranks, there is more behind it than that motive which persuades Mrs. Van Upsnoot that she should wear her Persian furs in the heat of summer. A diversity of dress and insignia places a psychological emphasis upon the differences in rank which must be observed. No member of a military organization should ever be in doubt as to whether or not he should obey the man speaking to him.

Democracy is the best form of government in existence today, but there is no room for it in an army which defends any type of government. A well-organized army is the most rigid type of monarchy one may ever hope to observe.

Let the reader then add to these thoughts his own, and determine only after due consideration the answer to the question, "Should we have a democratic army?"

<sup>7</sup> As told by an eye-witness.

## Hot

HOLLIS WUNDER

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 5*

THE HEAT OF THE AFTERNOON SUN WAS AT ITS MAXIMUM. JOE'S Bar and Grill was doing a thriving business just selling dime beers. I tried to keep the heat away by drinking beer, but it didn't help. My clean, starched shirt had already become flaccid; and the perspiration made it stick to my wet body. I motioned to Joe for another beer. I could hear a poker game going on in the back room. Shorty nodded to me as he came out and took a stool next to mine. It was too hot for conversation. I watched a bead of perspiration hang on the end of his bent nose, finally splattering on his pants' leg. Shorty put his hand down and scratched the spot, muttering under his breath, "Damn flies." I laughed and ordered another beer. Joe came over, picked up the glass, and wiped away the puddle which had formed.

Looking into his beer, Shorty asked, "How come you no play cards today?"

"Too hot," I replied.

"Yeah," Shorty said, "too hot." He rose slowly, flicked his cigarette butt towards a cuspidor, and went into the back room.

# José Rijal, Spokesman for the Philippines

ALFREDO D. VERGARA

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 12*

ON DECEMBER 30 (OR ON THE SUNDAY NEAREST TO that date) Filipinos both in this country and in the Islands hold their annual Rijal Day Celebration, a day of festivity held to commemorate the death of José Rijal, the national hero of the Philippines. Why do Filipinos remember this man? What did he accomplish? Filipinos remember him because he lightened for his countrymen the tyranny of the Spanish administration of the Island and gave his life for the welfare of his countrymen.

"José Rijal Mercado y Alonso, as his name emerges from the confusion of Filipino titles and terminology,"<sup>1</sup> was born in the small town of Calamba, which is about a three hours' journey from Manila, on June 19, 1861.<sup>2</sup> Although he usually referred to himself as a pure-blooded Tagal, which is a native of one of the original Filipino tribes, he had some Spanish and Chinese blood. Rijal's parents were well-to-do rice growers, wealthy enough to give him an education far superior to the training that the average Filipino child received. The will to learn was put into Rijal's mind through the efforts of his mother. It was she who taught him to read Spanish and urged him to develop his talents for writing and drawing.<sup>3</sup>

His parents both wanted him to become a priest, and it was with this intention that they employed a Tagal priest to tutor José at home until he was eight years old. On the recommendation of his tutor, Rijal was sent to the Ateneo Municipal, a school managed by the Jesuits in Manila. At this school Rijal distinguished himself by writing poems which won prizes in literary contests and by graduating at the top of his class.<sup>4</sup> After finishing his studies

<sup>1</sup> "Rijal's Picture of The Philippines Under Spain," *Review of Reviews*, XLVII, May 1913, 592.

<sup>2</sup> "A Filipino Who Died for His Country," *Literary Digest*, LXII, July 26, 1919, 44.

<sup>3</sup> "Rijal's Picture of the Philippines Under Spain," *loc. cit.*

<sup>4</sup> Hjalmar Stolpe, "José Rijal, the Filipino Hero," *Review of Reviews*, XIX, April 1899, 471.

at Ateneo and receiving a Bachelor of Arts diploma. Rijal entered the University of Santo Thomas in Manila, where he specialized in medicine.<sup>5</sup>

Rijal finished his work at the University of Santo Thomas in 1882 and received a degree in medicine. He then went to France and Germany to broaden his general education and also to take advanced courses in medicine at places which taught the medical sciences at a high level.<sup>6</sup>

Rijal first studied at the Central University at Madrid, where he took his degrees "as a doctor of medicine and as a licentiate of philosophy and literature with ease."<sup>7</sup> In 1885 he traveled to Paris to study art and to specialize in ophthalmology. He devoted his attention to the eye diseases prevalent in the Islands, diseases for which cures were not well understood.<sup>8</sup> From Paris he went to Heidelberg and Berlin, where he studied psychology and mastered the German language. German was not the only language that Rijal had at his command. He was able to read and write Tagalog (a Filipino dialect), Spanish, English, Greek, French, and German, and he had a reading knowledge of Latin, Russian, Dutch, and Visayan (another Filipino dialect).<sup>9</sup>

Besides studying medicine, philosophy, and psychology, and mastering so many languages, Rijal was also a sculptor. "One statue, 'The Victory of Death Over Life,' represents a skeleton in the garb of a monk clasping the corpse of a young woman. Another, called 'The Victory of Science Over Death,' shows Science standing on a skull with a flaming torch upheld in both hands."<sup>10</sup> His statues were very original and showed the signs of a skilled sculptor.

After finishing his studies, Rijal traveled extensively in Europe and began his practice of medicine as an oculist. As he traveled, he saw the great difference in advancement between European and Filipino culture. His mind was always seeking ways to improve the living conditions of his countrymen. He never forgot them as he traveled, because he was not content that he alone should enjoy the comforts Europe provided. In his mind he might have put upon his own shoulders the task of liberating his country. He began his one-man crusade by telling the world of the miserable conditions which prevailed in the Philippines. He hoped that he might enlighten the white man of Europe as to the wretched life of the Filipinos, and perhaps the European

<sup>5</sup> Austin Craig, *Lineage, Life, and Labors of José Rijal, Philippine Patriot*, Manila, 1913, p. 105.

<sup>6</sup> Stolpe, *op. cit.*, p. 472.

<sup>7</sup> Hugh Clifford, "The Story of José Rijal, the Filipino," *Blackwood's Magazine*, CLXXII, November 1902, 621.

<sup>8</sup> Craig, *op. cit.*, p. 126.

<sup>9</sup> "A Filipino Who Died for his Country," *loc. cit.*

<sup>10</sup> Stolpe, *loc. cit.*



sense of justice would start a movement for reform.<sup>11</sup> In order to let the world know something of the Philippines, Rijal wrote *Noli Me Tangere* (*The Social Cancer*) and had the novel published in 1887 at Berlin. In 1891, the sequel, *El Filibusterismo* (*The Reign of Greed*) was published at Ghent.<sup>12</sup>

In his first book, Rijal attacked the corrupt officials of the Islands. All offices in the Philippines were bought and sold in the open, and in one paragraph Rijal completely describes the government officials.

The Spaniards who came to the Philippines are unfortunately not always what they should be. Continual changes, the demoralization of the governing class, favouritism, the low cost of passage, and the rapidity with which the voyage can be made, are the causes of all the evil; hither come all the broken men of Spain; if some of them be good the country quickly corrupts them.<sup>13</sup>

Rijal also criticized the methods of tax collecting. There was a heavy tax for land owned by the Church, one for crops, and even a tax for cock fighting. The Philipinos enjoyed cock fighting as much as Americans like baseball. Because there was a large amount of wagering on the cock fights the Spaniards, instead of trying to put an end to this vice, encouraged it. The Spanish administration benefited from cock fighting by claiming ten per cent of all the wagers. It is said that this vice "more than aught else, contributed to the moral ruin and material impoverishment of the native peasantry."<sup>14</sup>

Even more than the rotten administration of the Islands, Rijal blamed the clerical party for retarding reform. The early friars were saints in the eyes of the people. They brought Christianity to a barbarous people, and they accomplished their mission by suffering great ordeals. During Rijal's time, however, the priests were wealthy, owned splendid parish houses and large tracts of land which they rented to the natives. They were very influential in local politics. Because they had control of the majority of the schools they were able to restrict the education of the people. As long as the natives were ignorant of their conditions, the priests were free to abuse their power.<sup>15</sup>

Faced with these conditions Rijal did not believe that his country could stand alone as a separate government. He therefore desired to preserve the Spanish sovereignty in the Philippines, but he desired also to bring about reforms and conditions conducive to advancement. To this end he carefully pointed out those colonial shortcomings that caused fric-

<sup>11</sup> Clifford, *op. cit.*, p. 622.

<sup>12</sup> Stolpe, *loc. cit.*

<sup>13</sup> As quoted by Clifford, *op. cit.*, p. 624.

<sup>14</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 626.

<sup>15</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 627.

tion, kept up discontent, and prevented safe progress, and that could have been perfectly easy to correct.<sup>16</sup>

His second book is not really a novel. It was

A series of word paintings making up a terrific arraignment of the entire Spanish ecclesiastical regime in the islands. It represents Rijal's more mature judgment on political and social conditions. It is graver and less powerful in tone and is full of bitter sarcasm, although ostensibly a continuation of the first story.<sup>17</sup>

In this volume Rijal began thinking about a new kind of government which would replace the corrupt Spanish regime. In his first book he described the conditions under Spanish administration during his own life time; his second book forecast what would happen in the future if Spanish policies were not changed. These two books destroyed Spain's prestige in the Philippines.<sup>18</sup>

*Noli Me Tangere* was not as widely read in Europe as Rijal had hoped, but it was read with excitement throughout the Philippines, even though the book was banned by the Church and the Spaniards tried to suppress it. The influence of the book in the Philippines was tremendous. At last the Filipinos were enlightened as to their conditions. When Rijal returned to Manila in 1887, he was greeted as a hero. José realized that the Spaniards regarded him as a dangerous revolutionist and that his life was in danger. He therefore sought safety abroad early in 1888, making his residence in London after traveling through Japan and the United States.<sup>19</sup>

While Rijal resided in London, the effect of his book began to show among the people. Discontent and unrest prevailed, and soon many small rebellions sprang up all over the country. Because these uprisings were not co-ordinated and were not led by capable men, the Spaniards were able to quell them very easily. In 1892 the Philippines continued to be rebellious, and the Spaniards were finding some difficulty in suppressing the rebellions. Rijal believed that the only way for his people to get any reform in the Islands was through negotiation. He wanted to return in order to give his people the diplomatic leadership they needed. Knowing that he was a marked man, he feared to return unless the Spanish authorities guaranteed his safety. He offered his help in stopping the uprisings, but the authorities were reluctant to believe in him. The Governor-General of the Philippines finally consented and urged Rijal to return. Rijal, relying on the governor's pledge and in spite of warnings from his friends, returned to the Islands. In doing so he walked into a trap, for as soon as he returned, he was arrested on the charge of writing se-

<sup>16</sup> Craig, *op. cit.*, p. 3.

<sup>17</sup> "Rijal's Picture of the Philippines Under Spain," *loc. cit.*

<sup>18</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>19</sup> Clifford, *op. cit.*, pp. 632-633.

dition literature and was exiled to Mindanao, the largest southern island of the archipelago.<sup>20</sup>

For four years, 1892 to 1896, Rijal was allowed to practice medicine in Mindanao. During his exile, he was visited by leaders of various rebellious organizations, men who sought his advice. José was still opposed to any violent action because he still hoped that someday the authorities would free him from exile, and then he could help negotiate an agreement. He had many chances to escape, but he refused to leave.<sup>21</sup>

Rijal's chance to show his loyalty to Spain came in 1896. During that year an epidemic in Cuba caused a shortage of medical men. His offer to help was accepted by the Governor-General and he embarked for Cuba. While he was on his way, another uprising started in the Philippines. Better organized than the previous rebellions, it took all of Spain's army in the Islands to put it down. That the uprising occurred just when Rijal was released from exile put him in a suspicious position. He had nothing to do with the revolt, but the Spanish authorities had him brought back to Manila on the charge of being one of the leaders of the uprising.

He was tried on circumstantial evidence. By Spanish law, he was guilty until he proved his innocence. Rijal didn't have a chance against a jury composed of the people whom his books attacked. He was found guilty, and on December 30, 1896, he was placed in front of a firing squad and shot in the back.<sup>22</sup>

It was unfortunate that Rijal could not have lived a few more years to see his dream of reforming the Philippines come true. When that dream came true President Theodore Roosevelt had this to say about Rijal: "In the Philippine Islands, the American Government has tried, and is trying, to carry out exactly what the greatest genius and most revered patriot ever known in the Philippines, José Rijal, steadfastly advocated."<sup>23</sup>

<sup>20</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>21</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 635-636.

<sup>22</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 637.

<sup>23</sup> As quoted by Craig, *op. cit.*, p. 19.

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# The Storm

SHIRLEY GIESECKE

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 8*

THE EVENING IS QUIET AND COOL. THE STARS ARE shining dimly in the sky. But in spite of this seeming serenity, there is a feeling that something is about to happen.

The wind begins to come in puffy little gusts that bring a fresh green smell with them. The few old brown leaves that cling to the bare trees, like rags on a scarecrow, whip madly about in the air and then finally slip down to the bare earth.

The clouds begin to roll up swiftly, trying to catch the moon before it can escape. The clouds come, first in dark feathers and then in even darker billows, like the waves rolling into a beach. They move faster and faster and come closer and closer together, and soon the sky is completely covered by them. Thus the moon and stars are concealed by the monstrous cloud, and the world is in darkness.

The trees begin to sway in the wind as the first flashes of lightning appear. The silhouettes of trees are outlines in the brilliant light for just an instant, and then the world is dark again, silently awaiting the crash of thunder which follows.

The movements of the trees and leaves become more frenzied. The thunder and lightning become more frequent. There is an electrical feeling of suspense in the air. Somewhere a shutter bangs, and elsewhere a milk bottle is broken as it is blown over. Windows rattle, curtains blow, lightning flashes, and thunder crashes.

Finally there comes a sound like a kitten scampering softly through the leaves. It's the long-awaited rain. It comes quietly at first and then in heavier gusts. It beats against the window panes, runs down the sides of houses, and collects everywhere in little puddles. The earth drinks the rain like a man suffering from thirst. After the earth's thirst is satiated, the rain steals softly away.

Once more all the world is silent in sleep, but it is a different sort of sleep than before the storm. Now there is a washed, contented feeling in the air, as well as a feeling of quiet peace.

# Orient of the West

GWEN JEAN SATTERLEE

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 12*

LEE'S," I SHRIEKED JOYFULLY, AND MOTHER LAUGHED at my wild display of enthusiasm. It was my eighth birthday, and she had given me the choice of seeing the circus at Madison Square Garden or going to "Lee's" in Chinatown. The choice wasn't a hard one to make, as I had seen the circus many times before, while every trip to Chinatown was as enchanting as the first.

Dressing me for the affair was a contest of nerves; I fidgeted during the buttoning process, wriggled while my shoes were being fastened, and pleaded for "pig-tails," as my hair was being shaped into long curls.

Once on the bus, all tension ceased. I sat back placidly and received timely instructions from Mother on how a lady behaves in a restaurant. From the corner of my eye, I noticed that we were slowly making our way through a fantasy of contrast which typified New York City. From Third Avenue (the slum district known as "Hell's Kitchen") we swung onto Fifth Avenue, which was arrayed with elite shops, beautiful buildings, and stylish pedestrians who were walking their dogs. "Soon we will be at Lee's," I mused. Suddenly, the contrast was even more inconceivable—right in the heart of a typical American city lay a truly Chinese village. Odd-shaped houses crowded against one another, brilliantly colored and adorned with gay, flying banners.

We descended from the bus and walked along the narrow, curving streets towards "Lee's." We passed a church and stepped in to make a wish. Outside again, I pulled Mother towards a curio-shop window. She smiled as I pointed out the coveted articles and finally went in to purchase the silver bracelet on display. While Mother made the transaction with the storekeeper, I gazed through the window at the people across the street. I asked if they were going to church, for the building they entered resembled a Chinese temple. The proprietor smiled, saying that it was a Chinese theater. From that moment on, Mother had no peace. She attempted to explain that it was not a movie, but something that I wouldn't be able to understand. Tearfully, I persisted with the possibilities of visiting this intriguing site.

We entered "Lee's" Restaurant and went directly to our table. When we were served, Lee brought chopsticks to us, and Mother groaned that it would take me hours to finish the meal. Lee replied that since it was my birthday, I could keep the chopsticks as a gift and practice at home. This was no comfort to Mother, and she vainly hoped that I would forget and leave them there.

Lee's young son continually walked past our table and tweaked my curls to see them bounce. I had to remind myself, on several occasions, that he was a mere roustabout of seven, and that it wouldn't become a lady to turn around and kick him in the shins.

When we were ready to leave (I had, unwillingly, reverted to a fork), Mother asked Lee about the "S-H-O-W." The answer must have been favorable, since that was our next stop. As we walked through the massive, carved doors of the theatre, I asked if we would be on time. Mother said that in a Chinese theater there was very little concern over the time element; some productions lasted for as long as three days, and people rarely expected to see both the beginning and the end in one visit. In spite of this apparent handicap, I found that it was fairly simple to understand the action taking place.

I must admit that this particular theater has never been equaled by any that I have seen since. True, the interior was very much like any other theater. The seats were arranged in the same manner, and the stage was in the correct place, but I was confused by the activity surrounding me. The actors on the stage were barely audible above the conversations going on in the audience. To the right of me, a little old woman was napping while her two small boys played leap-frog with every seat they found unoccupied. Most of the old men were smoking long, thin pipes, and the whole front row seemed to be reading the latest edition of China-town's *Gazette*.

After I became familiar with my surroundings, I proceeded to pay more attention to what was taking place on the stage. I had noticed, on entering, that the stage was brightly lighted, and that gaily-clad figures were dancing to an exotic, sensuous tune which was being played by the orchestra. The orchestra consisted of two pieces, both mandolins, which were on stage throughout the performance. A girl stood in a balcony-affair, and sang in an eerie, sing-song style. On more concentrated observation, I saw that the costumes, which were so brilliantly colored, seemed to be arrayed with various shining jewels. The headdresses were huge and heavily ornamented. Both men and women danced and sang. They made love, killed one another, and then danced and sang with still more vigor. Every conceivable plot was used; yet the backdrops were never changed. Whether the scene took place in a garden or a dining room, the same oriental mountains and rivers remained in the background. The dancers came on so frequently that it was impossible to keep any furniture on the stage; consequently, propmen appeared often, bringing a tree to represent the garden, or small tables with dishes on them for a dining room. These were retrieved as soon as they had served their purpose. I sat quietly fascinated, wondering what they would bring out next.

Suddenly, I felt Mother nudge me; it was time to go home. Once outside, the spell was broken, and I trudged wearily towards the reality of the bus stop.



# Holidays and Celebrations at Hull House

ANONYMOUS

*Rhetoric X2, Assignment 7, Extension*

HOLIDAYS AT HULL HOUSE, WHERE I WORKED FOR some years, reflect the interest and traditions of the people who live in its neighborhood. During my residence, the neighborhood, a real melting pot, was made up of Russian Jews, Greeks, Italians, and a scattering of Irish who remained after the Italians "took over" Taylor Street. There grew here a great sympathy, tolerance, respect, and understanding between the different peoples of the old world who, on coming to the new world, found themselves living side by side in our American slum areas. These could be seen especially in the holidays and celebrations.

Early in my stay at Hull House I was fascinated by a crayon drawing that hung on the wall of an inner office. It showed, in uncertain outline on a dark background, figures of men trudging along Halsted Street, carrying lighted torches. There were many figures, but in each instance the faces seemed to have the same contour, the same expression. The coloring emphasized the gloominess of the picture—heavy brown tones with purple-black shadows. The artist, a Hull House resident, explained to me that the picture was intended to tell the story of the pre-Easter procession of the Greek people of the neighborhood. The Sunday before Easter, they march through the street to their church for a special service. "It is wonderful and beautiful. I didn't get it true." The explanation had not helped me very much to understand its meaning, but I planned to be on hand to see for myself.

The next day, I walked down Polk Street to see the Greek Church. It was a dingy, old, red-brick structure, two stories high. The rounded steeple, with its crowning cross, gave it an air of importance, a kind of dignity; but this was belied by the ugliness of the street below. It was cluttered with street rubbish, old newspapers, and tin cans. Ragged, dirty-faced youngsters were playing hop-scotch on the pavement marked with yellow chalk. It was like any other street corner in the neighborhood.

On Sunday afternoon, the day of the procession, I looked out of the window onto Halsted Street. The phonograph shop on the corner was blaring its jazz tunes out to the street; Mr. Cohen was much in evidence at his second-hand furniture store, selling his wares from his open door. The Mexican Pottery

Shop lights were on. Halsted Street noises and confusions were still there—business as usual. But in the tenement windows over the shops, all along the street, I noticed squat, wide-based, tallow candles like those Hull House had placed in the second floor windows for the occasion.

The sun was going down. Suddenly, without any other signal, I was conscious of a queer kind of stillness. There was a hush of street noises. Mr. Cohen and Jennie, his wife, were carrying the brass bedsteads in from the street. The phonograph shop was closing; the music was turned off, and the iron grating that protected the windows was being clamped into place. The lights went out at Marchetto's. There was Mr. Cohen reaching into his window to place some candles. There were candles, too, in the Mexican Pottery Shop! Unbelievable! They couldn't be Greek!

I went to my room for my coat, and by the time I returned, the street was cleared of people. Even the streetcar clatter seemed to be muffled. There was no need to clang the "get-out-of-the-way" foot gong; automobiles and trucks had disappeared.

Faintly, I could hear strains of music from a distant band. It sounded like brass instruments and a low rumbling drum. As it became clearer, the sound was a subdued, doleful tune, with a single melodic phrase repeated over and over again, like a funeral dirge. It was dark now, and one could see only the lighted torches in the distance and hear the shuffling feet. The candles in the windows were lighted, framing groups of solemn faces in their golden circles.

The men moved slowly toward us—dark, shadow-like figures with lighted torches. They walked on the sidewalk, in the gutters, on the open street—hundreds and hundreds of men. In the faces of these men there was something different, something I had never seen before. I was uneasy. I stepped back into the shadow of the doorway, my eyes glued on the marchers. On the shoulders of twelve men, six on either side, was the draped figure of the Crucifix. How carefully, how reverently they carried it! Then I saw, clearly, that each man was walking alone—walking with his God. They were re-enacting the tragedy of Christ on the Cross.

I came back into the house on tip-toe to take my seat at the window and to listen for a while, not quite hearing. The music was fading away; the trudging figures were disappearing into the night. Now only the sound of the shuffling feet remained and that, too, was slowly being swallowed up in the low, drumming sound as it rolled away into silence. I was still sitting at the window when the house lights went on. As I saw the picture again, I could understand why such a picture could not be painted. It had no definite form. It was a thing of such spiritual beauty that it could not be described. Our Greek neighbors had retold the story that belonged to the ages, and we were all grateful to them for it.

The following Sunday evening I was on my way to a wedding at Bowen Hall, in the Hull House building. Benuto Colucci and Estelle Hogan were to

be married—at last! I had known the youngsters through the preceding five years as members of the Kismet Club, a Hull House sponsored social club for teen-agers. Benuto was tall, dark complexioned, and handsome at twenty; Estelle was eighteen, a red haired, freckle-faced Irish girl. I had had an opportunity to see these young people grow up; to see them, through their adolescent period, take on and discard friendships; to watch them become surer with time that they were “meant for each other,” as Estelle romantically put it. I had been the confidant of one and then of the other. I had watched them from the side lines as jealousies developed with new rivals. I had been called in to referee quarrels between their respective parents.

Benuto was brought to this country from Sicily when he was two. He was the oldest of seven children, the pride of his family. Mr. Colucci was ambitious for Benuto. He was troubled about Benuto's interest in Estelle and came to me one day to say, “It's no good Irish mix with Italian.” He wanted to enlist my help in keeping the young people apart. He had to learn that the House meant only to furnish a healthy place for recreation for the young people. The other disciplines that families wished to impose had to be their own business. Nor did Mr. Hogan like the idea, either. He announced in no uncertain terms that no daughter of his would “lower herself to like a wop!” The young people had a very rough time of it.

Then Mr. and Mrs. Colucci were persuaded to join the neighborhood club where Mr. and Mrs. Hogan were also members. Time and opportunity helped to substitute friendliness for suspicion and kindness for enmity in the relationship between the two families. Now, the young people were to be married with the blessings of their families. Estelle told me it had been easy enough to get the church wedding worked out because they were both Catholic, but the wedding party, that was something else! Mr. Colucci expressed his opinions vehemently in eloquent Italian and English curses; Mr. Hogan, with little provocation, had let his fists fly without too much concern about where they landed. But even these differences had been resolved, and the wedding party was about to begin.

In true Italian tradition, a long narrow table was stretched the full width of the hall at the far end. The bride, the groom, and their parents, were seated behind it. At one end of the table, on a sparkling white cloth that extended to the floor, was a platter full of corned beef sandwiches; at the other end was a collection of Italian pastry. In the middle of the table reaching up at least three feet from the table top, was an enormous pyramid of wedding cake, layer on layer with swirls of crusted-white frosting in roses and intricate designs. Perched precariously on the top under a glistening white frosting bell were figures of the bride and groom. The cake was a specialty of the House of Sarantinos, an exclusive Italian bakeshop. There were four large, silver-plated platters set strategically at different points on the table, convenient receptacles in which the guests were to place their gifts of money or articles for



the home of the couple. Packages were not to be opened until after the party was over; the money was not to be counted until the young couple were ready to depart. This too, is an Italian custom.

The liquid refreshments were red wines made by Benuto's uncle. Great quantities of wine in gallon jugs lined the floor just behind the drop of the white table cloth. In the side room, in large galvanized iron buckets, chunks of ice were surrounded by bottles of lager beer, the contribution of Mr. Hogan. Shortly after eight o'clock, the guests began to arrive. The early group was made up largely of the friends and relatives of the parents. They came to taste the sandwiches, drink a little, and wish the young people well. They brought the toddlers and young children with them, all dressed up in their Sunday best.

The music was supplied by two accordions, played by brothers of Benuto; a cornet player and a drummer, from Estelle's side of the family; and a piano player, a member of the Kismet Club. The musicians had had no opportunity for rehearsals. Each player played when he knew the tune, or when he dared attempt it. Many times the accordions alone carried a gay Italian song, and Benuto's relatives nodded and smiled at one another while the others eyed them suspiciously. A good old-fashioned Irish jig-tune gave Mr. Hogan his cue. He pulled Mrs. Hogan unceremoniously from her place of dignity at the table and proceeded to dance a jig. Other couples followed. I thought I was doing quite well until Mr. Hogan said, "You're O.K., but you've got too much Scotch in your fancy steps!" A Virginia Reel brought them all together again. This was a dance both the Italians and the Irish had learned at the neighborhood club, and they liked doing it.

As the evening wore on the older people gathered their broods and shooed them down the stairs much as they would urge their pets out of the back doors with a flip of their aprons. They called back their good wishes and good-bys. They had enjoyed the party, but it was time to get the children to bed. About then, the younger set began to arrive to take over the entertainment for the evening. Confetti and broken balloons soon littered the floor. The young people were wild and gay. Coke, colored pop, and soda appeared. They applauded so vigorously after each musical number that the musicians were given no rest. Benuto and Estelle joined the dancing. It began to look like a Kismet party. The dancing might have gone on through the night except for the Hull House ruling which required the hall be closed by one o'clock.

At twelve forty-five Mr. Hogan said in his friendly, blustering way, "Get the hell out of here. The kids want to count their take!" The young people were leaving now. Benuto stood, red-faced and embarrassed, as he listened to the gibes of his close friends. Estelle was self-assured and radiantly happy. Everything was going to be all right now. The wedding party was over. Benuto counted the money. There was \$347.18 and two telephone slugs. The

gifts included pots and pans, table linen and towels, and quantities of other household items. Mr. Hogan's friends with whom he worked at the tavern on Clark Street "pitched in" and bought the "bedroom suit" as Mr. Hogan called it. Estelle had had a difficult time to persuade her father not to have it brought down to the hall to be put on display at the wedding party.

Mr. Hogan and Mr. Colucci helped to repack the gifts and to carry them downstairs to cars that were waiting on the street below. Then they came back to say goodnight to me. Estelle and Benuto walked out hand in hand. They were followed by Mrs. Hogan and Mrs. Colucci, who had locked arms and were walking along silently, each with her own thoughts. Mr. Colucci had his arms around the shoulder of Mr. Hogan, patting him kindly as the two disappeared down the staircase. In true Italian fashion, the young couple were to spend their first night together in the home of the groom. Even to this, the Hogans had become reconciled!

## America's 60 Families

By FERDINAND LUNDBERG

ALTA MAE STEELE

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 12*

FERDINAND LUNDBERG, AUTHOR OF *IMPERIAL HEARST*, through his latest bestseller, *America's 60 Families*, adds another great book to the sociological literature so popular in this country since the stockmarket crash of 1929. This important and useful book dealing with analysis and revaluation of American capitalism establishes Mr. Lundberg's place with men such as the Hinton R. Helpers, Henry Demarest Lloyds, and Gustavus Myerses.

The five hundred page book, through carefully compiled financial figures, specialized study records, and congressional investigating committee reports, exposes in a vigorous and contemptuous tone the concentrated economic power of America's sixty wealthiest families. In the opening chapter Mr. Lundberg writes:

The United States is owned and dominated today by a hierarchy of sixty of the richest families, buttressed by no more than ninety families of lesser wealth. . . . These families are the living center of the modern industrial oligarchy which dominates the United States, functioning discreetly under a *de jure* democratic form of government behind which a *de facto* government, absolutist and plutocratic in its lineament, has gradually taken form since the Civil War.

Through detailed account and with extensive examples, the author goes on to show how vast industrial empires have been built up, how government itself has been influenced, press and journalism monopolized and controlled, and philanthropy and education used as a cloak to deceive the public and to perpetuate the reign of wealth over society. In stressing the fact that our political democracy is being reduced by the practice of economic inequality, the author says: "The uprush of the American fortune . . . emphasizes that although the United States was once a great political democracy it has not remained one. Citizens may still be equal at the polls, where little is decided; but they are not equal at the bank tellers' wickets, where much is decided. . . . The United States has produced . . . industrial enterprises, what are essentially feudal, dictatorially ruled, dynastic fiefs." Then he explains how intermarriage of these families and the shifting of holdings among members of the families tend to keep modern capitalism a feudal affair—wealth confined to its own group where the lower classes may not attain it.

All governmental administrations, not excluding those under the progressive Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, and Franklin D. Roosevelt, are shown to have been influenced by, if not in actual intrigue and scandal with, monopolies, banks, and the industrial powers. We further see how public opinion has been shaped by a press "owned and controlled by the wealthiest families of American finance capitalism." Even the least justification for great wealth is taken from the reader's mind when he is told that the philanthropic gestures of the rich are not what we have supposed—acts of charity or services to humanity. Instead these donations are actually investments—non-taxable—and both the funds and the control of the institutions remain always in the hands of the donors and their families.

Mr. Lundberg's background for such a revealing book is undeniable. Born of Swedish-Norwegian parents in Chicago, Mr. Lundberg got his first experience as a police reporter in the Chicago gangster days. Then he went to the United Press and later served as financial reporter for the New York *Herald Tribune*, which gave him a unique position for viewing Wall Street trickery.

Packed with factual information and humane in interest, this book will doubtless serve its purpose to awaken society to the dangers which threaten democracy through our economic power's being in the hands of a few. However, we are inclined to believe that Mr. Lundberg, in his zeal to uncover the ruinous influence of the wealthy, may have overlooked the possible good deeds of some of the rich. For instance, because Starling W. Childs is a public utility man and gives but one million dollars annually for cancer research, Mr. Lundberg condemns him in that he does not give more. He also criticizes Mrs. Aida de Ascosta Root, wife of a traction magnate, a nephew of Elihu Root, for endowing a fund in honor of the surgeon who saved her eye sight, a fund which later resulted in the establishment of the Johns Hopkins Eye



Hospital. He contends that the character of the hospital should have been decided by others.

The wealthy families Mr. Lundberg holds entirely responsible for conditions as we find them today. This may not be exactly fair, for has not legislation been a willing tool in their rule, and could not this deplorable private exploitation be ended by a decree of government? Is not our elected government as much to blame as the sixty families in creating and perpetuating the unholy state of affairs? Such questions viewed in the light of the facts and records brought out by Mr. Lundberg invite serious thought by every American, for we well know that only a successfully functioning democracy is the answer to the ever-increasing trend toward Communism.

## My Career in Magic

FRED K. MAXWELL

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 6*

I WAS EXAMINING EAGERLY THE ALLURING ADVERTISEMENTS in the Johnson, Smith Co. catalog one hot summer afternoon in August. Being at that rather restless age of thirteen, I was always looking for something new to occupy my attention, and here, in this handbook of cheap novelties, my prayers were apparently about to be answered.

For prices ranging from ten cents to ten dollars I could buy jokes, cheap ornaments and trinkets, scientific toys, sports equipment, literally anything my heart desired. I hadn't quite decided on what I wanted to order, when I came to the section entitled "Magic Tricks and Books." Now from earliest childhood the magician has held a particular fascination for me, as he has perhaps for every boy and girl. Thus, when my eyes fell upon the book ad, "125 Card Tricks You Can Do—25c," I knew exactly what I wanted. A quarter was still a lot of money to me at that age, and I took one from my precious paper route savings only after some deliberation. But soon the letter was on its way.

Then the book arrived. It was only a little, paper-covered volume, but I have treasured it ever since I got it, for it gave me the incentive to begin a hobby that was to bring me a great deal of pleasure. Soon I knew every trick described in that book, and I practiced each daily until I was certain I could effectively "put it over." Now a deck of playing cards is found in nearly every household, and I found it usually an easy matter to persuade someone to let me show him a bit of my newly-learned sleight-of-hand. In no time I was fooling parents and friends, to my great satisfaction. They too got a kick out of it as soon as they learned I was earnestly trying to deceive them in polished magical style. Incidentally, one reason why card magicians are often avoided

or ridiculed is that they stutter around too much or think too hard about what to do next, giving, in effect, a rather jerky presentation of their trick and thus making little or no impression upon the spectator.

My next step was to see what else the novelty company had to offer. From then on a steady parade of ready-made tricks found their way to our mailbox. Cards that changed their spots with a wave of the hand, a ball that ascended and descended a string at a word of command, these and dozens of other deceptive contrivances in the category of "pocket magic" I added next to my repertoire. It was not too long before I learned that under number 793 in the Fine Arts section of the public library could be found a host of books devoted wholly to magic! Here was truly a gold mine. Most of my spare time I spent devouring the contents of these old volumes (there were but few new ones among them, the library board apparently feeling that magic wasn't a subject necessary to keep posted on), noting those tricks I felt I would like to know well, or for which I could build the apparatus, eventually using the tricks to good effect.

It was at this time that I realized what a vast and comprehensive affair this art of legerdemain was. Thousands of treatises had been written on the subject, many people made their living at it in some way or another, and a hocus-pocus of some type had been devised utilizing objects ranging from oranges to automobiles. Amateur magicians were sprinkled the country over, and several societies of conjurors had been organized. Magical supply houses produced new tricks and illusions continually for the magician who did not have time to invent and construct his own.

My interest only increased as I learned more and more about my newly-found avocation. Then the idea came to me of branching out from pocket or impromptu magic to actually putting on shows for such profit as I could make. Of course I would have to practice more in front of a mirror and of my always obliging sisters, but it would be worth it in true enjoyment in playing Blackstone.

My first performance, for a church supper, I shall never forget. My tricks weren't exactly super-colossal, and I was shaking like a leaf, but everyone was friendly that night and rather amused by my "grown-up" speech and airs. My opening illusion went well—production of silken brightly-colored handkerchiefs from home-made, mystically-painted cardboard boxes which had previously been shown empty. My confidence bolstered, I proceeded to name the cards chosen from a deck by several different persons. Also in my presentation that night were the "passe-passe" ball trick where a blue ball and a yellow ball placed in different silks changed places mysteriously, and the disappearance of an egg from under a spectator-held hankie, whereupon it reappeared in a red bag, previously "proved" devoid of matter. Finishing by pushing a blue silk handkerchief through my fist and pulling out an American flag, I was quite

amazed at the nice hand of applause my simple show drew. But amazement turned to satisfaction, and I hoped subsequent attempts would prove as successful.

Little by little people learned that there was a teen-aged magician in town who would do shows at their parties and functions for a nominal sum. As a result, over a year or so I performed at a life insurance business Christmas party, a Boy Scout supper, several birthday parties, some church young people's parties, and a community benefit show on the junior high school stage. My thus-acquired reputation prompted me to join the "International Society of Junior Magicians" and subscribe to their monthly organ, *The Dragon*. I had my name put on the mailing lists of several large magic companies and made friends with several of the established local prestidigitators. In short, I went all out for magic, and it had all stemmed from that little card trick book I bought from the novelty concern.

As is quite often the case when one enters high school, new interests and activities tended to replace the old. Because of increased homework and the greater attraction of music as a hobby, I found the magical "bug" gradually releasing its hold upon me. On occasion I would do a show for a school club, but then I would lay my wand aside and return to my studies again. Summers found me working and coming home too tired to even peruse mystic literature or originate new routines. Finally interest died out completely except after a friend's query at a card game "Are you still doing tricks, Fred?" Then I would of necessity recall an old favorite card trick and perform it with some of the zest of old.

Now, my library card number is no longer the one most frequently stamped on the library of magic books; on my closet shelf covered with dust lies expensive apparatus; my yellow-striped, black-satin magic table rots in the basement storeroom. Perhaps some day I will renew my interest and shake off the clutch of apathy, but for the present my magical career is but a happy boyhood memory.

### Isolationist

What is an isolationist? He is a man who lives without society, for society has taught us to respect and aid others. He does not allow thieves and law-breakers to live in his community; he contributes, perhaps generously, to organizations which aid the unfortunate in his own home town. Yet he says we should not meddle with thieves and lawbreakers in the world; he says that misery beyond our borders is no concern of ours. If man punishes the thieves in his own community, should not nations punish the thieves of the world? Can we say that local law is inviolable, but that international law may be broken with impunity? Can we feed our own and remain indifferent to the starvation of all others? The isolationist is trying to wall his country off from the world of which it is an integral part.—LILLIAN GILBERT.



# Rain Prayer

DON G. MORGAN

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 6*

FOR CENTURIES PEOPLE HAVE MADE PRAYERS FOR RAIN, each in his own unique manner. None of these prayers, perhaps, has attained the popularity and intricacy of the Snake-dance of the Hopi Indians. This ritual is the most widely known of all American Indian ceremonial dances.<sup>1</sup>

This ceremony still remains secret in many phases. Even though it has been extensively investigated by numerous biologists, anthropologists, and writers, the full meaning of the Hopi Snake-dance has yet to be interpreted. Many theories have been formed and disproved, yet portions of this sacred rite proceed undisturbed by the prying eyes of the white man.

As in many Indian rituals, there is a quaint legend behind the origin of the Hopi Snake-dance. According to this legend, a young Indian chief in quest of the source of the Colorado River came upon a snake kiva. He was cordially received by the people within, smoked and danced with them, and upon leaving, took with him a beautiful young maiden. These two became the mother and father of the Snake clan.<sup>2</sup> In this legend, the Snake clan and its ceremonies found their origin. To this day, these ceremonies have not wavered from their course of proceeding.

Every year this dance, the culmination of a nine-day ceremony, takes place at one of five Hopi establishments located in N. E. Arizona. On the odd years it is held at Walpi or Mishongnavi and on the even years it takes place at Oraibi, Hotevilla, or Shungopavi. It invariably occurs between the middle and the end of August. Exactly what determines the date is not known. This is one of the phases of the ceremony that are, as previously mentioned, still entirely secret.<sup>3</sup>

Once the date is determined, the preparations are put in full swing. All proceedings are handled by members of the Snake and Antelope clans.<sup>4</sup> The first move is the making of prayer sticks, erection of an altar, drawing sand paintings, and the making of intricate costumes.<sup>5</sup> Great care is taken in all

<sup>1</sup> M. W. Stirling, "Snake Bites and the Hopi Snake Dance," *The Smithsonian Report* (1941), pp. 551-5.

<sup>2</sup> Erna Fergusson, *Dancing Gods* (New York, 1939), pp. 145-6.

<sup>3</sup> Julia M. Buttrey, *The Rhythm of the Redman* (New York, 1937), pp. 96-9.

<sup>4</sup> Fergusson, *op. cit.*, p. 149.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*

these preparations since they are as much a part of the ceremony as the dance itself.

The snake-dancers, once made-up in paint and miscellaneous decorations, are the wildest figures to be seen in the Southwest. From head to toe, they are painted in various patterns of black and white. Their hair is brushed with white paint and arrayed with arrangements of owl- and eagle-feathers.<sup>6</sup> To the non-Indian mind, such a sight would be more likely to scare away the gods than bring down their favor.

Once all these preliminaries are concluded, the actual rites commence. Undoubtedly one of the most picturesque ceremonies in the history of American Indian dances, the Hopi Snake-dance is also one of the most prolonged. Priests are constantly running to and from their subterranean kivas making prayers and collecting ceremonial instruments.<sup>7</sup>

Four days before the dance the members of the Snake clan venture out into the desert wastes to hunt snakes. Each of the four days is devoted to a different point of the compass. On the first day the North is hunted, and on the following days the West, South, and East, in that order. When the hunter comes upon a snake, usually a prairie rattler, he proceeds to capture the snake with a particular technique. First he uses a feathered stick to make the snake uncoil from its striking position. Next he sprinkles the reptile with a special sacred meal, whereupon he swiftly seizes the snake behind the head and places it in a skin bag.<sup>8</sup>

Once in captivity the snakes are subjected to frequent handling and various treatments to make them more docile.<sup>9</sup> This docility caused by handling lessens the chance of the dancer being poisonously bitten. There are many theories as to the infrequency of fatal bites. Some of the most popular and reasonable point to the skill of the handler, his immunity through continuous contact with the rattlers, or the use of an emetic to clean out the dancer's system after the dance.<sup>10</sup>

Other popular theories suggest that the snakes are defanged or "milked" before the dance. The defanging is carefully done with a hoe-like instrument to assure that both sets of fangs are removed. The "milking" process involves a special whip used in such a manner as to make the snake strike repeatedly, thus "milking" it of all its venom. In such cases, the snakes are carefully ex-

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 161.

<sup>7</sup> Stirling, *op. cit.*, pp. 134-6.

<sup>8</sup> Fergusson, *op. cit.*, p. 150.

<sup>9</sup> Mischa Titiev, "Hopi Snake Handling," *Scientific Monthly*, LVII, July 1943, 44.

<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.*

amined before the dance to check their innocuousness.<sup>11</sup> These theories have been proved and disproved, leaving us to conclude that method is entirely dependent on the fortitude of the dancer.

Shortly before the dance the snakes receive a final rite. They are dipped in a jar of herb-treated water and then thrown in writhing handfuls on a pile of clean sand. Small boys have the gleeful job of confining the snakes to this sand-pile. I say *gleeful* because these boys make a game of this day-long job.<sup>12</sup>

Once the rattlers have received their treatment, the dance is ready to begin. Preceded by the Antelope clan, who go through an array of chants and dance steps, the Snake clan puts in its appearance, twelve men headed by an albino.<sup>13</sup> In a symmetrical formation they dance around a given area. While dancing they hold the snakes in their teeth, pass them from hand to hand and man to man, and allow them to crawl at will. Eventually the snakes are tossed on the ground, where they are teased with whips, sprinkled with sacred meal, and kept in a state of complete frustration.<sup>14</sup>

By this time the dance has reached its height of frenzy. There are thirty-odd snakes squirming about the dancing area and dancers facing the four winds. As if by a silent signal each dancer scoops up an armful of snakes and dashes off into the distance, where he releases his load. The reptiles are then expected to carry the message for rain to the Sky god.<sup>15</sup>

The entire ceremony is concluded by a grand feast at which the entire populace gorges voraciously. Apparently, it is taken for granted that the prayer for rain is infallible. As it has been said, "The Snake-dance always brings rain."<sup>16</sup>

<sup>11</sup> C. M. Bogart, "The Hopi Snake Dance," *Science*, XXXIX, May 10, 1941, 297.

<sup>12</sup> Fergusson, *op. cit.*, p. 160.

<sup>13</sup> Buttree, *loc. cit.*

<sup>14</sup> Fergusson, *op. cit.*, pp. 164-7.

<sup>15</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>16</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 167.

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# Rhet as Writ

Forty thousand rabied rapid raped football fans watched the game.

\* \* \* \*

Before he met Rosemary, he dated as many girls as he could squeeze in twenty-four hours. But with Rosemary he formed a plutonic friendship. He decided to keep her at sword's length, and he kept her at sword's length until the sword became a pocket-sized knife.

\* \* \* \*

In international war doctors and nurses are neutralized.

\* \* \* \*

I remained in their village overnight, and the next morning we started for the base in a canoe which was some three hundred miles distant.

\* \* \* \*

I quickly packed my clothes in a suitcase with my roommate.

\* \* \* \*

But in 1941 the great war started and he was caught in his middle twenties.

\* \* \* \*

Robeson should have stuck to singing and left his mouth shut.

\* \* \* \*

The development of the cotton picking machine has removed the slow working hands of the laborers.

\* \* \* \*

By attending the University of Illinois one can learn to be unprejudiced and tolerable.



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# THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing

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# What Became of the Strategic Concept of Air Warfare?

JAMES T. JOHNSON

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 4*

THE CONCEPTS OF AIR WARFARE, AS WE KNOW THEM today, reached their peak of development in World War II. World War II was the first major conflict in which heavy bombers and lighter tactical aircraft were employed in a decisive role, because, principally, aircraft before this time were not efficient enough to be effective. This war provided a very realistic proving ground for the effectiveness of military aircraft and the concepts devised for their use. These overall concepts for employment of aircraft in war are divided into two classes, commonly referred to as the tactical concept and the strategic concept. Tactical air warfare, which is air action against an enemy force in direct support of our own forces in the field, is generally thought of as having immediate effect on the battle situation, and is carried out within the combat zone itself. Strategic air warfare is bombardment from the air of enemy war production centers and key industries, with the intent of destroying the enemy's ability to provide logistic support to his forces, thereby making it impossible for him to wage effective war.

Until very recently, it was universally accepted that both tactical and strategic air warfare had a definite and important role to play in the National Defense Establishment. Within the past months, however, the U. S. Navy, fighting for increased appropriations in the House Armed Services Committee, has chosen to try to discredit the concept of strategic air warfare. One navy admiral has charged that strategic heavy bombardments of industrial centers are costly campaigns which have only remote, delayed, and indirect effect on the primary task of disarming the enemy by destroying his military forces. Spokesmen for the air force point of view have claimed that the strategic concept of air warfare is sound and that to discontinue the development of heavy bombardment aircraft would jeopardize the security of the United States. It has, therefore, fallen to the House Armed Services Committee to decide if the U. S. Air Force should cancel projects for improving the strategic bomber force and concentrate all the effort on development of more modern aircraft for use in tactical roles. In making this decision, the Committee must decide whether the strategic air warfare concept of the U. S. Air Force is sound and whether discontinuance of the development of heavy bombardment aircraft would jeopardize the security of the United States.

It is agreed that strategic air warfare is costly, as are all other forms of



warfare today, but the effects of strategic warfare are not so remote, delayed, and indirect as the navy admirals would have the public believe. Modern warfare is mechanized warfare. In a modern war, large forces must be able to move rapidly from place to place, there must be a great deal of flexibility within the forces, and the forces must be capable of rapidly concentrating destructive power on single objectives. These requisite capabilities necessitate a vast array of mechanized equipment. A high rate of industrial production is required to equip and maintain a modern military force. A great quantity and variety of mechanized implements are required before a campaign may be begun, and the attrition rate of this material is high.

Strategic air warfare envisions devastating bombings of specific industries in order to destroy the enemy's ability to resupply effectively these essential means of waging war. Elimination of productivity of certain critical items cripples the whole range of war industries. A large military force cannot continue to fight without this logistic support. How soon the effect of strategic bombing is realized by those engaged in tactical warfare is dependent upon the quantity of war material which the enemy has in reserve, whether these stockpiles can be located and destroyed by the strategic bombers, and whether strategic bombing has been able to disrupt the main arteries of communication between the stockpiles of reserve material and the users.

The navy spokesman insisted that the primary purpose of war is to disarm the enemy by destroying his military forces. The opposite opinion contends that it is foolishness to attempt to destroy a military force without first attempting to disarm it. An enemy cannot be effectively disarmed if his logistic services can continue to reequip him. Disrupting of industries engaged in the business of re-arming the enemy, and the means of distributing the material which these industries produce are very direct, and not at all remote, methods of disarming an enemy.

Further, the air force point of view insists that strategic bombardment of key industries in conjunction with tactical air and ground action against enemy military forces results in the quickest and most convincing defeat of the enemy nation. An aggressor nation will capitulate when the capability of supplying war material to its fighting forces is destroyed. An enemy who cannot replace his supplies will discontinue his offensive activities and eventually desist altogether. All these reasons combine to reduce the total number of casualties on both sides.

If the arguments of the admirals win and the development effort is reduced to apply only to tactical type aircraft, the security of the United States will be endangered. The existing long range bomber force will soon be obsolete, because improvements in aircraft design and construction techniques will continue at a rapid pace in all other industrialized areas of the world. It is evident that other nations recognize the value of heavy bombers as a strategic

weapon because they have been busy since the cessation of hostilities in the development of heavy bombardment aircraft. If war were to come, the United States would be faced with the prospect of being bombed by the enemy's long range heavy bombers without any means of retaliating in kind. A strategic air force for immediate action against the aggressor would not be available. An attempt to fight a war under such conditions, and fighting with only a view to disarming the enemy's military forces without attacking his war-making abilities, would be futile. The chances of success would be questionable, and success, if it came, would take too many years and cost too many lives. Such a war would dissipate the resources of our own country to an unacceptable degree. Admissions of error and repentance after a catastrophe of this nature would not repay the people of the United States for the dis-service which already would have been done.

It follows that the strategic air warfare concept of the U. S. Air Force is sound and that an adequate portion of the aircraft development effort should go to produce better long range heavy bombardment aircraft.

## Neighborhood Nuisances

RETA C. BYERS

*Rhetoric 101, Theme B*

WHY, I OFTEN WONDER, AREN'T PARENTS COMPELLED to lock up mean children just as owners are required to confine vicious dogs. Compared to some of the little prides and joys that overrun the otherwise placid corner of the Midwestern town that is my home, a Great Dane is but a gentle creature. Sometimes I am inclined to believe that my neighborhood was singled out from all the others to harbor the trickiest, most diabolical imps in all Missouri. Surely I exaggerate you say; and I grant that your reasoning seems logical; but believe me—if you could visit my city block for ten minutes on any fair summer afternoon, you would immediately become an arch supporter of the Society for the Abolition of Children.

Perhaps the most difficult to endure, of the three-score and eight or so preschoolers who clutter the lawns and sidewalks visible from my window, is the little boy who lives directly across the street. His screams for "Momma" are certain to rise above the general din with the precise regularity that radio broadcasters use to change programs. Karlie is definitely the abused type. It seems that even the toddlers persist in torturing this plump, defenseless champion of squallers, or so the story goes when Karlie reports it to "Momma."

The most accomplished tease in the neighborhood is not, as you might expect, a husky boy, but a very dainty, blue-eyed, blond-haired maiden of five.

She is dreaded by every man, woman, child, and pet within a six-block radius. Her three-year-old brother is fast becoming a callous cynic, hardened to the ways of the world by the tricks of Angeline. There was the time she put sand in his cereal just to "hear him chew." But Angeline does not confine her activities to home and brother; she finds innumerable ways to disrupt the entire neighborhood. Once she hid the evening newspaper from every house in one square block. The interesting part of this affair was that the papers were discovered three days later under the front porch of the home of Mr. Edison who made the most ado over their disappearance.

The followers of Angeline are almost as deadly as she. With amazing precision they carry out the plots that she devises; once they even—but I must expose the antics of Angeline no further. I have a notion that she will someday be a famous person, perhaps a union agitator, and will not want people to know of the life she led as a child.

There are, I am sure, some quite lovely kindhearted children in the world; but what baffles me is where they are. Why can't two or three of them be permitted to inhabit and to restore to normalcy the neighborhood into which I must venture—perilous though the journey be—whenever I go home.

## Of Time and The River

by Thomas Wolfe

MARY SHANNON

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 15*

THE AUSTRIAN COMPOSER, GUSTAV MAHLER, ONCE REMARKED to Jan Sibelius that every symphony should contain within its structure the entire world. We do not know whether Thomas Wolfe was familiar with the works of Mahler, but a kinship exists between the two, a kinship of striving by vain effort to say everything inside the limits of a single work of art.

Just as Mahler buries us under masses of sound, so Wolfe hurls upon us an avalanche of words, returning again and again to a central theme that is elaborated in a series of variations.

We are told in Wolf's sub-title that *Of Time and The River* is a "Legend of Man's Hunger In His Youth." I might almost say "warned" for hunger can hardly denote the voraciousness of Eugene Gant, the book's chief character.

Eugene Gant is, of course, Thomas Wolfe. We follow him through a series of wanderings and discontentments as the story develops. We stand with him on a bare station platform in his home town, waiting for the train that will



take him to Harvard, surrounded by all the banality, vulgarity, pettiness, and malice that passes for idyllic family life in small town America. The trip on the train is almost a book in itself. One shudders to read in Wolfe's "Story of a Novel" that it was actually several times this length before undergoing the skillful surgery of Maxwell Perkins.

In Boston we move among strange contrasts. There are the young men of Professor Hatcher's playwriting class, and there is also Uncle Bascom, that irrepressible maniac who has all the miserliness of Scrooge and the wordiness of a William Jennings Bryan. Francis Starwick, the precise prig, brilliant and homosexual, is perhaps the most important character at this time, next to the ever-dominating Eugene. But Eugene is never off the stage. This is his book, and no sparrow falls without his consent or at least his carefully recorded notice.

A complete synopsis of the book would be rather tedious. It moves on almost imperceptibly. Like the river of its name, there are a thousand small streams running through it. Whether we are in London, Paris, Orleans, or Altamont it is all the same. Eugene is still frustrated. He is still Tantalus in Hell.

Wolfe seeks to be a part of all that he has met, but desires an incorporation that is not humanly possible. Every face must be remembered. Even the numbers on box cars of the casual freight that once barred a road for a few minutes must be recalled. Surely one is entitled to ask if this does not bear a marked resemblance to certain symptoms which are usually indicative of an emotional disturbance known as "obsessional neurosis." But this is no place for a clinical attempt to analyze Wolfe's personality, although such a task offers fascinating possibilities.

The question is, what did Wolfe attempt in this book and how well did he succeed? It is my own feeling that Wolfe sought to find himself by a complete artistic revealing of himself. I think he was still trying to find himself when the book ended and that he remained as unsatisfied in the quest as he had been at the book's beginning.

Eugene Gant is not a person. He is a muttered curse in the darkness. He is the fear of death and the love of death united in one impulse complex, a great ego trying to untangle and reach out toward a million objects.

In some respects he is adolescent frustration and awkwardness, but this is only part of the answer. The other part is made obscure by obvious neurotic involvements in the character. Instead of a flight from reality, we get a tremendous flight into reality. Every leaf, every stone, every passing shadow becomes magical and almost possessed of life. Such a feeling, Ferenczi has told us, is normal in very young children, but in a young man of twenty-one it becomes a pathogenic factor full of tragic implications.

When one remembers Eugene's over-powering grief after the death of his

father, his feeling that his own life was ruined, broken, without further meaning, the foundation of his neurosis becomes evident.

" . . . But you are gone: our lives are ruined and broken in the night, our lives are mined below us by the river, our lives are whirled away into the sea and darkness, and we are lost unless you come to give us life again."

Thus, it is guilt that drives Eugene toward a magical solution: a formula that will be both redemption and liberation, and will allow him to find gratification and achievement. This then, in essence, is the story, if story it can be called. Around it is clustered a multitude of small stories that possess significance only as they come in touch with Eugene.

The charm and power lie in the language. It is possible to pick out long passages that stand quite well alone as prose poems. The main body of the work suffers nothing from such amputations.

There are hundreds of characters in the work of varying importance, but there is after all only one real character, Eugene Gant. He is *a* young man, but I am afraid he is not *the* young man that Wolfe would have us believe. It is in this attempt to create a prototype of "the young man" that Wolfe most conspicuously fails and it is in this failure that his story's greatest weakness lies.

## Paksa

HARRY MADSEN

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 2*

YOU WILL SEE HIM SAUNTER UP THE BON SHON MARKET Place in the Capitol City of Seoul; he will bow to you as you pass him along the Ascom-Inchon Highway; you will often find him squatted placidly in discussion amid a group of village huts, and you might encounter him almost anywhere in Korea. The paksa is easy to recognize in his billowing breeches and flowing robe. All his garments are of the ceremonial white, save the black horse-hair cap which looks like an undersized transparent derby. The bamboo and brass pipe he carries is of proportions in keeping with his station and age, for the older and more reverent the individual, the longer the pipe. The shortest of paksa pipes is eighteen inches.

When you see a paksa, you see a man drinking in the pleasures of life. This hard-earned reward for a life of toil is a felicity which stands as a goal for every boy that is born in Korea. To become a paksa is the greatest of honors, and the honor increases in magnitude if the man has been zealous and sincere in the pursuit of his life work.

Each year has been dubbed by the Koreans with the name of an animal. According to these people, as the horns blew on last New Year's Eve, you were passing from the year of the rat to the year of the ox. The animal designations change annually in accordance with a sequence derived from Korean folk-lore until the entire paksa cycle of sixty animals has been completed. A Korean boy born today would be referred to as "The-boy-of-the-year-of-the-ox," or he would be better known as "Boy-of-the-ox." When Boy-of-the-ox again encounters the year of the ox, he will have completed the paksa cycle, and he will be a paksa.

The attainment of this rank does not go unheralded. For weeks, in anticipation of the great day, all the members of the immediate family work to prepare the feast that goes with the occasion. Word is sent out to the outlying members of the family who might have forgotten that the paksa was due to take place. Three days before the actual date, the relatives start to arrive, each bringing a contribution to the feast. Sacks of rice, a young pig, strings of dried fish, great bowls of fresh clams, bundles of celery cabbage, and large baskets of mountain pears are gathered in the court. An uncle who is a wine merchant has a contribution which is appreciated only less than that of the children who had to explore far into the hills to gather the many fragrant do-ra-chis and other flowers.

When the ceremony begins, the paksa is seated with his wife in a floral booth in the center of the court. Within easy reach is a gourd of rice wine and many trays of such delicacies as candied tomatoes and pickled bamboo shoots. Now the oldest son of the couple enters and bows all the way to the ground, first before his father and then before his mother. He thanks them both for the life they have given him and vows that from this day forward he will do all that is in his power to make their days happy and comfortable. When the son is finished, his wife comes in to bow and vow in the same manner as her husband. Their children follow, and then the second son and his family do the same as the first and his. Daughters and their families, cousins, aunts, uncles, brothers, sisters and the families of grandchildren all pay their homage, respect, and devotion.

When all the relatives have finished, the line may not yet be through, for then come all those friends who through the years have received favors from the new paksa. They will also want to attend this ceremony to show their appreciation, and pledge what they can to the support of the paksa should he find he needs it. A poor fisherman might say, "In the year when the great winds broke up my frail vessel, you took me in and fed me rice from your field. In tribute, to your table on this day I bring three of the finest eels in the land. If the day arrives when the dragon of drought drains the blood of life out of the fields of your family, oh but speak, and I will give you half the fish I draw from the sea."

When all who so desire have made known their thoughts to the paksa, the feast and the merry-making begins. There is singing, dancing, and circles where the poets of the family tell tales of kings, tigers, dragons, and frogs. The women flitter off to their own court to sew, cook, and exchange tales of things that have been since last they were together. The mirth clings through the night and continues for many days. It is not until the rice wine has been spent, and until the last kim-shi jug is light, that the occasion comes to an end.

Exhausted children are roused from where they sleep on the cool grass mats. The tree of the family is pruned once more, and each limb drifts away to be grafted again into the life of a far village. Here and there a branch or a single leaf will seek its own way up a mountain pass, or down a gorge, away from the rest. The paksa is done, and only another paksa will bring them all together again.

When you use the word "paksa," you cannot think only of the man, only of the sixty year cycle, or only of the celebration, for the essence of the word embraces all three. It means all these things, and to the Koreans it means more. Honor, respect, family, and security are all synonymous to paksa in the eyes of Son-of-the-ox. Even I can see another synonym for paksa in the word "retirement." I wonder how many government officials that fathered the introduction of Social Security in our country realized that at best, they were four thousand years behind the Koreans.

## Faults of the High School Education System

DON E. SWEET

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 1*

**E**VEN THOUGH THE EDUCATIONAL PRACTICES IN HIGH schools have been improved, they are still far from reaching perfection. Many of the shortcomings of these systems are outgrowths of present day customs and laws, and these drawbacks cannot be corrected until the prevailing laws are changed. Though the following information is based upon the conditions which exist in one large midwestern high school, these conditions undoubtedly are present in most of the secondary schools of the nation.

If a nation is to maintain a high standard of education, it is obvious that some provision must be made for compulsory education, at least up to a certain age. This law, however, can be detrimental. It causes both money and time, which could be used to great advantage, to be wasted on the "I-don't-care" type of pupil, those who have no desire for an education, and what is



worse have none after the exposure process is complete. These students slow up an otherwise progressive class if a conscientious instructor attempts to put something across to them. A physics instructor in one high school had the right idea. He thought that if a pupil was interested in learning from his instruction, it was possible; if the pupil didn't care, neither did the instructor. Unfortunately, that attitude is looked down upon by those higher up in high school education.

Along with the time wasting "I-don't-care" pupil, comes the naturally slow student. Through no fault of his own, he cannot assimilate knowledge as fast as the average student, and as a consequence, he slows down the whole class.

Other faults of education are direct results of the present system and could be corrected by comparatively minor changes. An example of this is the concept of tenure. A new teacher will extend himself for the trial period and then, once on tenure, he will allow his teaching to degenerate. Unless the complaint against him is a serious one, he continues in his capacity, immune to discharge. As a typical case of this, in the same midwestern school, a teacher who taught a social problems class and doubled as an assistant coach was heard to say, "After this year when my tenure begins, I'm going to tell them to take this coaching job and go to hell." It is this type of attitude which undermines the efficiency of the modern high school teaching system.

Under the "correctable" heading falls yet another fault. This is the fact that high schools are so different from either grade schools or colleges. In the case of the grade school, the fault lies in the grade school itself. If grade schools, especially in the upper grades, were taught more as high schools are taught, the reorientation program which takes place in the freshman year of high school would not have to be as extensive or time consuming as it is. High school, however, is vastly different from college. That there is such a radical departure from teaching methods and standards of work required, probably accounts for the failures in college of many high-ranking high school students.

Probably the greatest correctable fault of high school teaching, however, is that the emphasis is placed on the wrong subjects. Opinions vary on which subjects should be emphasized, but the two year concentration on history appears extremely asinine. The study of history as, for instance, a contributing factor to the literature of the world is perhaps of some value, but the random commitment to memory of the various kings of Egypt in the year 8000 B.C. is a waste of time. More time should be spent in training the student to express himself orally rather than on paper. A reasonably small proportion of high school students will become writers, but 100 per cent of them will have to speak and be understood. In the same midwestern high school, physical education is a farce. This situation has been corrected, to a small

extent, in college. In the high school, the boys meet twice a week for one hour and shoot baskets or play knock-down-drag-out basketball with little or no organization and absolutely no emphasis on sportsmanship.

The answers to all the faults outlined above are not all immediately forthcoming. Nothing, for instance, can be done about the pupil who is in school against his will, if the "high" standards of education in this country are not to suffer. If, however, pupils were given aptitude tests upon entering high school and made to take the subjects which would prepare them for the work to which they were best suited, there would be perhaps fewer unwilling students. For the slow student, aptitude classification is again the answer. Put the slow student in a class with others of his kind. The faster students in another class would progress at their own speed, and the efficiency of both groups would be greatly increased. Further, if teachers were placed on a civil-service type plan, the dead-heads who ride along on their tenure would be eliminated.

Since each year a higher percentage of high school graduates are going on to college, some form of preparation and exposure to college teaching methods should be injected into the present curricula of high schools. Junior high schools are now being introduced between grade schools and high schools in an effort to prepare the grade school graduate for high school. A similar combination of the last year of high school and the first year of college could perhaps be made, much to the advantage of the student who plans to enter college. Changing the required subjects and eliminating the useless ones would allow a student to make full use of his time in high school and provide a more rounded education for him, regardless of his future plans for education. Perhaps someday we may look at our high schools and see that they have been transformed into more efficient, more useful institutions as a result of elimination of these and other faults.

## Number, Please?

ARDETH HUNTINGTON  
*Rhetoric 101, Theme 7*

"GIVE ME STATE 1959—ALICE, YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN his face! Blush? Why, he was so embarrassed! He—no, operator, I said State 1559, or did I? Alice, what's Jim's new number? 1955? 1595? Never mind, operator, I'll look it up. . . ."

You quickly unplug the connection before hearing the sharp clash of the telephone receiver as the irate customer slams it on its base. But you have no time to speculate on the ways of women, for it is now 11:15:6 by your switch-board clock; Saturday, June 10th, by your mental calendar; and an increasingly busy morning at any city telephone office, especially yours. Or so you

think, watching the myriad white lights in front of you blink quickly on and just as quickly vanish as you make connections and answer calls, one by one in rapid succession.

"Op-er-a-tor! Op-er-a-tor!!"

You repeat the proper, well-learned phrase, "Number, please?"

"Op-er-a-tor! Op-er-a-tor!" That woman shouts in a thick, foreign accent and disregards, obviously not hearing, your repeated question. Is she in trouble—is she angry—or is she merely ignorant of the use of the telephone? Silent queries like wind-driven shadows dart through the back of the brain, and automatically you turn the customer over to a supervisor trained in the answering of odd requests.

Another call. "Number, please?" Routine. More routine. Plug cord—open talking switch—watch connect signals—red—green—disconnect cord—customer flashes—open switch quickly—respond properly—

"Operator . . ."

"You cut me off!" Like a whip those four words lash out, but draw no response other than mechanical from the robot-girl who sits at her switchboard and connects—disconnects, opens switches—watches lights—speaks distinctly—

"I'm sor-ry, sir. One moment, ple-ase . . ."

And now the operator in the next position goes to lunch, leaving you with two switchboards to watch and handle, but the "traffic" is slower now. You don't mind. Now it is lunch time, noon time, such a dull time, giving you the opportunity of dropping the mask of automatic rigidity which encases you during most of your working hours. It slips easily from your voice, and you pick up a call with an easy drawl that is half yawn, half sigh.

"Number—please?"

If a young man jokes with you, you reply. If an elderly lady launches into her troubles, you sympathize. If a small child begs for his Mommy, or laughs, or cries, or repeats gaily ". . . hello . . . hello . . . hello . . . hello . . ." you respond as you please. But such freedom lasts only a second when compared with the years, months, weeks of eight-hour days during which time you use your brain quickly and faultlessly in putting through police calls, fire calls, ambulance calls. And just as faultlessly, although perhaps not as quickly, your mind and hand reacts to the temperature calls, time calls, business calls, social calls. Angry customers, cheery customers, old men with guttural voices, and children who giggle and lisp; people who swear at you, people who call you "honey" and "dearie," voices and more voices causing the trans-city wires to buzz by busyness while you sit at your switchboard playing the role of heroine, life-saver, joy-giver, and death-announcer. You weary of the endless routine; your voice has long ago lost its smile.

But this is your job.

"Number, please?"

# The United States Should Have National Health Insurance

JEANNE PETERSON

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 3*

JUST LAST YEAR THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE thousand of our fellow citizens died because they couldn't afford to have adequate medical attention. When I first read these figures, I was amazed at the fact that we allowed such a condition to continue to exist. There is a remedy for this situation. This year, when our Congress votes on the revised Wagner-Dingle-Murray act, the fate of these thousands will be decided.

The opponents of this plan have made a tremendous battle to defeat it and so far have been successful. Leaders of the opposition include the patent medicine manufacturers and the American Medical Association. In 1947, these two alone declared a donation of three million dollars to the lobby opposing the adoption of this bill. It is easy to determine the reason for the opposition from the patent medicine people. The adoption of this plan would mean that the public would be able to secure good medicine and not have to rely upon curealls. Apparently the American Medical Association fears that it will lose its present stranglehold on the medical profession.

The opponents of National Health Insurance have managed to talk the majority of the people into referring to it as "Socialized Medicine." Thus attaching an odious term to a commendable program was a neat advertising trick and has resulted in a tremendous victory for them so far. National Health Insurance is *not* socialization; it is merely a plan for distributing the risk of sickness among the whole population. Certainly we do not call the various state-sponsored plans for workmen's compensation socialism, and yet the pattern followed by them is exactly the same as that proposed for medicine. This program will merely change the method of paying for medical services; instead of paying when we are sick, we will pay ahead of time while we are well.

At the present time over seventy million people, about half the population in the United States, make less than sixty dollars a week. People in these lower income brackets cannot afford medical care at its present high rates. There are some doctors who generously give these people a lower rate, but this procedure is not true of the vast majority. There are also charitable organizations whose mission is to provide this relief, but how many of us are humble enough to accept charity? National Health Insurance solves this problem; it is not charity, but it is a service for which they pay.



One of the most vigorous individual opponents of this plan is Dr. Morris Fishbein, formerly editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. Today Dr. Fishbein offers as the solution to America's medical problem the Voluntary Group Insurance Plans; in 1932, Dr. Fishbein violently condemned all of these same Group Insurance plans as socialistic and leading to revolution. I believe that this doctor is fairly representative of the people who oppose National Health Insurance; they either oppose it for selfish reasons, as the patent medicine people, or, as Dr. Fishbein, for no particular reason.

America depends upon the family. The strength of the family rests in its security. The man who works for a living must have National Health Insurance. The support of his family depends directly upon his earning ability which in turn depends upon his health. We must spread the risk of sickness among the whole populace rather than letting it destroy individual families because of their inability to meet the financial demands of their doctors.

## Uncle Anthony

WILLIAM F. BECKMAN

*Rhetoric 100, Theme 6*

I NEVER LIKED UNCLE ANTHONY. TO ME HE REPRESENTED the terrors of sarcasm and repression, epitomizing a generation as cold and brittle as ice. I remember him well as he stood very straight in the darkened living room, looking about in seeming disapproval of everything in general and me in particular.

Anthony J. Bickford, a man of nearly sixty years, was a despicable, utterly selfish, and a false individual. Though tall, his figure was emaciated and warped, while his face and hands were browned like a piece of old parchment. His fingers were knotted and slender, resembling the grasping limbs of an aged oak, and often he toyed nervously with his watch chain which dangled from a vest pocket. His rather heavy body was supported by two ridiculously thin legs terminating in long, slender feet upon which he wore black, pointed shoes. His suit, a lifeless grey, accentuated his doleful countenance, which was framed by a coarse ashen beard and hair.

Uncle Anthony's appearance mirrored his cold and heartless personality. His whole bearing suggested supreme confidence and conceit. I'll always remember his thin, white lips moving in disapproval of my existence, as he said, "Remember, youth, keep your silence while among adults."

His knotted fingers reached for the watch chain as he turned and left me staring at a narrow stream of sunlight which had dared to enter the dark sanctity of his dismal living room.

# America's Most Terrifying Fire

EUGENE STONER

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 15*

ON SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1894, ONE OF THE MOST terrible fires in the history of our country occurred at Hinckley, Minnesota. The inhabitants of this town had lived all summer in a semi-twilight caused by the burning of stumps and slash piles left from lumbering and clearing operations.

A few people noticed, early in the morning of that ill-fated day, that the fires seemed to be burning a little worse than usual in the swamps west of town. By noon the smoke was even denser and a stiff, hot breeze blew up. The people in the outlying country showed the first signs of nervousness. On the rising wind rode embers and firebrands, starting little fires on dry hand-hewn shakes of a dozen roofs. By two o'clock, great black bellows of smoke completely obscured the daylight. The winds blew in gusts that were hotter by the moment and hot cinders fell like black snow.

In the south, the sky grew a sullen, ugly red and great sheets of flame appeared in the smoke clouds themselves. Suddenly the distant rumblings, which had been heard for some time, turned into a frightening roar and a horrendous gale of wind and fire ripped through Hinckley from the south. Great balls of fire were seen to fall from the sky and explode as they approached the forest below, scattering fragments of fire before the hurricane and setting fire to everything they touched.

This fire, born in the crowns of the giant forest pines was a "blow up," the like of which has seldom been seen. No power on earth can stop such a fire. Incredible heat sends the air swirling up in speeding currents, creating a tornado of flame. As oxygen burns off in the center, superheated air, carbon, and swamp gases rush to the outside and explode in huge sheets of flame. The people in Hinckley saw such sheets of flame that day, two hundred feet high, roaring across fields where there was nothing to burn and starting fires in places where an ordinary fire would never reach. In the flashes of fire in some areas in and about Hinckley, boulders were split and acres of ground were burned off, topsoil and all; in a hardware store barrels of nails were melted into solid lumps of metal. People running down the streets were snuffed out like bugs in a campfire as the huge walls of flame and exploding gases swept over Hinckley again and again.

Some of the frantic people fled to the river for shelter. Because of the long drought, the river held no more than fifteen inches of water, and terrible walls

of flame swept over that area time and time again. Only those who had buckets with which to drench themselves with water survived. One hundred and twenty people ran out on the road north of town, seeking shelter in a swamp in that area. They might have made it if it had not been for the first sheet of flaming air. In that one sizzling instant their lives were snuffed out. A large number of people sought protection in the open space of the railroad yards. Although the fire never reached them, the heat did. Ninety people lost their lives at that spot.

That was the fate of Hinckley. By dawn the following morning not a stick of wood was left standing, and more than one-quarter of the town's 1200 citizens lay dead. In that same great holocaust, more than half a dozen other towns were wiped out. In less than twelve hours a region of about 2,500 square miles was for the most part wiped from the face of the earth.

## Atomic Americana

DON NORTHWAY

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 4*

IT MAY, WITH SOME DEGREE OF ACCURACY, BE MAINTAINED that I take a great deal of liberty with the subject suggested.

Should I be penalized because I prefer to follow a less orthodox train of thought—a train of thought which, I believe, possesses a certain basic validity? For too long has America been defined as the land of Coca Cola and hot dogs. The very insistence with which this bit of nostalgic tripe creeps into every discussion of Americanism is an indication that something is essentially wrong with our American way of thinking. Why can we not typify America as the land of modern culture, of heterogeneous harmony, or of individualistic enterprise? Must our reflection or deliberation as to what really constitutes our American way of life run the gamut from ice cold cola to red-hot sizzling puppies wrapped in a bun? Is that what America means?

I would like to think of America in another way. A Chinese once marvelled at the exactness of American engineering science. He was amazed at our ability to construct a tunnel by excavating on opposite sides of the mountain and joining the two excavations in the center of the mountain. "In my country," the Chinese said, "if we attempted that, we would wind up with two tunnels." He paused a moment and continued philosophically, "But, since two tunnels are twice as good as one tunnel, perhaps that is just as well."

By whatever means you may dispute the logic of this philosophy, you can not as easily dispense with the contrast in Oriental and Occidental psychology that makes these differences of philosophy possible. The American pride in

exactness, as emphasized by our engineers, is typically American. The reaction of this Chinese is typical of China. Frankly, I do not know whether this anecdote is true or not. It does not matter. The point is that it could be true; it has a basis in human nature. Can one learn as much about the real America from a bottle of cola which can, by the way, be purchased with equal certainty in Suez, Australia, Panama, or the corner drug store?

Where, then, must we look to find the real America? Not in things, but rather in people, and in their thoughts. People are no better than their thoughts, for thought is the eternal enigma. If one looks about him the things which he sees are, at first, only thoughts. Did the thought also produce the intellect that would allow us to use the end product, increased leisure, constructively to increase our capacity for happiness? Are scientific achievements beyond our social capacities a blessing or a curse? Is Americanism becoming synonymous with materialism? It is for that final proving ground, the mind of the reader, to discover the answer. Oscar Wilde once said "A cynic knows the price of everything, and the value of nothing." I would like to alter these words somewhat to ask, does the typical American know the monetary value of everything—and the real worth of nothing? Has he acquired knowledge sans wisdom, learning sans intelligence, and information sans understanding? In twenty-five hundred years of acquiring knowledge have we equaled the real civilization of ancient Greece? Two thousand years after the Sermon on the Mount, is our practical application of Christ's teaching any in advance of the people of ancient Judea?

Ask the men from Madang, or the Battle of the Bulge, or Verdun. If that fails, ask the scientists at Oak Ridge. They know everything. They are the ace in the hole of the typical American. They, for better or for worse, for life or for death, for preservation or for extinction, are our way of life.

## A Pause in the Night

ARTHUR WIMPENNY

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 6*

THE NIGHT WAS DAMP, RAINY, AND DREARY IN THE small railroad yard near Crete, Illinois. A small clapboard shack sat near the main right-of-way providing a simple shelter for the few switchmen who tended the needs of the seldom-passing trains. Across the many slim steel ribbons of track stood an abandoned grain elevator, occupied only by swarms of now sleeping birds.

A fast freight train was bustling along towards the silent railroad yard. A tall signal tower, with a dull orange light showing, winked at the approaching



train. The train began to slow down with its brakes screeching and sparking. As the powerful beam from the headlight of the engine swung into the yard, the yard jumped to life. Strange and grotesque shadows formed mysterious figures on the high walls of the grain elevator. Several figures ran from the small shack to tend the switches. The train finally ground to a halt. Then after a minute's pause the whistle of the train sounded, and again the monster was off into the rainy night.

In a few brief moments the train was far down the disappearing rails, leaving only the yard, the shack, and a thousand puddles of water to stand idle and without life through the dreary night.

## Student Government as Training for Democracy

JOAN HARMON

*Rhetoric 100, Theme 3*

STUDENT GOVERNMENT PLAYS AN IMPORTANT PART IN training young people to be responsible, well-informed citizens of tomorrow. Participation in student government demonstrates to the individual the mechanics of the American governmental system.

Putting acquired knowledge into practice makes an effective impression on the student. Through student government, the citizen-to-be is given the privilege of voting on issues pertaining to school affairs, just as he will later vote on issues concerning national problems. He is anxious to have a part in introducing reforms and better methods, and he carefully considers the issues at hand so that he may cast a wise vote. When candidates are announced for election to office, the student learns to choose wisely and to vote for the person best suited for the particular office.

Through student government, the individual student is able to notice the effects of lack of interest and lack of participation on the effectiveness of governmental organization. He sees that a passive attitude on the part of voters leads to bad government. He realizes that cooperation and participation are needed in order to have an ideal type of government. He learns to appreciate the problems that confront officials, and he realizes that he can help solve these problems if he is willing to do so.

Student government gives the individual student practice in carrying out the principles of democracy.

# One Man

JOE FREY

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 2*

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A MAN BORN IN AN INCONSPICUOUS village, the son of a peasant woman. He grew up in another obscure village. He worked in a carpenter shop until he was thirty, then became a preacher and traveled the countryside. He never owned a home. He never had a family. He never wrote a book. He never went to college. He never held an office. He never set foot inside a big city. He never traveled more than two hundred miles from the place where he was born. He never did one of the things that usually make a person great. He had nothing but himself.

While still a young man, the tide of popular opinion turned against him. His friends ran away—one of them denied him. He was given over to his foes. He went through the pretense of a trial. He was nailed to a cross between two thieves. While he was dying, his executioners gambled for the only piece of property he had on earth—his coat. When he was dead, he was taken down and laid in a borrowed grave only because of the pity of a friend.

Nineteen long centuries have come and gone, and today he is the axis of the human race and the leader of the progressing world.

All of the armies that ever marched, and all of the navies that have ever sailed, and all of the parliaments that ever sat, and all of the kings that ever reigned—all put together have not affected the life of man upon this earth as powerfully as has that One Man.

\* \* \* \*

## Hatter's Castle

Hatter's Castle is not merely a composition which relates the processes and events characteristic of a novel. Rather, it is essentially a study of society which is continually suffering from the wounds inflicted on it by the greed, hate, jealousy, and suspicion that is truly characteristic of modern culture. A. J. Cronin handles this theme very effectively as he weaves it into the physical portion of the plot. Unfortunately, though, Cronin performs this unwittingly, for it is evident that he lacks the necessary genius to transform successfully the physical deviations of plot into an influential essence of ethical definition. Nevertheless, it is a powerfully effective story and deserves the attention of readers everywhere.—ROGER HANSEN.

# On Getting Up in the Morning

BYRON C. STAFFELD  
*Rhetoric 101, Theme 11*

IT IS SAID THAT ONE CAN BECOME ACCUSTOMED TO ANYTHING if the act is repeated often enough. As I grow older I believe this assertion less and less. I have been getting up early every morning for a little more than eighteen years, and I am not used to it yet. It was as difficult for me to arise this morning as it was a year ago, or, for that matter, ten years ago.

I have often wondered why it is so hard for me to get up in the morning. Why should I wish to lie in bed until the last minute? I am no bed-lover. A bed in itself holds no attractions for me; it is only a bundle of paradoxes: we go to it with reluctance, yet we quit it with regret; we make up our minds every night to leave it early, but we make up our bodies every morning to keep it late. After I once get up, I am not anxious to lie down again.

I once asked a good friend of mine to solve this problem for me, and he said that the seat of the trouble was in the manner in which I was awakened. He advised me to buy a good alarm clock, and said that if I were awakened suddenly and regularly every day the habit of wishing to stay in bed late could easily be overcome. I bought the clock and used it without success. If I put it close to my bed at night, I would reach out the next morning and cut the alarm off when it rang, and then go peacefully back to sleep. On the other hand, if I put it out of reach, I would lie in bed and wait patiently for the spring to run down, and then turn quietly over and begin another snooze.

After the alarm-clock episode, I tried the oldest way known in the world, that is, having some hardy soul who gets up early to wake me. For nearly a month various friends of mine volunteered to do this service for me, but no one of them ever succeeded in getting me up on the instant. Some went to the trouble of banging our best Revere copper and brass ware together; although it seemed like a feasible plan to them, it only tended to annoy me to a point of not wanting to rise out of bed with such a commotion going on. Even their threats and their blows failed to rouse me. I would open my eyes, smile sweetly, and go back to that land of serene slumber again.

One of my father's friends heard of my malady and delivered me a long lecture on the subject. He appealed to my ambition, but my ambition refused to be stirred. In vain did he call to my mind the early-rising habits of Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson. I looked innocent and asked him if it was not a fact that Burr and Arnold were also early risers. I ventured to ask him if it

were not likewise true that at least a million and a half other men who had lived during the Colonial period and got up early every morning had in the end died unknown. After this I was even emboldened to inquire if Doctor Johnson did not make it a habit to stay in bed until two o'clock in the afternoon. Before he could reply, however, I had left the room.

The next time I saw him he told me a story about an early bird's catching of a worm. I was not as much impressed with his narrative as I should have been. I felt too sorry for the unfortunate worm. If that worm had stayed in bed a little longer he would not have been caught by the bird. But, after all, it was wasted sympathy because the worm had no one to blame but himself.

It makes no difference what the season of the year is ; I have always had a hard time getting out of bed. In the winter the bed is warm and the room is cold. Why should I suddenly change from the warm and comfortable to the cold and uncomfortable? Dante would have us believe that lost souls are effectively punished by such sudden changes in temperature as these. Should then any living man suffer this punishment before his time?

In the summer how cool and comfortable it is in my bed with just a suggestion of a breeze blowing across my face, while on the world outside the fierce sun is shining. When finally I get up on summer mornings, how different I must appear from the punctually early risers, who impress me as being hot and tired and dusty.

I am afraid I shall never relinquish my habit of late rising. For after all, is there any advantage in getting up early? A chicken obeys the old adage of "early to bed and early to rise" all his life, and finally his head is cut off and he is made into a pie ; while the owl, reputed to be the wisest of birds, stays up all night, sleeps all day, lives to a ripe old age, and is never eaten.

Are they that rise early any happier than I? Do they enjoy life more? If they do, their happiness must be supreme.

\* \* \* \*

## **Bridge Fanatics**

Even though it is customary for a bridge game to cease when the players leave the card table, bridge fanatics insist on a heated postmortem of every hand played. This involves grumbling, then roaring ; shaking a finger, then a fist. They become apoplectic because a partner trumped an ace, or even because he forced a bid. For those who play for pleasure, to match wits for an hour or so, it is difficult to understand the fanatic who sits with Culbertson at his right hand, thirteen tightly clenched cards before him, and a "Now-do-something-else-stupid" glint in his eye.—DORIS DAVIS.



# Appearances and Realities in History

FRANKLIN J. NIENSTEDT

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 13*

PEOPLE OF THE WEST, THAT IS, PEOPLE WHO HAVE grown up in the culture of Western Civilization, have developed a biased view of history. From grammar school to college these people have learned only of the Greeks and the Romans and the Middle Ages—in short, of Europe. They remain wholly unaware of the history of China, of India, or of Persia. Responsible for this condition are the Western historians and educators who overlook Eastern history and overemphasize Western. They do this partly because they don't know very much about the history of the East but mostly because of a certain unjustifiable pride in the history of the West.

These men claim that Western civilization, which today has achieved great success, is founded on the ancient culture of the West, and hence that when people study this past culture, they are really studying the foundation of the great civilization we have today. The stupidity of this belief is amazing. In the first place, the Western civilization in existence now is no more related to past civilizations of the West than to the past civilizations of the East. The Roman Civilization passed out of existence about A.D. 400, and the Western Civilization, which didn't begin until a thousand years later, merely happened to be built on the earlier ashes. In the second place, there is no sensible reason for studying the West of the past simply because the West of today is great and for *not* studying the East of the past simply because the East of today is stagnant. To suggest how much the history of the West is overemphasized and that of the East overlooked, let us examine two corresponding empires and civilizations: that of the Roman Empire (27 B.C. to A.D. 395) in the West and that of the Chinese Empire (202 B.C. to A.D. 220) in the East.

We find that the famous Roman Empire was not as great as Western writers have made it appear to be. Culturally this empire was quite decadent. The great culture of the Greeks had already flourished in Greece from 500 B.C. to 300 B.C. and throughout the Eastern Mediterranean region from 300 B.C. to 100 B.C.; by the time the Romans entered the Eastern Mediterranean, the Greek writers, philosophers, and scientists were disappearing. Moreover, the Romans were a race which cared little for culture; they were interested chiefly in war and conquest. In fact, the Romans suppressed and even de-

stroyed much that remained of the Greek culture when they ruthlessly invaded and exploited the lands of the Eastern Mediterranean and when they subjugated and made slaves of the Greeks, thus discouraging that free creative genius which had brought about the Greek culture.

Many Western readers are led to believe that the Roman Empire was one of luxury and refinement of living. It must be remembered, however, that this was true of only the very small upper class—a wealthy landowning aristocracy—and that the vast majority of the people in the empire lived in abject poverty. The rugged small-farm owner who had built up the Roman Republic disappeared under the empire or became a slave of the wealthy landowner. The morals of the Romans, moreover, were disgusting; they had no coherent, dominant religion to restrain them, and the wealthy became corrupt and debauched while the masses became hard-hearted and cruel.

Although politically the Roman Empire was very powerful during its first two centuries, it did have a number of short-comings which writers often overlook. Probably most important was the lack of foresight and judgment among the rulers. To be sure, not all of them were greedy and irresponsible, and there were some very earnest and sincere Roman emperors, but even the best of them could not see beyond their boundaries. If they had known anything about world geography or of the events taking place outside the empire, they would have realized the necessity of subjugating Central Europe. They could have done it, but they didn't even try. Another short-coming was the lack of a systematic succession to the throne. The imperial dignity was the possession—and the all too elusive possession—of any ambitious soldier who was able to fight his way to the top. This procedure, of course, resulted in frequent revolts and civil wars.

As the empire was composed of many nationalities, there was little patriotism, and the armies soon had to be filled with foreign mercenaries—many of them northern barbarians, who later invited their relatives from across the border into the empire. We might mention, too, that although the Roman Empire centered around a large body of water—the Mediterranean—it never had a navy; true, there was a merchant marine, but there were few or no ships specifically for defense or transport of troops. Finally the court life was so completely filled with jealousies, murders, intrigues, lust, and crime and immorality in general, that efficiency in the government was nearly always lacking. Nero was more typical of the Roman emperors than was Augustus.

Now let us examine the Chinese Empire (or more correctly, that period of the empire between 202 B.C. and 220 A.D.). Although most people of the West are unaware of its existence, this empire produced a culture higher in many respects than that of Rome. The Chinese pursued many of the fine arts with success and did particularly well in painting. Their landscapes rank with the most beautiful paintings ever produced.

The useful arts—industry, commerce, engineering—were given much attention. The government ordered the erection of the Great Wall at the beginning of this period, and also constructed roads, bridges, and canals. There were many skilled artisans in the cities; porcelain manufacturing was highly developed; textile industries flourished; there was much work done with metals; and the volume of trade between the cities, and across Asia to the prosperous markets in Turkestan, to Persia, and even to Rome was tremendous.

There was much written work done in China, for paper was in use after the first century A.D.; and toward the end of this period printing was developed. The economy of the empire was in a sound condition. The majority of the people were farmers—free farmers—and there were no wealthy landowners; there was no concentration of wealth and little poverty. The Chinese did not have any religion as we think of religion but they followed religiously the code of ethics laid down by Confucius and thus maintained a decent moral standard.

All this prosperity and culture could not have existed if the Chinese government had not been stable. Except for one instance, we find that there were no civil wars or disturbances of any kind in China for four hundred years! The administration was justly and efficiently carried on in the beautiful capital of Chang An by the Han dynasty, which produced a number of capable emperors. The basis of their strength of purpose and prudent management was found in the vigorous foreign policy of the Hans, set up by the great emperor, Wu Ti. They had been beset by the barbaric Huns on their north and west frontiers during their first half-century, but under Wu Ti the Chinese pursued a forward drive, completely routing these Huns and forcing them westward toward Rome. The Chinese emperors knew what had been happening among these barbaric tribes and acted accordingly.

The Chinese then moved into these vacated regions, always pushing farther west and spreading their authority and culture far into Central Asia. At the same time, the Chinese leaders encouraged friendly relations with their more civilized neighbors; the great emperor Wu Ti established the "Silk Route" from Chang An to the flourishing cities of Turkestan and beyond into Persia and the West, exchanging goods and ideas freely. Surely if there was ever a "world empire" and a "universal civilization," the Chinese Empire has a better claim to it than Rome ever had.

Of course, there were some good qualities about the Roman Empire and some faults in the Chinese Empire, which I have deliberately neglected to mention. I have simply tried to show that the Chinese Empire was as good as the Roman Empire, or better, and therefore people of the West should give it the credit it deserves. Yet we who study "history," study Rome, and hear never a word of any world beyond the narrow little borders of Europe.

# New York Journey

LUCILLE C. CROW

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 12*

"WELL, IT PROVES THAT ONE NEVER KNOWS WHAT will happen next," I thought aloud and turned to look out the window at friends waving from the station platform. Blinking red lights on the black and white crossing guards warned traffic of the slowly moving train, and friends and the station retreated from my window. Business buildings, factories, and apartment houses gave way to white cottages, then sprawling farm houses and open fields, and I knew that at last I was on my way to New York City.

My going still seemed like a dream because everything had happened so unexpectedly. Six hours ago, if someone had told me that I'd be leaving on a thousand mile trip that evening, I'd have pegged him as being as goofy as my Aunt Minnie. That, of course, was before a long-distance telephone call spun my little world around, heading me East. My husband had called that afternoon to tell me that he was safely back from the Mediterranean and would be in New York three days before his ship left port again. It was wonderful to hear his voice and to know that he was all right, but when he asked me to come to New York to spend the three days with him and to attend an open house aboard the ship, I was so surprised that only reasons for not going danced before my eyes—The money, it would cost so much—My job, how could I ever get three days off?—Clothes, I'd need a new dress—Train reservations, impossible without all sorts of wartime priorities—Making that long trip alone. No, I couldn't.

"But, Luke," he said, "all the other fellows' wives will be here."

"There just isn't time to get ready or anything," was all I could answer.

"Throw some things into a suitcase. You can get ready after you get here. Wire me when your train will arrive."

And before I realized what was happening, I had promised to catch the next eastbound train.

And here I was, suitcase packed and safely stowed overhead, Vincennes-to-New York City round-trip ticket carefully folded in my purse, the *Cosmopolitan* and *Reader's Digest* beside me for company on the twenty-two hour trip, on my way at last. I pulled off my gloves, eased out of my coat, and settled back for my first bit of relaxation in six hours.

Wartime travel conditions being what they were, I had pictured myself



standing in the aisle of an ancient day coach the entire trip or sharing my seat with either a drunken sailor or a nervous mother herding several small, sticky children. This coach, however, was obviously new, with a pale green interior and forest green lounge chairs. I stretched my toes to the foot rest, sniffed the air-conditioned comfort, and glanced about the car. The seats weren't half filled. Wasn't I lucky?

As the miles flew by, I sat looking out the window, hypnotized by the marching grey telephone poles and southern Indiana's colorless winter panorama broken by occasional small towns, each with its identifying squat depot lettered Bicknell, French Lick, West Baden, Paoli. I began thinking of the three days ahead. I wondered about my husband; would the eighteen months overseas have changed him? Would war and killing have transformed the boy I remembered into a different man? Couples grew apart in spite of letters and common memories. I wondered whether we would have trouble bridging the year and a half gap in our lives. I thought about poor Dorothy back at the office and wondered how she would get along doing both my work and her own. Would my black dress be all right for dress-up in New York? Six hours hadn't included shopping time for a new dress.

Approaching darkness and the porter's dinner call brought me back to earth. Surreptitiously inspecting stocking seams and applying fresh lipstick, I gathered up my purse and the *Cosmopolitan* and made the precarious promenade through the swaying coaches to the dining car. Having never patronized a dining car before, I was a bit dubious about what to do next, but a smiling colored waiter directed me to a table as graciously as if I were Princess Elizabeth. I sat down and ordered dinner, secretly marvelling at the water-filled vase exhibiting a single rose without spilling a drop in spite of the lurching train. I even wished for a cigarette to impress my new friend, the waiter, as I sat fiddling my fingers waiting for my roast veal and mashed potatoes.

"Cigarette, Miss?" someone asked.

"Gad, who's reading my mind?" I gasped mentally and turned to the owner of the voice and proffered cigarette. A handsome young man, a sergeant, stood smiling beside my table.

"That's funny," I exclaimed. "I've never smoked a cigarette before, but I was just thinking this is the time and the place for one."

"Perhaps I'm psychic," he laughed. "May I sit at your table?"

"Oh, oh," I thought. "Slow down a little, Luke." But it seemed rather silly and unfriendly to say anything other than, "Yes, of course." After all, there was the empty chair, and everyone was supposed to be kind to servicemen. I did refuse the cigarette, however, so that he wouldn't think I was *too* friendly.

He also ordered roast veal, and we sat waiting in a sort of companionable silence for our dinners.

"Going far?" he asked finally.

"New York City."

"Ever been there?"

"No, but my husband is going to meet me. I wired him when to meet the train." And I found myself telling a perfect stranger all about the telephone call, my frenzied preparations for the trip, and how I was looking forward to three days in New York. I suppose train passengers are like shipboard acquaintances. Persons thrown temporarily together with a single destination soon become friends. When I learned that the sergeant was going to New York City, too, that served almost as an introduction, a recommendation, and a common meeting ground. Soon I knew all about him. His name was Benjamin something or other. He had been an accountant in civilian life, was now stationed at Scott Field near St. Louis, and was going home on furlough to visit his mother and sister. We chatted along, lingering over a second cup of coffee. The colored waiter winked slyly as he filled my cup a third time. Obviously he figured I was doing all right for myself. Gathering my respectability about me, I paid for my dinner (remembering a tip for the knowing waiter), bade the sergeant a pleasant but definite good evening, and walked sedately back through the two cars to my seat and buried myself in the *Cosmopolitan*.

Myriad twinkling lights flashed past my window marking unknown towns and villages, while a cold December moon played hide and seek through the passing trees. Soon we were pulling into Cincinnati. I had lived there as a girl; so Cincinnati was a friendly, familiar city. When the conductor announced a forty minute stop over, I decided to go for a short walk to stretch my legs and to see some of the city once more. I might even call my Aunt Mary, who lived here, to say hello and to let her know that I was passing through town. I hurried down the steps onto the platform, and ran through the gate literally into the arms of the smiling sergeant.

"Hey, this isn't New York. Where are you rushing off to?"

So I explained about calling my Aunt Mary. He agreed this was a splendid idea and could he help me find a telephone? I suppose I really shouldn't have, but I said, "Uhhuh," and off we dashed with forty, no, thirty-eight minutes left now in Cincinnati. I pointed out places I remembered from the past—good old Government Square, unchanged, with the same hungry pigeons and sauntering crowds, the Apollo Theater (now showing Cab Calloway in person), and the Netherland Plaza's beautiful golden spire. All too soon it was time to rush back to the station. And I never did call Aunt Mary.

Back in the train once more, Ben helped me off with my coat. I brushed the *Cosmopolitan* and *Reader's Digest* aside so that he could sit beside me to chat a few minutes. I don't remember how the conversation got around to it,

but finally we began discussing wartime marriages. He was against them because his had been unsuccessful.

"The war changes people," he explained, "and when couples who have rushed into marriage are separated for a long period of time, they meet again sometimes as strangers. You think about a person, dream about her, build her up in your mind until, when you see her again, you're so disappointed because she isn't what you remembered or imagined that you never get over it."

What the sergeant said made sense to me after a fashion. I knew that I wasn't the same girl Vernon had left eighteen months before. I had grown up since then, successfully assumed new responsibilities, become self-sufficient, and had hobnobbed with so many majors and colonels at work that I sometimes wondered whether I would still find an electrician's mate, second class, interesting company. Not that I didn't love Vernon; it was just that so many things had happened since I had seen him. A year and a half is a long time. What if he had changed as much as I had?

I don't know how long the sergeant and I talked. I don't even remember falling asleep, but the next thing I knew, the sun was in my eyes and it was morning. I straightened my cramped legs, wondered where I was for a second, opened my eyes, and shut them quickly. There was the sergeant, calmly smoking a cigarette. When you've told a stranger practically your life history, it's quite a shock to wake up the next morning to find him sitting beside you. Besides, I knew I looked a mess. He was spic and span, freshly shaved, and as wide awake as if he'd been up for hours. I muttered some sort of something, struggled to get my overnight bag down from the rack, finally thanked him for getting it for me, and beat a hasty retreat to the lounge.

Lots of soap and water and a fresh blouse made a new woman of me. I was ready for breakfast. I'd dismiss that sergeant, if he was still there when I got back to my seat, and go to the dining car for a cup of coffee. Back at the seat, lo and behold, there sat the sergeant, holding a tray of toast and two cups of the most aromatic coffee imaginable. I was beginning to believe that man was psychic. "Oh, well," I chided myself, "after all, he won't bite; enjoy yourself."

We were coming into Washington, D. C., now, and I caught a glimpse of the famous Washington Monument. My only other impression of the Capitol was a line of plain pine boxes atop baggage trucks with an honor guard of white-gloved soldiers waiting alongside the train. Yes, there was still a war on. I wondered whether any of those fellows had been electrician's mates or even sergeants. We didn't talk for a long time, and when Ben silently offered me a cigarette, I lighted it and drew a couple of puffs before realizing that this was my first cigarette. I was glad when the station with its silent, eloquent boxes was far behind.

We had fun that morning, playing gin rummy, watching the ever changing

landscape, and talking. He was the easiest man to converse with that I have ever met. About ten o'clock we strolled through to the dining car seeking waffles and more coffee. I had a few qualms about facing my waiter of the night before, but he was nowhere to be seen.

We waited to have lunch in the station restaurant in Philadelphia. Soon we would be in New York itself, and our journey and little adventure would be over.

Back on the train again, Ben said, "The terminal is at Jersey City. We change trains there to go on into Grand Central Station. I'll help you with your bag during the transfer and on into New York until you find your husband. Grand Central is a big place." He paused, then continued, "Lu, if things don't work out all right for you in New York, look me up, will you? I'll give you my telephone number and address."

Suddenly I felt grateful to the sergeant, because I knew in my heart that I wasn't at all sure how things would work out in New York. Vernon might even seem more like a stranger to me than the sergeant.

Outside snow was beginning to fall. Trenton—Elizabeth—Bayonne—and now Jersey City. Ben went back into the other coach for his suitcase while I gathered my belongings together, discarded the neglected magazines, and nervously inspected my make-up. All the passengers were getting ready for the transfer, and now we were pulling into the big terminal. We drew into the long, shedded runway, and the train slowed to a stop.

Suddenly, through my window I saw a sailor, my sailor, waiting on the platform with the white snow flakes dusting his curly black hair. It was Vernon! He had come all the way down to Jersey City to meet me. All at once, positively and without a vestige of doubt, I knew that the sergeant and I had both been wrong; people didn't change, they couldn't.

And I ran down the steps and into Vernon's waiting arms.

## The Rolling Stone

ROBERT RALPH ZEMON

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 5*

THERE'S A RACE OF MEN THAT DOESN'T FIT IN. TRACES of this race may be found in every city, town and village. Its members are sneered at, scoffed at, and treated cruelly by society in general. And yet, these very people have usually done more in the course of their lives than the average chaps who persecute them.

Jim Brennen exemplified this race. His "ecological niche" was an alleyway between a pawn shop and a saloon in New York's Bowery. He could



generally be found stretched out horizontally on the pavement, but with a little probing and a buck shoved into his palm, Jim would usually sit up and talk.

He would tell of days gone by, of hearts he had broken. He would relate tales of his army days and of the women he had seduced in his youth. He would describe fields that he had crossed and mountains that he had climbed. He would talk of the "curse of the gypsy blood" that kept him from resting, of his unyielding desire for the new and different constantly driving him onward. And he would start each new venture certain that he had at last found his groove in life; but each fresh move proved only to be a fresh mistake.

Then, suddenly, the realization that his youth had fled and his prime was past made Jim look around. And he noted that it was the quiet, steady, plodding ones who were winning the lifelong race. And Jim laughed, as he always had, at the life that had played such a joke on him. Only this time, there was a bottle in his hand.

For a while Jim continued roving about the country doing all sorts of odd jobs. But as the gin and whiskey slowly pickled his insides and ruined his coordination, Jim Brennen, the rolling stone, came to a sudden halt in the Bowery, the meeting place of his race of men.

About a year ago, Jim packed his duds for the last time on earth and jumped the westbound express to the beyond. But I somehow get the strangest feeling, as a fluffy cloud passes overhead, that Jim Brennen is sitting right on top of it, smiling down at the world.

## Rhet as Writ

Christmas to me this year is not what presents I will receive but a two weeks' vacation from school and bookies.

\* \* \* \*

It took many years to develop juvenile delinquency to the point which it has reached today.

\* \* \* \*

My two favorite classicals are 'Cheharizad' and 'The Nut-Cracker's Sweap.'

\* \* \* \*

Finally we reached the movie and seated ourselves three rows from the front upon his suggestion.

\* \* \* \*

One of my roommates loves to talk, especially when I am in the mist of concentration.

\* \* \* \*

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# THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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# Three Men and a Lady

PETER J. MOORE  
*Rhetoric 101, Theme 12*

"COME ON, COME ON, WE'LL CRANK IT UP AGAIN, ONLY *this* time, let me do it!" With what I thought was unseemingly haste and with an unconscious smirk on my face, I handed Bob the crank. He proceeded to the front of the car, inserted the crank, and twisted violently. Silence. Another violent twist brought more silence. Ten or twelve twists later, and the air was still as soundless as it had been when Lewis and Clark first came to Montana. Right about then Lewis and Clark could have led me back to civilization without any argument on my part.

You've heard the war stories about being "10,000 feet up in the air in a bomber, both motors gone, the tail shot away . . ." We were 7,000 feet up in the mountains, with one (the only one) motor dead, at 1:00 A.M. in the middle of Montana. Perhaps I am getting ahead of my story, however, because life was peaceful at one time.

The men were Bob Parro, a happy-go-lucky lad of twenty-one who thought that he could put a car through the same evolutions you could a racing plane; Fred Smelter, "Fearless Fred," who could be counted on to drive safely day or night; and last but not as usual, not least, I made the third man of our merry trio. The lady was the most unique female I have ever had the pleasure to meet. Her name was Melinda, and although she was old (she had seen her twentieth birthday), with makeup on she could outshine any of the women in her class. She had no chaperon; she never needed one. We coaxed her like children to get her to do this or that for us, and she responded like the darling old grandmother that she probably was. She was fast without being loose, but she was mighty expensive to have along on a trip like ours. Her top speed was 55 m.p.h. on the highway. What's that? Who *was* Melinda? Why Melinda, sir, was our 1927 Buick, and a finer car never took to the road!

The saga of "Three Men and a Lady" started in the winter months of 1947, when Bob, Fred, and I were all wondering what we would do on our vacations in the coming summer. The previous summer we had taken a steamer from Detroit to Buffalo and spent a week looking the city over and making short excursions into Canada. This time we wanted to do something bigger, with more excitement, and get away from civilization if possible. As usual, we explored the various impossible possibilities, such as going to Europe on a tramp steamer, flying to Hawaii, or the like. Finally, after a long bull session, we tossed out all the ideas except two. We would either go to Canada to see Banff National Park and Fred's uncle, who lived near there, or go to Mexico City to see what it looked like. Of course we had no car, nor was there any

immediate possibility of getting one, but we knew that we were going. Canada was decided upon without too much trouble, and a month later we bought Melinda from a man who said that he would turn over in his grave if the car had been driven any farther than 48,000 miles in the twenty years of its existence. We believed him of course!

It wasn't a bright June morning when we left Chicago, but grayish black, portending perhaps the bleak outlook we had for the trip. Judging from what happened en route, we should have been downcast. Melinda was loaded to the running boards with junk that was so unnecessary that more than half of it could have been left home and never missed. We had an arsenal of three rifles and three pistols, all with enough ammunition to hold off a tribe of Indians or even bears. I imagined myself another Stanley, and wore a sheath knife with a seven-inch blade, while Fred carried one of the pistols with him most of the time, continually assuring us that we had nothing to fear at night. Bob's only concession to our general air of fierce explorers was to grow a beard and frighten away all of the halfway decent-looking women that we saw on the trip. We must have looked like refugees fleeing from an oncoming horde of Japs. The back seat of the car was piled high with duffle bags, rifles, a tent, sleeping bags, three five-gallon cans of extra gasoline, mosquito repellent (later christened "Mosquito Martini" because of the Canadian mosquitoes came from miles around to lap it up), flares, canteens of water—yes, all the comforts of home.

After Melinda chugged away from Bob's house amid the cheers of an obnoxious crowd of pessimists who loudly predicted that we would never reach the city limits, we began to get a sense of excitement and accomplishment that was to carry through the entire trip. We drove on and on, feeling like Byrd on his way to the South Pole. But at Western Avenue, still inside the city limits, the right front tire went flat. We had not reached the city limits, and already our enthusiasm started to play touch tag amid the debris in the back seat during our hunt for tools and a new spare tire. Dirtier than before, still smiling, we started off again, only to have trouble with the carburetor, ten miles outside Chicago. We traveled at a top speed of ten miles an hour for fifty miles because of the sniffing carburetor. Occasionally Bob would get out and rearrange a few nuts and bolts, but the carburetor still refused to give results. We got the creature doctored at a small gas station in central Illinois, paid the doctor and drove on, deciding to drive all night to make up for lost time. We would make Canada yet!

This was how the trip started. We had planned to drive all day and sleep beside the road at night in our sleeping bags. We didn't see the inside of our sleeping bags until the return trip when we stopped over in Yellowstone Park. When I was tired of driving, I would wake Bob or Fred, climb back in the back seat, pound a soft spot among the duffle bags, and collapse for three or four hours until it was my turn to drive again. All the way across the country,

Melinda wanted to stop and take a good look at the landscape. If the tires weren't sufficiently worn out, she would have trouble with her spark plugs. If the spark plugs had been fixed, the carburetor would have a relapse. Then, as if we didn't have enough diseases already, we discovered that the body was out of line with the frame, giving the tires much more wear than usual. We did have a scenery-loving car however, because whenever anything went wrong, Melinda took care to break down on some mountain road with a beautiful view, or near a rushing river or a peaceful lake, or . . . in the absence of all of these, she would try to get a beautiful sunrise or sunset in view before coming to an abrupt halt.

A week out of Chicago found us in the mountains of Montana, 7,000 feet high, at 1:00 A.M., the motor dead, and the only way to start the car was with a crank and a lot of pull. We had driven all night the night before, and had slept in the city park of Great Falls for a short time that afternoon. All three of us were in bad shape now, but the thing that kept us going was the thought of going back to Chicago without reaching Banff and Lake Louise. The obnoxious pessimistic crowd would still be waiting, and the smirks of unsaid "I told you so's!" would cover their faces. I was finally pressed into service again to crank the car. I decided, just as an experiment, to use two hands when cranking, a very unorthodox procedure. My arm almost broke when the motor caught, but at least the experiment got us rolling again toward civilization.

Tempers began to get short, and the lack of sleep began to irritate our nerves considerably. Scenery didn't interest us much any more. We *had* to get to Banff and Lake Louise, no matter what happened. After many forced stops, we steamed up to the customs station at the Canadian border. We finally reached Canada, but Banff lay 150 miles further north. The American officials laughed at us, but the Canadian officials were amazed both at our feat of driving and Melinda. They were very helpful and gave us several maps and valuable information regarding their rather poor roads.

Canada is an amazing country. The scenery in the Canadian Rocky Mountains is beyond comparison or description. The Canadian people themselves were very friendly everywhere we went. After we crossed the border into Alberta, we came upon a detour. Bob and I were sleeping in pieces, pieces of tires, of gasoline cans, of dirty rags, dreaming that we were traveling in a Cadillac and stopping at the best hotels. Fred ignored the sign and drove around because he thought that no matter what lay ahead, unless the road was washed out, Melinda could plow through. Twelve miles further up the road, exactly at mid-night, he found a gang of men working on the road and pouring new asphalt on the crushed stone. They flagged him down and politely asked him what he was doing driving down a road under construction. We awoke at once, and after we stopped laughing, apologized for our little moronic friend, turning back the way we came. The next day after going forty miles out of our

way to avoid the construction gang, we discovered that it was Dominion Day, or the Canadian fourth of July, and all the gas stations were closed. After running all night, Melinda needed her vitamin juice, the sooner the better! None of the small-town stations were open, and Calgary was our only hope. We cursed Melinda, begged her in the next breath, and pleaded to her sense of justice. Then we murmured a prayer, poured in all our extra gas, and headed Melinda for Calgary, forty miles and three gallons of gas away. Impossible as it sounds, we did make Calgary, even though prior to this long haul we were getting only twelve miles to the gallon.

Once we were out of Calgary, the prospects began to look better, because Lake Louise was only thirty miles from the city limits. Melinda began to sense that she was snorting toward the goal of the trip, putting all her eight cylinders into her efforts. We knew that the tires, one or all, might decide to relax at any time, so in order not to put a jinx on the tires we made a pact that under no circumstances was anyone to ask about their condition. This way we made sure that there would be no blow-outs.

We entered Banff National Park with some elation, but Lake Louise was our goal, and we weren't going to settle for less. The last obstacle was a three-mile mountain road. Melinda had had some climbing experience, but never three miles straight up. Puffing, steaming, snorting like an old fashioned locomotive, the old girl put her entire heart, or what there was left of it after a 2100-mile trip, into the effort.

Then we saw the glint of the sunlight on the ice-cold, blue-green glacial water. Maybe there are prettier sights, or ones that are more satisfying to behold, but all three of us will never forget the first glimpse we had of those sparkling waters. We made it. We could walk home, or even take the train—after we shot Melinda—but we had done what we set out to do. The “Lady” had listened to our prayers.

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## Everyone Has Some Kind of Religion

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 13*

Everyone needs some kind of religion. Some will agree with this statement; others will not agree. Agreement or disagreement rests on the meaning—to the individual—of the word *religion*.

If by *religion* we mean one of the ordinarily labeled codes such as Christianity, Hinduism, Mohammedism, or Judaism, then the statement admits of some exceptions, for we see many people about us who have none of these formally organized religions.

However, if we think of *religion* as a belief in something, then the statement holds true for everyone. It is not for nothing that we say of someone, “Money (or power, or science) is his God.” The belief of a person in something is evident in his pursuit of it.

There are those who say they believe in nothing. Possibly. But to believe in nothing is to deny; denying is believing.

Life depends on belief. If we think of belief as a religion, it becomes evident that everyone has his religion—JOSEPH DORGAN.



# Jazz, A Different Music

CHARLES E. REEL  
*Rhetoric 101, Theme 12*

WHEN MANY OF OUR PRESENT DAY MUSIC CRITICS AT-  
tempt to pass judgment upon jazz they do so by the same standards  
they would employ with any other form of music. This is indeed unfair  
because jazz is, in itself, a new art form. It contains chords never before heard  
and at times it defies all existing rules for harmony and rhythm. The critic  
who uses these differences as destructive criticism of jazz obviously fails to  
recognize jazz as a new form of art and consequently fails to recognize its  
purpose.

When a jazz composer deviates from present day musical standards he  
does so to create new standards which may be applied to jazz, and not because  
he lacks knowledge of musical composition. It is through the use of these new  
standards that jazz fulfills its artistic purpose.

One of the distinct features that distinguish jazz from other music is the  
use of the blue note. The critic must understand that these blue notes—used  
as a harmonic device—are distinct departures from traditional harmony. By  
playing flat and natural of the same note in the same chord, jazz becomes a  
combination of the blue scale and the pentatonic scale, resulting in a harmony  
possessing something of a primitive vitality in the sound of a large number of  
instruments playing simultaneous melodies based on the two scales. This primi-  
tive vitality resulting from the combination of these two scales is the effect the  
jazz composer is striving for.

Besides understanding the structure of jazz, the critic must realize that the  
artistic purpose of jazz is different from that of other serious music. The  
European tradition was always epic, romantic, or lyric, and art for art's sake.  
The jazz composer is personally interested in the expression of folk reactions  
to everyday life.

Romanticism to such masters as Liszt and Beethoven meant modernity, the  
spirit of unrest, and desire for progress. To Mendelssohn and Schuman, lyri-  
cism meant an attempt to make their instrumental composition sing. All of  
these European composers achieved their purpose through the concept of the  
individual rather than that of the folk. They made no attempt to express the  
feelings of a whole nation or a whole race of people in their compositions.  
The works of these masters express their own feelings, and they make no  
attempt at anything else.

The jazz composer attempts to express more than his own feelings in his  
compositions. Jazz did not issue from the individual efforts of one composer,  
but from the spontaneous urge of a whole populace. We might say that jazz

is a combination of the work song, the spiritual, the blues, dance music, and many other forms of music. It is the combined emotions of all of these types of music that the jazz composer is trying to express in his compositions.

Jazz is a variety of folk music, and the distinction between folk music and other serious music is so profound that it is almost absolute. Jazz makes a simple, direct appeal that may be felt to its fullest extent by the populace who are, in general, only mildly interested in music.

In our day, many audiences are accepting jazz as serious music only when it appears under the name of George Gershwin; but as they become more accustomed to his music, they will be ready to accept the more radical jazz compositions and know jazz as it deserves to be known.

During some of Gershwin's very popular concerts, some conductors are playing one or two compositions by other jazz composers. As the American public learned to understand and accept the music of Gershwin in this manner, they are learning to understand and accept the works of other jazz composers. This is becoming more and more obvious with the increasing popularity of such works as *The Jazz Ballet* by John Alden Carpenter, *The Blues Sonata* by Maurice Ravel, and a jazz piano concerto by Aaron Copland.

Rather than compare jazz with serious music, the critics should note the extraordinary development that has taken place in jazz music since 1900—the enrichment of harmony, rhythm, and melodic writings; the birth of a new instrumentation; and the growth of a rich vocabulary particular to music itself—he would then see that jazz is a new art and that it has a future.

Not only the critic, but all music lovers must realize that the story of jazz has actually only begun.

"Tomorrow should prove the valid conclusions of today's argument just as forcefully and eloquently as yesterday has provided its premises."

## The German Soul Exposed

JOEL CORD

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 7*

### **Dr. Faustus by Thomas Mann**

DR. FAUSTUS IS A TREMENDOUS BOOK; IT CAN BE DESCRIBED in no other words. Thomas Mann has taken an expression of human culture, music, and has fashioned it into a symbol that represents the awesome workings of a soul—the German soul. Through the medium of this symbol, and facilitated by a singular simplicity of style, Mann has fabricated an intensely complex web of interrelating allegories, analogies, and

symbols that, when viewed from the proper perspective, reveal to the reader the mystery that the author was bent on illuminating—the mystery of what makes a German German.

The book is ostensibly the biography of the great (fictitious) German musical genius, Adrian Leverkühn, as told by his friend and devotee Serenus Zeitblom. The narration follows Adrian's life from his early precocious years, years of intellectual maturing, to his final tragic ones. By the time the reader has finished the epilogue, he has been exposed to every field of study that man's intellect has found fit to explore: psychology, philosophy, the physical and biological sciences, politics, art, and theology; to all of these erudite experiences, Mann exposes his protagonist. Were it not for its manifold other aspects, the book could be called a panorama of a great ubiquitous intellect.

Adrian at first intended to become a theologian, but, after attending an academy for two years, he tired of his studies and took up music as his profession. Though he was to study music for the rest of his life and never again come in direct contact with the dogmas of theology, it was not with a light musician's airiness that he was to create his music; his music was always to bear the mark of his theologian upbringing; stark, medieval, irrational, and demonic was the music that he created.

At about the time that Adrian begins to study music seriously, a psychological incident occurs to which Mann attaches much importance. Adrian makes a pact with the Devil. He, who had never sought out female companionship, visits a prostitute and is infected with syphilis. He imagines that the Devil appears before him and offers him twenty years of unparalleled creativeness in return for his soul at the end of this period. Adrian was thus married to hell. The Devil, upon leaving, makes the most memorable speech of the book; "Thy life shall be cold; therefore Thou shall love no human being."

Adrian created three tremendous masterpieces during the twenty-year period. They were *Phosphorence of the Sea*, *The Apocalypse*, and, the incomparable, *The Lamentation of Dr. Faustus*. With the finish of this last great work, he was seized with an attack of his latent insanity and was mentally incapacitated. Thus ended a genius's life.

\* \* \* \*

Adrian Leverkühn was a great man, not because he was a tragic genius, but because he was many tragic geniuses. He symbolizes Wagner, setting the German legends and terrible demonic philosophies to music—the one language that all Germans understand; he represents Goethe, trying to accomplish everything, attempting to be universal—indeed, does his story and last demonic piece not take the name of Goethe's immortal drama? He represents, probably more obviously than any other person, Nietzsche, the mad German philosopher, the man who, like Adrian, chose aestheticism over every thing, and who, like Adrian, paid his awful price when latent syphilis-induced insanity claimed him; he represents Dr. Freud, who, together with Nietzsche,

brought Germany to the peak of its intellectual golden age; and also, perhaps more than anybody else, he symbolizes Thomas Mann, Thomas Mann who, too, created three great works—*The Magic Mountain*, *The Joseph Trilogy*, and perhaps his greatest, *Dr. Faustus*. Isn't it Mann, like Adrian, whose creations were burned by Hitler? Isn't it really Mann, not Serenus Zeitblom, who utters the last words that typify so much Mann's attitude towards his beloved Germany: "I have clung to one man, one suffering, significant human being, clung unto death; and I have depicted his life which never ceased to fill me with love and grief. To me it seems as though this loyalty might atone for my having fled in horror from my country's guilt."

But most of all Adrian represents Germany, Germany who made a pact with the Devil, her own Devil, to be satisfied with nothing short of the world, the universal, and if unable to realize her ambitions, to let the Devil take her soul.

## Brown in Defense of Polygamy

BENJAMIN T. BROWN

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 3*

I WANT THIS FIRST PARAGRAPH OR TWO TO BE, IN SOME measure, an explanation of as well as an introduction to the following discussion. I think that the explanation will be necessary because the topic arose, in a manner of speaking, from a bottle of Scotch.

The other evening Waldo and I were sitting at home with my children while my wife attended one of those interminable (and to me intolerable) bridge parties. The conversation began innocently enough with the subject of my domestic attachments and responsibilities. It waxed steadily more profound as the hours grew smaller and the Scotch level lower. Evidently my wife returned home and I found my bed at some time of the morning, but I cannot be absolutely sure. At any rate, it was several days later that Waldo related to me the discussion as I have given it below. (He was able to do this for he was sitting somewhat farther away from the bottle than I.) Although Waldo seemed to be amused by it, I find it quite good and am marvelling yet at my astuteness. Truly, "*in vino veritas*."

As Waldo recalled it the last thing that we agreed upon that evening was the fact that modern monogamous marriage was definitely on the rocks, or at the very least in dangerous shoal water. The main difference of opinion lay, however, in the methods by which it should be saved. I contended that the only possible out was a complete change in the marriage system. Waldo maintained that such a drastic move was unnecessary and dangerous; that all that was really needed was a sound system of education for modern adults. This



educational rehabilitation would supposedly prepare the mature person to meet and overcome the myriad problems that confront the married couple in modern society. I disposed of this argument by gently but irrefutably pointing out that modern man refuses to be taught.

The need for a change then being definitely established, I proposed polygamy as being the most advisable plan. If there are those of you who are amazed at the daring of my conceptions, let me say that I have never been one whose mind lacked scope and imagination. However, I digress. This proposal of mine was met, very feebly, by Waldo, with a reference to his plan of education as being of higher merit. I patiently reminded him that this point had already been dealt with and that I thought it small of him not to realize it.

Because I had thus shown myself to be the master of the discussion, Waldo became somewhat confused and began throwing at me what I can only term "petty" arguments. For the sake of thoroughness I include them here, and I hope that the reader will not take them as an insult to his or her intelligence. Waldo stated first that polygamy would be impractical for most men because it would be too expensive to feed and clothe more than one wife. The answer is of course obvious. With one of the wives to do the housework and care for the children, all the rest would be in position to secure some form of employment. With the added income thus achieved, polygamy would be less expensive than monogamy. In the ideal situation a man would have a sufficient number of wives so that he would not need to drudge for subsistence, but could devote himself to the pursuit of more aesthetic occupations.

Secondly, Waldo maintained that the dissension in a household of more than one wife would be more than mortal man could bear. This seems to me to be absurd. The variety and interest that would be lent to connubial life by the constant friction between wives would be an advantage, not the contrary. If I may be permitted a rhetorical question, what is more soothing to a man's ego than the sight and sound of women bickering over him? Nothing!

Disregarding his ignominious failure to make his last point, Waldo stated that children would be given a warped attitude toward life by having more than one mother. He cited me many weary instances of the drastic results incurred by splitting a child's affections and loyalties into too many camps. But I say that anyone who has read the works of Dr. Freud cannot fail to see that even more horrible things can happen to a child with only the ordinary number of parents.

Waldo, looking properly quashed, then brought up his trump card. Religion! It was against the religion of Christian to marry more than one person. That is true. It is against Christianity. But who is really a Christian now? Who follows the precepts laid down as laws and requirements by the authors of the Bible? Who indeed! The term Christian has become almost synonymous with hypocrite. Since this is the case, is it not reasonable to assume that Christianity is outmoded? And should it not then follow that the system of

marriage advocated by Christianity be also obsolete? I say yes! Waldo said nothing.

In conclusion I wish to deal with his (Waldo's) contention that the system of polygamy would give rise to dangers that do not exist in monogamy, dangers that would be such as to contra-indicate its adoption. He mentions surfeit as one. Would not the man who has five wives become five times as tired of marriage as the man with one and therefore five times as eager for divorce? To a person who considers the case only superficially, this might seem so. However, there is a simpler method for a man to relieve his boredom or surfeit. All he need do is to take another wife, being careful to choose one who is in no respect like his others. Simple!

For the record, I might say that I broached this topic to my wife in the attempt to obtain the woman's point of view. It is fruitless to set down her answer, since, as I might have suspected, it was typically feminine. All men know that it is impossible to argue logically with a woman. But even without the women's viewpoint, it is obvious to the reader that the victor in the argument was . . . Well, perhaps I really should leave it to you.

## How to Spend Your Time Profitably While Standing in Line

MARGARETH STROUT

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 6*

NOW THAT PEACE HAS BROKEN OUT IN SOME PLACES and we are no longer faced with ration lines, shoe lines, sheet lines, and all the other lines that compromised civilian life during the war, it is possible to turn one's attention to a fine point of line-standing that was overlooked before—how to spend one's time profitably while standing in line. The line-stander of the war era did not have this problem. His time was consumed in pushing, shoving, shouting, and trying to sneak up in the line. The only people who made any profit were those blackguards who sold black-market goods at terrific prices to the unfortunate people in the rear of the line.

Now, however, we are faced with the problem of placid, peacetime lines with absolutely no prospect of a riot. If one is accompanied by an acquaintance of the pleasanter and more intimate variety, this problem of line-standing presents no chore. Time flies while the two chatter gayly. But let us suppose that such a friend is not around. As an example I shall use the line of my high school cafeteria. To begin with, I was always last in line. This meant I had about fifteen minutes to sit on the hall radiator and do my Spanish. The

Spanish quite often was not done. Once inside the cafeteria there were several intellectual pursuits, such as memorizing the menu, erasing certain letters on the menu so that funny or spicy sayings were left, figuring out the capacity of the cafeteria by either algebra or plain counting, or trying to guess the cost of each tray before it reached the cash register. Life in this line was always heightened by some student's dropping his tray. Sometimes a friendly teacher would help me slip into the faculty line. This section always had the fastest service and the best food.

On the occasions that I stood in line for tickets to sports events I spent my time *very* profitably figuring a parlay. I really don't know much about them, but there is always someone willing to give hot tips.

While at the University of Illinois, I have spent my line-time in making friends. I consider my time wasted if a session of line-standing does not produce an interesting friend or a date for the near future. If a man's wealth is counted in friends, then I am wealthy; and if wealth is an indication of time and effort well spent, then my time in line has been spent profitably.

As a last desperate resort, one can always twiddle his thumbs, dance a snappy jig, or do motor-fitness exercises.

## "There are Millions and Millions Of Chinese Who Do Not Like Communism and Will Fight It."

—*Claire Chennault*

ANONYMOUS—A Chinese Student

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 13*

WHEN HE RETURNED TO THE UNITED STATES FOR A visit, General Chennault made this statement. I have no doubt that many Americans agree with his statement, but the puzzling point at the present moment is the indifference shown by the nation as a whole toward the threatening situation in East Asia. Except for a few sharp statements made by Republican Congressmen, the State Department and the people appear strangely acquiescent.

As leader of the "Flying Tigers" in China during the Second World War, General Chennault has mixed with all ranks in the Chinese Army and Air Force, and he certainly knows better than any other American the mentality

of the Chinese fighting forces. When the war ended he remained in China and helped to organize the Chinese National Airways Corporation. He bought many shares in this corporation and has since lived more or less the life of a Chinese. With such a background, I believe that General Chennault's statement is made from first-hand knowledge and direct contact with the Chinese people.

There are many practical issues which can support General Chennault's statement.

The most important is the conservative mentality of the Chinese people. Communism is something new, radical, and entirely foreign to the Chinese, and such an ideology is in direct opposition to conservatism. Although the Chinese are mostly poor agrarian people, they are practical, contented, individualistic, easy-going, and indifferent toward any government system. It used to be said that the most popular government among the Chinese was the government that was least heard of. This statement still holds true in some of the interior parts of the country. The Chinese were roused to action in 1937 to fight the Japanese because the latter interfered with the conservative ideas which most Chinese treasure highly. The Communists are now rousing many Chinese to fight against them because they bring in ideas that are threatening the happiness of the people. They import a disciplinary and stern type of government which interferes with Chinese individualism and freedom. The Communists force almost every male to fight for them, and there is no way of escape for anyone. This act is perhaps the most disgusting to the Chinese. This is the main reason why so many people, both rich and poor, flee to other places in face of the Communist advances in North China.

There is another important factor which causes many Chinese to rise up against the Communists. Many active Chinese Christians are spreading Christianity throughout the country, and this force is gaining influence daily. The Communists hate the Christians intensely and regard them as Public Enemy Number One. To aggravate this hatred, many of the Christian institutions are supported by American and British Christian denominations, and the Communists regard Chinese Christians and American and British "imperialism" as one whole group of "arch enemies." This situation explains why so many Christians, both Chinese and foreigners, are being persecuted and massacred by the Communists the moment they occupy a new territory. These persecutions cause more Chinese to hate the Communists and fight against them.

With the exception of Acting President Li Tsung Jen, many Chinese leaders are Christians, and the persecutions of their own creed reveal to them the importance of mustering the full support of the people against Communism so that the Chinese may follow the path of democratic nations in attaining the most precious birthrights given to men—freedom of worship, freedom of speech, and freedom to choose their own way of life without an iron hand to force slavery upon them.



# The Rorschach Test

BARBARA R. HAMM

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 9*

ONE OF THE MOST ACCURATE PERSONALITY TESTS known is the Rorschach Test. Since this test requires the services of experts, it is not the purpose of this paper to conduct a learned discussion of its clinical applications. The layman is interested in such a test more for its information value than for its practical value. Here will be given the general background and method of giving the test, including the process by which a pattern of personality is formed.

The test was devised by Hermann Rorschach, a Swiss psychiatrist. Dr. Rorschach had never intended to become a doctor, but following the death of his father he was advised to leave his study of natural science for the study of medicine. In 1910 Hermann Rorschach qualified as a psychiatrist and served in several European institutions. Unfortunately for Swiss psychiatry, Dr. Rorschach died at the age of thirty-four.<sup>1</sup> It was during the last decade of his life that he devised the personality test which bears his name.

For some time psychiatrists had been considering ways and means of testing human personality. One day it occurred to Dr. Rorschach that a childhood game of inkblots might prove useful. He made the first test card by dropping a blot of ink on non-porous paper, folding the paper across the blot, and applying pressure. The result was a symmetrical pattern. The next step was to secure people's reaction to the blot. Since each person gave a different answer, Dr. Rorschach decided that certain tendencies of personality might be indicated. His last work was to standardize several thousand inkblots into ten usable ones and to begin the arduous task of analyzing the answers. These two procedures form the basis of the Rorschach Test.<sup>2</sup>

The actual test is simple, although careful preparation must be made. The two people involved in the test are the subject and the examiner. The latter must create and maintain a friendly, unhurried atmosphere. During the test the subject sits with his back toward the examiner. This encourages concentration on the part of the subject and permits the examiner to write without being observed. When the stage has been properly set, the examiner hands the subject the first inkblot card, and the test has begun.

The first portion of the test is called the free-association period. At this time the subject tells the examiner everything he sees in the inkblot. If the subject sees nothing, the examiner must tactfully encourage him to look again.

<sup>1</sup> Hermann Rorschach, *Psychodiagnostics* (Berne, Switzerland, 1942). p. vi.

<sup>2</sup> John Langdon-Davies, "Your Off-Guard Personality," *Science Digest*, XXIV (October, 1948), 54.

Through encouragement and non-leading questions by the examiner, most subjects will see several objects in the blot. However, if the subject gives too many items and shows signs of continuing *ad infinitum*, each card should be removed tactfully at the end of ten minutes. This procedure continues until ten cards have been observed and all items recorded.<sup>3</sup>

The second portion of the test is called the period of inquiry and is dominated by the examiner. The subject now faces the examiner and together they go over the responses. The examiner questions each response, and the subject points to that part of the blot which induced his answer. This continues until all ten cards have been reviewed and the responses justified. The test itself is now finished.

The scientific scoring of the Rorschach test is complicated and involves a weighing and balancing of responses.<sup>4</sup> The first item of interest to Rorschach interpreters is whether or not the subject viewed the inkblot as a whole or only as a series of parts. From this the examiner can tell the subject's reaction to a situation. If most of the blots were whole responses, the subject has the ability to size up the situation in its entirety. If the subject became absorbed in minute dots and fuzzy edges, he generally has a small outlook and a pinched personality.<sup>5</sup> The former is apt to become an executive, and the latter probably would make a good bookkeeper.

The second method of interpreting the test is by the use of "determinants," that is, the extent to which the subject's responses were influenced by form, color, shading, and movement. The form responses are the result of intellect and the effect of civilization upon our basic nature. Such a form response might be "zulu heads" or "lobster claws."<sup>6</sup> The second "determinant" is color. The response stimulated by color has a direct appeal to the emotions. Too much emphasis on color reveals a person easily overcome by his emotions. A response influenced by color and form combined indicates self-control.

Probably the most common thing seen in the blots is movement. This can be further subdivided into human, animal, and inanimate movement. Responses showing a great deal of human movement indicate contentment and happiness. Responses showing a great deal of animal movement indicate an appreciation of the simple life and the acceptance of primitive instincts. The inanimate movement response, such as falling leaves, shows a person who lives in a world of wishes.<sup>7</sup>

The third way of interpreting the responses is through content. Did the subject see human beings, animals, parts of anatomy, maps or figures of fantasy? Each category brings its own character indications. Many ferocious

<sup>3</sup> Samuel J. Beck, *Rorschach's Test, Basic Processes* (New York, 1944), p. 2.

<sup>4</sup> Howard Whitman, "Blots On Your Character," *Woman's Home Companion*, LXXIV (January, 1947), 10.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 11.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 48.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*

animals would indicate an overbearing, hostile individual, while Mr. Milque-toast may see only lambs and rabbits in the same blot. From these examples it is easily seen why only a Rorschach expert should interpret the test.

The Rorschach Test has proved its value in many instances. During the recent Nuremberg trials several choice Nazi subjects were given the tests. During World War II the Army used the test to select officer material and even for secret service assignments.<sup>8</sup> Since there are only about one thousand qualified examiners in the country, the use of the test has been limited.<sup>9</sup>

The Rorschach Test uses the projective technique to attain its results. The inkblot actually reveals nothing. The responses come from the subject's inner self, and for this reason, the examiner must use discretion in what he says during the test.<sup>10</sup> During the period of inquiry, the subject further reveals himself by justifying his responses. This is one personality test in which the subject cannot cheat. He may try to distort his answers, but he can seldom distort them consistently. For this reason the Rorschach Test has proved its worth. Perhaps in the future the test will prove its worth in medical diagnosis.

<sup>8</sup> Langdon-Davies, *op. cit.*, p. 56.

<sup>9</sup> Whitman, *op. cit.*, p. 48.

<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.*

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## Riding a Pony to an Examination

WILLARD L. BAKER

*Rhetoric 101, Theme B*

RIDING A PONY TO AN EXAMINATION IS NOT NEW; IT probably began many, many years ago with the honor system. Under this system, the student was expected to be on his honor to complete his work without assistance. The result was that the professor had the honor and the student devised and used the system. Most students have at one time or another ridden a pony to an examination. For those who plead innocence, the term means using a previously prepared source of information as an aid during the testing procedure. This, of course, is a method of cheating, perhaps not the lowest form, but cheating nevertheless. Human nature being what it is,

the term is applied only to relieve the conscience and does not in any way lessen the crime.

The pony can and does assume many shapes, though it is of necessity small, as is the animal after which it is named. The riding qualities, that is the value of the pony, depend entirely upon the ability of the student in determining the information to be entered therein and his ingenuity in planning the best means of using it without detection. Although some ponies are produced commercially and are passed like heirlooms from one class of students to another in turn, the majority of students prepare their own individual ponies.

The pony riders, those who use these choice bits of information to facilitate their classroom work, can be divided into three separate and distinct types: the beginner, the bungler, and the veteran. Each type has certain characteristics and mannerisms that are quite apparent to the professor. While observing each type carefully, he experiences humorous incidents, feelings of indignation, and moments of anger.

The beginner is marked by telltale signs of timidity and uncertainty. He may be compared with a person approaching a horse for the first time. He observes the animal, noting its size, shape, and actions, but is hesitant to do anything that might result in an injury. The novice pony rider likewise gives particular attention to his class environment. He counts the students in the class and hopes for security in numbers. In addition, a cautious check is made on the alertness of the professor as well as the condition of his eyesight. After weighing his chances, the thoughts of a failing grade gradually overcome the fear of being detected, and he is then ready to formulate some sort of plan to assist him on his journey. His first attempts can be compared to those of a man attempting to mount a horse from the wrong side. Unless he has obtained a commercial pony, he will in all probability design his so that his notes are of little or no value. At the beginning of the test, he will find that in the place of having a pony available for a ride, he has the small long-eared equine with which all are familiar. The beginner is usually overlooked by the professor, since he is neither humorous nor exasperating.

The beginner, however, soon progresses into the group known as bunglers. The bungler furnishes a source of pleasure for the professor. At this stage the would-be pony rider is recognizable by his awkwardness. Even though his pony is concise and correct, his antics in utilizing it closely resemble the movements of a gymnast. The pony placed in the upper part of the shoe slides into the shoe proper, making necessary the removal of the foot covering if the information is to be used. There is always a sleeve or cuff available for notes; however, once in the classroom, he finds that his carefully prepared notes have receded to the vicinity of his elbow and that their use will require a feat of bodily skill. The bungler, using the palm of his hand as a note pad, looks for his information at classtime, only to find it smeared beyond legibility by nervous perspiration. The bungler's situation closely parallels a person's first



ride on horseback. Neither the horse nor the rider is coordinated, and the ultimate result is one of fatigue and dissatisfaction.

After many uncomfortable incidents, the bungler graduates into the veteran class. This is a select group and the one that causes the professor anguish eventually leading to anger. The veteran pony rider, however, is unperturbed and in his actions compares favorably with Roy Rogers and his famous horse Trigger. With clever assuredness, he smoothly applies the devious methods experience has taught him. Although the male is the worse offender, pony riding is not wholly restricted to that sex. Many pretty coeds of reasonable proportions have, rather than rely on their charms, calmly removed their compacts from purses, opened them, and transcribed the valuable information written therein.

Riding a pony is a sport to only a few. To most students the furtive glance at the prepared notes with one eye on the professor is a serious game, one of playing, obtaining a goal, and winning. If they would visualize the professor as both the opponent and especially the scorekeeper, the futility of pony riding would become manifest.

## A Day On the Mississippi Sloughs

RALPH BUTLER

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 12*

TEN YEARS AGO THE MISSISSIPPI SLOUGHS SOUTH OF Galena were a forest-infested swamp; but since a dam was built on the Mississippi below the sloughs, the backwater of the river has changed the appearance of the land. A flood seems to have inundated the area. Trees, bare of bark, stand upright, ghostly white skeletons of what they used to be, and deadwood lies cluttered on the beaches. Today, the sloughs present a desolate landscape; however, the dead trees are rapidly rotting and falling, and soon the green growth on higher ground will return.

The sloughs have always been a favorite camping spot for anglers, and erection of the dam did not harm fishing. I was first introduced to slough camping by my Aunt Marie, who is a fishing enthusiast, and spends much of her time at a friend's camp on the sloughs. In the summer she is tanned a deep brown, presenting an unusual complexion for a lady who makes dresses as a living.

Early one morning we drove the twisting downhill road from Galena to the ferry in my aunt's old Model A, holding the gear shift in second while the tar-paper and chicken-wire roof flapped merrily. As the ferry is the nearest one can get to the camp by car, we boarded a flat-bottomed, blunt-nosed boat

for the second leg of the trip. (In the winter we could have skated.) These barge-type boats are the most practical fishing craft on the sloughs. They can be navigated in shallow water, are almost impossible to tip, and provide ample space for storage of fishing gear.

Seeing the camp for the first time around a bend in the slough, I thought the largest building looked like a small two-story cabin. In reality, the cabin is built on stilts to keep it dry when in spring the river rises. The first floor is only a shell construction of boards and roofing paper surrounding the pilings. It often has been almost completely covered with water. In fact, the severity of the annual flood is measured by the number of steps leading to the second floor which have disappeared. Board walks connect the cabin with the other parts of the camp: the little house, garden, and chicken house.

In order to avoid a submerged island, we had to approach the camp in a wide arc. After tying the boat up at the floating dock, I entered the cabin and was greeted by "Slug," its owner, a man of seventy-odd years whose wrinkled brown head looks like a big butternut. "Slug's" given name along with the story behind his nickname has long been forgotten. A "river rat" or commercial fisherman, he is rich in the lore and knowledge of fishing, often having traveled up and down the river in his younger days. And when serving chicken and noodles along with vegetables from his garden, "Slug" can't be beaten as a cook.

My other companions on the slough were to consist of people who, like my aunt, discard all the conventions of their working life when they go down to the river. Like "Slug" they don't use their given names but nicknames. Marie Duerrstein becomes "Rock"; Edith McDonald, "Rusty"; and Marie Vonderdrink, "Mope." They dress in old clothes and go barefoot, abandoning their cares as they bask leisurely in the sun. Judged by enthusiasm, their projects remind one of children's ventures rather than those of adults. Whether cleaning fish, painting chairs, or bailing water out of the boats, these men and women are happy and content.

I had just time to hear the names of a few of the group before five of us and "Slug" left the cabin and set out to take in trot lines in the Mississippi. Traveling in the *Rusty Rock*, my aunt's boat, we passed the shallow inlet of Dead Man's Slough and soon reached the entrance to the Mississippi. The clash of strong undercurrents at this point caused whirlpools to form on the surface of the water, and the outboard motor groaned noticeably. I can remember wondering what would happen to me if I fell out of the boat at this spot. But the surface of the Mississippi itself was quite placid as we headed toward Kiddoe's Point, the head of an island close to which our lines were set.

A trot line consists of a long cord to which several lines two feet long are fastened. It has to be kept in special boxes to prevent it from becoming tangled. At one end of the long cord is a bobber; at the other end, a weight. The line is dropped close to shore away from the main current, with the bobber on the

surface of the water to show where the line is located. To "run" the line one hauls it in, with a dip net ready to scoop up the fish before it leaves the water. Because one must have had experience to handle the dip net, line, and boat correctly, I wasn't much help on this first fishing trip. If the fish is able to maneuver himself under the boat, he can easily get away. Our quarry that day was the big channel catfish, but we had to be satisfied with perch. As it was nearly time for lunch, we headed back to camp.

The afternoon passed quickly. I practiced my rowing while my aunt and I tried some pole-and-line fishing on Harris slough. Later "Bood" took me on an excursion through the extensive network of sloughs in the region. I suppose the Mississippi sloughs are similar to the bayous of Louisiana, except that the vegetation is of a less tropical nature. Certainly one could easily become lost if he weren't familiar with the territory. One slough looks much like another, and for miles at a stretch the only sign of life is the multitude of birds overhead, mostly gulls and herons.

When "Bood" and I returned to the camp, it was already dark. That night the cabin was crowded; its two small bedrooms and porch were uncomfortably full. I was uneasily situated on a wicker couch; but I wasn't annoyed, because my mind was happily occupied with anticipation of a new day of fishing on the Mississippi sloughs.

## Boom

SALLY RICHARDSON

*Rhetoric 101, Final Examination*

**B**OOM! THAT WAS THE ADJECTIVE WHICH WAS ATTACHED to our little town. Boom! When oil was discovered outside of town, taverns and various other buildings sprang up over night. Boom! The whole pattern of life had been changed. Boom! This was the sound which, at first, we loved, and later learned to hate. Boom! Another oil deposit had been discovered. Boom! Boom! Boom!

Ours was a small town in the southern part of Oklahoma. It had been a quiet town which knew only the simple routine of getting up, doing a day's work, going to bed, seeing a show in the square on Saturday night, and going to church on Sunday. Then the lives of all the people in town were changed. Some government geologists came to search for oil—and they found it. Soon the word was "rush." Rush the meals; rush the machinery; rush the drilling; rush people's lives until they dropped from sheer exhaustion.

My father was one of those caught in the maelstrom of the oil fever. Before, he had been content to run a small garage; now he was planning on a chain of them. Before the oil, he had plenty of time to do everything and

anything ; now he gulped his food down, rushed to the oil fields, rushed home for supper, and caught a few hours of sleep.

By this time the population had grown to four times the normal number. There were more children running the streets, more shacks on the outskirts, and more uneven dispositions. The gambling rate was high. Often I heard my father and mother arguing over the amount of money he had lost in gambling parties. The situation was the same all over town.

But all the thrill of drilling for the black gold and reaping the profits was soon to be over. One day the boom sounded, but with more force and violence than had ever been heard. Then the sound of firetrucks heading for the oil fields told us that the expected had happened. One of the wells had blown up. Looking out the window we could see the flames licking the clouds, destroying the oil fields. Quickly my mother herded all of us children into a bedroom and hurried off.

The next morning it was all over. Everyone knew what had happened. One of my father's wells had been ignited by a spark from a generator. He and six of his men were unable to get away from the derrick and were killed in the conflagration. The fire had destroyed more than three-fourths of the fields before it was stopped.

The funeral preparations were quickly made ; and on the day of the funeral, the thing that stood out in my mind was the dull thud of the cannons as Father and his fellow workers were laid by the fields which had caused their destruction. Boom. Boom. Boom. Boom. Boom. Boom.

## Our Own Little Jungle

JO GARRISON

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 5*

NATURE MAY BE ALL RIGHT IN THE GREAT, WIDE, WONDERFUL out-of-doors, but when all the foliage moves into the house, that is going too far. It all started when my brother and I gave Mother a plant for Mother's Day two years ago. All the lovely flowers fell off the next day, and, though the plant never bloomed again, it grew like a weed. Mother credited this growth to her loving care and New Life plant food.

Then one fateful day Mother joined the Garden Club. One plant led to another until we were running a home for aged and sick plants. Our house was a jungle overrun with creeping greenery. Ivy hung from the mantel, the walls, and picturesquely twined around the banister. It was entirely possible that some poor soul might have tripped on the undergrowth, fallen down the



stairs, knocked over the potted plants at the foot of the stairs, and awakened with a lily in his hands. Sliding down the banister was out of the question.

But that was not all; the whole garden had moved in with us for the winter. All the fragile plants had been placed in flats in the basement. I was forever losing ping-pong balls in our neat little jungle. New bulbs were being started in all the dark closets. Each east window contained violet slips which were rooting in all the jars around the house. The west windows were lined with African violets. Not a single one ever bloomed! Maybe they didn't know that Mother belonged to the Garden Club.

The crowning experience happened one Saturday. I was rummaging through the ice box when I noticed some "onions" in the freezing compartment. I later found that Mother was trying to force the tulip bulbs the way the garden book said.

The abundance of floral life had had a decided effect on the family. We no longer could spend our evenings sitting by the fire playing bridge or monopoly. No, we were looking at seed catalogs, or reading *Flower Grower* or the *Gardener's Encyclopedia*. Mother even talked to her plants, encouraging them and urging them to grow.

But salvation came! The plague of *oritocioluas perenosus* set in with its devastating results, causing all of Mother's precious little treasures to shrivel and die. She mourned their passing, while the rest of us secretly rejoiced. But not for long, for to our dismay, the plants were replaced by a more foreboding enemy. Mother had joined the Association for the Preservation of Dilapidated Antiques.

## Whirling Snow

JOHN JAMES

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 12*

CLICKITY-CLACK, CLICKITY-CLACK SANG THE WHEELS of the elevated train as it sped toward the Loop. The wind and rain pelted the sides of the car, and the passengers shivered and read the morning *Tribune*. The iron wheels screeched and screamed as the "el" jolted around a turn. Then the conductor opened the door and, amid a rush of cold air and rain, sullenly announced, "Laramie Avenue." Everyone winced from the cold and the thought of more people crowding into the car. The people were all wet and they did crowd and stand over you and drip water on your paper, but, as the "el" climbed skyward and became elevated, more stops were made and more people entered to drip water on your paper. "Central Avenue. All off for express to Canal Street. Garfield Park local. Cicero Avenue next."

It stopped raining; and the sun attempted to break through the dirty clouds. Unconcernedly I glanced out of the window. It was the usual sight, tenement houses with their rotted back porches facing the "el." This morning they were wet and starting to glisten from the sun. They were the same ugly, filthy tenement houses that I had seen every time I traveled the "el." Puddles of water collected on tarred roofs of the buildings, and some gutters still gushed water. Taverns and pool halls filled in the spaces between the taller structures, and drunks still lingered in the gutters and vacant lots. Little children pressed their noses against the dirty window panes and waved excitedly at the speeding, ungrateful train. The rocking and clattering of the "el" and a general lack of excitement caused me to doze. The last things I remembered seeing were tenement houses, dirty and rundown.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Now behave yourself, Jackie, and we will get some nice toys while we are downtown. And for heaven's sake sit still and keep your clothes clean."

Today was my birthday and I was going downtown with my mother for some gifts. It was all exciting for me, and I tried to take in everything that I saw.

"See those dirty apartment houses, Jackie," whispered my mother. "Poor people have to live in those places. Always remember how fortunate you are that you have a nice home and good parents to take care of you."

I didn't hear her. A large crane was knocking down a wall and my mother's words were lost in my exclamations of wonder at the crane. As we descended the platform and entered into the magic of State Street and the thousands of rushing people, even my mother forgot the tenements along the "el."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The letters are S. M. C. M. C."

"Aren't you going to give any hints," asked one.

"No, that would give it away. It's too easy anyway. S. M. C. M. C."

"Hmmm, S. M. C. M. C.—Samuel Majowsky Chapel and Funeral Home—no, that's not it, hmmm."

"Smoke My Cigarette—Milder Chesterfield! It's my turn now."

"Where was it?"

"See, on the Chesterfield sign, next to Del Monte and Austin Rug Cleaners."

"Oh ya! That was easy; I don't know why I missed it."

"Let's see now—umm, ohh—P. D. N. S. I. C."

And so went our game of Car Card advertisements as we rode downtown on the "el" train. We were in the eighth grade now, and we were going to the Loop to see Lake Michigan and a Telenews. It was Saturday fun when nothing else could be done. While I was the leader for the game, I could sit and look out of the window while the other fellows tried to answer my clue.

We passed tenement districts and my mind wandered and remembered something familiar about them. I had seen them before. All of the tenement windows were open, and cots were set up on the rotted back porches to escape the heat. Some blankets and pillows were lying on roofs and fire escapes. An odor arose from the area and it mixed with the smoke of the factories and formed a sickening stench. Small children played in streets that were heaped with rubbish. Walls were plastered with advertisements and filthy words. Small urchins wandered the streets and alleys grubbing through garbage cans and refuse piles.

"Did you see that street back—," I started to say but caught myself.

"Please Do not Spit In Car! I got it," a voice interrupted.

"That's right," I said looking away from the window.

\* \* \* \* \*

"State Street Transfer"

I rose and shoved and was carried by the crowd of people out of the car and onto the station platform. Running up the stairs and over the bridge to the other side, I caught another train. "Kenwood Express, Congress Street next. Congress." With a grinding of wheels the train started to move. Gaining speed, it screeched and screamed around a turn and began a Southside journey. Warshawsky Auto Parts, Ace Iron and Junk Service, great piles of rusting iron and odd parts and automobiles bodies lay in block-long lots. Sometimes the lots were broken up by old, run-down structures. Unbelievably, the dilapidated buildings housed people.

The whirling snow covered the wounds and sore spots of the city. The junkyards were transformed into panoramas of surrealistic objects. The trash-filled and weedy vacant lots were the plains of Canada. The tenements were plastered with white. The missing bricks and rotted porches weren't noticeable under the blanket of white. The much-used black sloppy streets were vivid against the white of the snow. The whirling snow covered the wounds and sore spots of the city.

REPORTERS SPEND TWO WEEKS ON SKID ROW. Every day I feverishly read the newspaper articles of those two weeks on Skid Row. I couldn't realize that anyone lived under those conditions. The complete destitution that they lived in! Alcohol, alcohol in any state, was being drunk by these derelicts of Skid Row. Cheap wine, ten cent whiskey, canned Sterno, anti-freeze. Any of these variations usually caused death or blindness. Filthy flophouses, scores of taverns, and brothels line the streets just outside of the busy, proud Loop.

POLICE PROMISE ACTION. Taverns to be cleaned up by police.

MAYOR ORDERS INVESTIGATION. "All the men need are good steady jobs and a will to live. Cut down on the number of taverns in the area."

EXPOSE OWNERS OF SKID ROW TAVERNS. Some of the richest and most respected citizens of the city are represented among the tavern owners.

POLICE BEING PAID OFF. "I have to pay off about a half a dozen cops in order to stay in business," cried Max S. Golds.

SKID ROW INVESTIGATION SHELVED. "It is a long and complicated process," explained the Chief of Police. "I can't fire half of our police force just because of a small misdeed." Papers came out informing the public of the tremendous cost involved in the correcting of Skid Row. Most people tired and, too involved with the present taxes, quickly forgot about the region known as Skid Row. Others that weren't directly involved forgot, and those that were interested couldn't get any more information about it, so they forgot. Still others, for lack of an audience, discontinued their campaigns. The derelicts of Skid Row kept on drinking cheap wine, ten cent whiskey, canned Sterno, and anti-freeze. The derelicts of Skid Row kept on dying or going blind, and the taverns and brothels kept on paying off the cops.

The whirling snow covered the wounds and sore spots of the city.

\* \* \* \* \*

Screech, screamed the iron wheels as the Loop-bound "el" rounded a turn. Clickity-clack, clickity-clack sang the wheels as the train sped through the morning. The rain had begun again and it pelted the windows and sides of the car, and the passengers shivered and read the morning *Tribune*.

## A Brief History of the National Baseball League

MERRILL THOMPSON

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 9*

ON JUNE 12TH, 1939, A CROWD OF TEN THOUSAND hushed Americans looked on while the Museum of the Hall of Fame was being dedicated. There were plenipotentiaries present from both the American and National Leagues and a small group of eleven living Hall of Famers. It was truly a great moment in the lives of all these men. This event took place in the small town of Cooperstown, New York. Why was such an insignificant spot chosen as the site for the shrine of baseball? In this dot on the map baseball was first evolved. In 1839, Abner Doubleday was out in his garden, setting up a diamond and founding the game that had grown into a major sport. Can you think of a better spot for the Hall of Fame Museum than the place where baseball was born? Perhaps you don't know what the Museum is. It is a square, brown, brick building, neatly kept up despite the many visitors. Across the street from it is Doubleday Field, where



the annual games are played. This institution is kept up with the proceeds from these annual games between teams from each major league. This series is young and bound to grow in importance. You can't describe the Hall of Fame factually and understand what it is. It holds the bat of the great George Herman (Babe) Ruth; the spikes of Ty Cobb, the Georgia Peach; and so on down a long list of treasured items.<sup>1</sup> No true baseball fan can go into the Hall of Fame without being awe-stricken at the wealth of history surrounding him. In that little building you can trace the history of the National League.<sup>2</sup>

After Abner Doubleday discovered this baby giant, baseball teams began to organize all over the country. It was only natural that the teams should combine into some sort of league in order to schedule their games. The first important one was the National Association. The Association was made up of teams in all the major cities of America. It is ironic that the National Association was responsible for the founding of the National League. William Hulbert, owner of the Chicago entry in the National Association, wanted some better players for his team. He proceeded to lure such stars as A. G. Spalding, Cap Anson, Barnes, McVey, and Jim White from other teams in the league. The National Association didn't like it and decided to blacklist Hulbert and the players. The penalized players and Hulbert came to the conclusion that the only way to get around the blacklist was to start a league of their own.<sup>3</sup>

Hulbert called a preliminary meeting in Louisville, Kentucky, and received the backing of the Cincinnati Reds, St. Louis, and Louisville. Then on February 2, 1876, he called an important meeting in the Broadway Central Hotel in New York City.<sup>4</sup> The eight charter members adopted a constitution drawn up by Hulbert and A. G. Spalding.<sup>5</sup> The constitution eliminated such common evils as contract-jumping, gambling, drunkenness, and rowdyism.<sup>6</sup> Morgan G. Bulkeley was elected first president. The next year he was succeeded by William Hulbert, who held that office until he died in 1882. The league included Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, Hartford, New York, and Philadelphia.<sup>7</sup> In 1877 the constitution had its first test. Four Louisville players were found guilty of being friendly with gamblers and were dismissed from the league. The constitution had passed with flying colors. For financial reasons, in 1899 the league decided to drop four teams. These were picked up and organized into the rival American League.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Hub Miller, "The Cooperstown Series," *Baseball*, LXXIX (July, 1947), 279.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> Warren Brown, *The Chicago Cubs* (New York, 1946), pp. 6-7.

<sup>4</sup> Ford Frick, "Through the Years With the National League," *Sport*, II (April, 1947), 35.

<sup>5</sup> Brown, *op. cit.*, p. 7.

<sup>6</sup> Frick, *op. cit.*, p. 35.

<sup>7</sup> Brown, *op. cit.*, p. 7.

<sup>8</sup> Frick, *op. cit.*, p. 36.

The National League is now seventy-two years old. In that time many great teams have come and gone. John McGraw, fiery little manager of the old New York Giants, was stolen from the American League. His hard-boiled type of play brought the Giants many pennants and him much fame. Tinkers, Evers, and Chance were contemporaries of McGraw. These three men played short-stop, second base, and first base respectively. They were the greatest double play combination baseball has ever seen, and they brought the Chicago Cubs three straight pennants.<sup>9</sup> Those were the times when feuding, fighting Wilbert Robinson, manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers, had his famous differences with Muggsy McGraw. His Dodgers won the pennant in 1916. The marvel of the decade was the rise of George Stalling's Braves from last place on the fourth of July to first in September.<sup>10</sup>

Baseball has gone through many changes during the life of the National League. An important one is the livening-up of the ball. In the early 1900's, the home run king hit from ten to fifteen round-trippers per season. In the present day we have such records as sixty in a season, and the year's champ always hits over thirty. It hasn't been decided whether this has harmed or helped the game.<sup>11</sup> Changes in the rules were necessary because there was always someone who would get around them. Catchers were snapping their fingers to sound like a foul and then catching the ball for an out. This necessitated making all but the third foul a strike. In the days of one umpire the ballplayers would pull all sorts of tricks behind the poor umpire's back. It was impossible to watch the whole diamond at once. That is the reason for the three umpire system of today.<sup>12</sup>

There may have been a few lean years during the last war, but baseball continued to put on as good a show as possible. Baseball has given Americans that wholesome competitive entertainment that the people enjoy. Men such as Mathewson, Wagner, Hornsby, and Dean have made themselves idols of the younger generation.<sup>13</sup> Baseball, and the National League in particular, has made its way into the hearts of millions of people and has become an important factor in the lives of many.

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 102.

<sup>11</sup> Dan Daniel, "Are Home Runs Ruining Baseball?" *Sport*, V (August, 1948), 16.

<sup>12</sup> Bill Byron, "Here's Why They Changed the Rules," *Baseball Digest*, VII (February, 1948), 26.

<sup>13</sup> Frick, *op. cit.*, pp. 34-7.

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# Mass Production

ROBERT SIMON

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 12*

A CUTTING WEST WIND PUSHES SHAPELESS MASSES OF gray cloud rapidly across the lowering sky. The few remaining dead brown leaves on the trees rustle forlornly, and the smoke from the chimneys is blown to shreds as it emerges. The factory, bearing the inscription "Pickard China" on a corroded brass plate near the door, crouches low, seemingly to escape the wind.

At 7:45 the first car can be seen turning the corner a block down. It lurches over the chuck holes that pock mark Corona Avenue and comes to a halt in front of the factory. The driver reaches into the back seat for his lunch pail and emerges sleepily from the car. Shivering slightly he walks up the sidewalk at the right of the building to the door marked "Employees Only." The warmer air of the clay shop is welcome to him as he pauses at the time clock near the door. The clock clangs "good morning" to him, and he walks on, disappearing momentarily into the locker room to hang up his hat and coat. When he reappears he is struggling to tie the strings of his dusty white apron in back.

More cars pull up in front of the building, and each driver goes through the same ritual—lunch pail, time clock, apron. Little groups of people form. In the deathlike silence a low hum of talk begins, a quiet laugh, then several—all seemingly reluctant to break the unnatural stillness that crept in when the machinery was shut down the night before.

Suddenly the telephone bells all over the plant ring in unison. Machinery rumbles and whines into action, belts clicking, shafts, wheels, and gears spinning. The groups of people break, hesitate a moment for a last word, and finally explode, scattering workers to their benches. Backs bend to pick up tools; fresh boards of newly made ware are set in front of the women; the dryers click into motion, and work is under way.

The plaster shop is located at the front of the plant. It is always much too warm in the plaster shop, but old John Lippert likes it that way because he takes cold easily. He is carefully soaping the shiny surfaces of the plaster dies from which the molds are made. John's work is highly skilled and in his many years of experience (beginning as an apprentice in Germany) he has become a master. Presently he will pour the creamy plaster mix into the cases, wash the pouring bucket, wait for the plaster to set, and then he will take the molds out and begin again.

Johnny Mizzen is preparing a batch of body in the huge cylindrical ball mill. Soon all the raw materials—feldspar, china clay, talc, ball clay, water,

sodium silicate—will be in the mill and the long grind will begin. The cover will be tightly clamped on, and the mill will be slowly revolved, the stones with which it is partially filled grinding and scraping the raw materials against each other and against the sides of the mill with a deafening roar.

The jiggermen are running, in preparation for the day's run, their plastic clay through the pug mill to remove all the air bubbles trapped in it. They turn the circular shapes which are made by setting the round mold in a rapidly spinning wheel. After spreading the clay over the mold, they lower a metal jig on it which cuts and pushes the clay into the desired shape.

Finishers are busy sponging and cutting; stickers are putting handles and feet on cups and cream soups; casters are pouring a liquid mixture of clay called "slip" into molds; kilnmen are loading and unloading the tunnel kiln which bakes the ware; glazers are spraying the abrasive, once fired (bisque) china with a thin coat of pink colored material that one would never expect to become a glossy glaze; more kilnmen are loading and unloading the glazed ware in another tunnel of the kiln; ware in all stages is being inspected and either passed or rejected; decorators are stamping, decaling, and hand painting glazed ware; small decorating kilns are being emptied of yesterday's run to make room for today's; packers, inspectors, and stock room clerks are busily preparing to send the orders out; and the office people are doing routine office work, totally apart from the rest.

Lines of production move slowly past stationary workers, grinding on inevitably, seemingly eternally. Smaller sub-lines feed into the main line, all timed perfectly to present the right thing at the right place at the right time. People moving, doing things; at first glance they seem intent only on their jobs. But they are not looking at their work! Their eyes seem to be focused on some brick on the opposite wall, or on the lone, leafless tree outside the window. They seem to be working mechanically, like living, breathing, human machines. Each movement is carried out automatically, quickly and efficiently, but without apparent thought—as though their bodies belonged to the particular job that they were doing. As though when they began the job, their minds were suspended in space, having no control over their actions.

Time hangs nearly motionless. Arms rise and fall regularly, run through a cycle and start over. China is being made! As though on a huge belt run by clockwork the chain operations that make up each finished shape progress. Tick . . . the raw materials for a cup are mixed. Tick . . . they are ground and screened. Tick . . . the cup is jiggered. Tick . . . the cup is dried and taken from the mold. Tick . . . a handle and foot that have been prepared along a parallel line are stuck to it. Tick . . . the cup is finished. And so on until the cup is ready to be sold; each human machine picks it up as it stops before him, does one operation, and returns the cup only to pick up another.

The sleepiness of the early morning seems to merge and lose itself in the fatigue that spreads over one and engulfs him as the day wears on. To a



factory worker the question isn't "Are you tired?" but "How are you tired?" Are you sleepy because it's early morning and you hate to wake up fully enough to know that another drab day has begun? Are you mentally tired from trying to think about something that could take your mind away from this dusty gray room with its incessant roar? Are you stuffed from eating too much lunch in your attempt to substitute one of the baser animal pleasures, eating, for those which you must give up in order to make a living? Or are you physically tired, but mentally vigorous at the prospect of going home soon?

In a factory, work is monotony and monotony is work. Each day follows regularly on the heels of the preceding day and is its exact duplicate. Yet if one is to progress, he must do his work better than someone else is doing it, or better than it has been done before. He must think about the job while all his impulses warn him that if he is to continue this torture, his mind must be focused on something else or he will surely go mad.

After a time, one who has not been careful must inevitably slip into the stoical mental immobility of the machine for which he is a substitute—a machine which as yet may not have been invented but could be and will be when labor costs rise high enough. In this complacency a worker has arrived at a position far worse than the stormy dissatisfaction he held before. He has achieved the sublime: the absence of thought for a period of eight hours a day, forty hours a week. He is an empty shell utterly devoid of imagination and originality.

But he has also achieved happiness. At five o'clock he stops work, again disappears into the locker room and reappears struggling into his coat, grasping his empty lunch pail in one hand. One by one the machines stop, plunging the building back into stillness. The time clock clangs "good night," and he disappears around the corner. Motors cough and start; car lights blink on; the cars back around and bump happily away over Corona Avenue's chuck holes.

## Anna Karenina

GENE WINDCHY

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 7*

THE THEME OF *ANNA KARENINA* IS THE SEARCH FOR THE meaning of life, the key to the social, religious, and economic problems that arose in Russia during the 1870's.

Russia of the 1870's was in a state of turmoil. Social and economic conditions were fast becoming untenable because of the co-existence of the feudal and capitalistic systems. Because of this antagonistic situation, the period was necessarily one of political and social reform. What the Russians wanted to know was how they could establish harmony. In what direction should they

head? What should be their goal? Should they follow the Church? Should they follow a code of moral principles? If so, what principles?

Each of the principal characters in *Anna Karenina* is guided by a different philosophy which he takes to be the meaning of life. With the exception of Anna, each is representative of some element in the Russian aristocracy.

Though their codes are diverse, the characters other than Anna are all motivated "in terms of the role in society." Anna believes that the only important thing in life is to love and be loved and is therefore motivated from within.

Anna decided to abandon her husband and child because of her love for Count Vronsky. She later decided to kill herself because she could no longer love—she had come to hate Vronsky.

Count Vronsky represents the shallow urban aristocracy which acts according to a fixed set of principles based on "honor." To Vronsky it is dishonorable to evade a gambling debt but not so to avoid paying a tailor. It is proper to give an insult but disgraceful to accept one.

When Vronsky is confronted by a situation (the birth of his child by Anna) not covered by his principles, he thinks of self-destruction and does attempt to kill himself.

Alexey Alexandrovitch, Anna's husband, is representative of that element guided by formalities. Whether of marriage or money, Karenin's problems are solved rationally according to social conventions and religious traditions. Deserted by Anna, Karenin is in an unconventional position and therefore must lose himself in religion.

Levin represents the liberal landed nobility and is the medium of Tolstoi's own philosophy. Until late in the story, Levin believes the meaning of life lies in his work, the management of his farm and the welfare of his peasants. When he becomes convinced of the unimportance of his work and can no longer act in accordance with his role as a landowner, Levin almost attempts suicide.

Vronsky and Karenin, in effect, merely intensify their former codes of conduct. Levin, however, accepts an entirely new philosophy. Where Anna failed, Levin succeeds. Anna searched for love and placed her trust on the shaky foundation of an earthly person. But Levin finds an unshakable love, a spiritual love.

Levin decides that it accomplishes nothing to live for one's work or anything else temporal, but one should live for God.

Levin's motivation thenceforth comes from within, and the tragedy of the story is softened by this continuation of the spirit of Anna.

# Why Be Afraid?

ERNEST KAUFMAN

*Rhetoric 101*

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN I WAS AFRAID TO ADMIT THAT I am Jewish. I was so afraid that I believed only complete assimilation could save me and my fellows. It is only natural that I should think that way, for all I had ever known was fear and discrimination.

When I was six years old, my parents left Germany to escape Hitler's hatred for the Jews. When the Fuehrer overtook Holland, our new home, I could not understand why my parents were so grief-stricken. Soon, however, I learned the reason for their sadness. Hitler's heroes began to restrict our freedoms. Many of us were sent to concentration camps. At first there were some who were exempt. We were among those. How we rejoiced; we were safe. Safe, no, safety did not exist with the Nazis around.

Thus I learned the futility of all attempts to escape discrimination. I saw my relatives being dragged away never to be heard of again. My friends disappeared one by one, until only my mother and I were left to return.

Then I began to wonder, "What makes them hate us?" I could not find the answer to this question. As far as I could see there was only one difference between them and me, and that was religion; therefore I concluded that our own ways of praying to God should be abandoned, and the ways of the others should be accepted. This feeling was strengthened throughout the two years in the concentration camps. It became almost an obsession when I finally learned what had happened to my relatives. They were murdered in cold blood. Why, I cannot understand to this day; but of this I was sure, I was not going to end up that way. Rather than that I would give up Judaism.

Then I came to the United States. I met new people. What surprised me most was that they were not afraid to say that they were Jewish. On the contrary, they were proud of their religion. I heard of Thomas Jefferson's great words:

"We believe these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness."

Then it slowly dawned on me that I must not be afraid. I am one of the people Jefferson spoke about. I, too, have these rights, not only in the United States, but everywhere; for this world belongs to Him who gave us these inalienable rights.

I know now that giving in to fear is foolish. Only if I myself stand up for freedom from discrimination can I hope to persuade others to do the same. Perhaps some day we will see a truly free world.

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# THE GREEN CALDRON

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# The Need for the Study of the Great Books

RONALD CARVER  
*Rhetoric 102, Theme 3*

THERE IS A VITAL NEED FOR THE STUDY OF THE world's great books. The most compelling reason for this study is the decline of popular taste in literature. Writing of the so-called "simple" and "human" varieties is in the ascendant, and there are few indications, if any, to show the existence of a reverse tendency. The great literature of the world, to the creation of which men with fine minds devoted their lives and their energies, has become synonymous on the mass level with stodginess, dullness, and even "highbrowism."

The great writers have been replaced by the "new" writers, who are considered clever because "they have discovered sex," and because they borrow liberally from the latest scientific findings in psychology, sociology, etc. Too, they are considered clever because "they know what the people want," and give it to them in copious and unending doses.

The cry is raised in many quarters that the study of the great books by the masses is merely another form of the "mass snobbism" set in motion for reasons of profit by the book clubs and other publishers. In answer to this charge it can be said that the study of the great books was instituted by a group of learned men whose motivation was the sincere desire to help their fellow men to enrich their lives by encouraging them to exercise their own powers of thought. In this they may be compared to certain figures of the Northern Renaissance who sought to bring the writings of the ancients to the widest possible audience. Simply because some alert publishers have exploited the movement for their own profitable ends by bringing out expensive and beautiful editions of great books, thus appealing to the snobbish elements of the nation, does not mean that the originators of the popular study of the great books are trying to spread snobbism.

Then, too, it is claimed that the people are not hungry for knowledge so much as they are anxious for diversion. But the mistake here is in the implication that diversion must necessarily be "unprofitable leisure." Why must this be so? Must a hardworking man necessarily flop into his easy chair at the end of his day's work and always switch on the radio, or pick up his funny-book, or go down to the corner tap to guzzle beer and chin pointlessly with his cronies? Can workers generally divert themselves only by joining bowling teams, by playing cards, by going to the motion pictures, or by attending

parties? Certainly, all of these can be considered a part of the class of things that divert one.

But they are only a part of the class. There are many other things or pursuits in which diversion may be found, or from which diversion may be gained. Study can divert. "Of course it can," the argument persists, "but it does not entertain." Well, this is but the statement of taste. Those who are against study as such claim that it does not entertain. Those who believe otherwise say that study can entertain. The originators of the popular study of the great books feel that study can entertain. Thus leisure time can be profitably employed, because the person studying for diversion in his leisure time will actually be working towards the betterment of himself. The profitable employment of leisure time is considered to be a mark of the civilized man.

Now, an important question arises. Can the study of the great books really bring about a reversal in the downward trend of popular tastes in literature. It can, and for the following reasons. First, most people are interested in developing themselves. They want to be aware of what is going on in the world, and what has gone on in the world. By aiding this desire, the study of the great books helps to set off a trend against inferior tastes. It encourages the individual *himself* to determine the issues in important discussions, to weigh more carefully the sides in disputes or arguments, to look more closely into the nature of things, and to avoid flinging himself into the whirlpool of unworthy mass trends. The study of the great books will foster a love of fine writing among those who apply themselves to the study. People who study the great books will soon come to recognize the difference between inferior writing and fine writing. Finally, they will devote themselves to the reading of good literature. And even if a person reads only cursorily in the great books, he will still come into contact with great ideas and thoughts. Such a meeting cannot fail to have the consequence of making a person take closer stock of himself.

It is more beneficial for a person to struggle with a good book that is difficult to read, and to attempt to master it, than for him to read a hundred so-called "light" books. For in struggling with the material of the better book he will be forced to use all of his intellectual powers, to drive deeper into himself. It is argued that this "intellectual struggling" is useless for those who are not intellectually inclined and capable. It is said that this sort of struggling leads on to despair and frustration, that it is an utter waste of time if one can never hope to understand the nature of the material. But this is not so. No person who studies with the end of improving himself is wasting time. Despair he may, become frustrated he may, but he is always moving forward. He is not sliding backward into slothfulness. Perhaps he may never become a scholar. But it is not necessarily the object of the originators of the popular study of the great books to make scholars out of ordinary men and women. The major objective of the study is to make more and more men and women

aware of the world they live in and their true place in it as "thinking" beings who will not easily be taken advantage of by scoundrels; who will not easily succumb to the hasty generalizations and the mass attitudes which do so much to submerge the individual.

No one can deny that the wisdom of the past belongs to all men. It is theirs for the taking. And the wisdom of the past should always be a part of the cultivated man's intellectual equipment. Not merely for ornament, but for use and enjoyment. His knowledge of the past will provide him with an insight into the actions and events of the present time, and even into the future. Some might reply that this knowledge can be gained only over a long period of time and by great effort. No one denies this, least of all those who originated the popular study of the great books. They believe one should devote not just a few minutes a day to the study of the great books, but rather a lifetime. They believe that men should never cease learning. No man can ever hope to gain even a fraction of all the knowledge of the world. But he can constantly learn.

There can be no doubt that the widespread study of the great books would widen the intellectual horizons of men and aid greatly in helping them form cultivated tastes. The individual intellectual effort required for their study is far more valuable than the slickly contrived "How To . . ." articles of the "Digests" and "Women's Magazine," or the flow of books, offering tailor-made philosophies for \$3.50 and two evenings of one's time, that constantly clutter up the horizons of knowledge. The study of great books encourages every man to be his own philosopher. Others would deprive him of this privilege and need, and would foist off on him their own ideas and thoughts without regard to his own intellectual powers. No other approach to the problem of bettering popular tastes in literature can be as effective as one which aids the individual to be his own arbiter in matters of judgment and taste. And enough individuals, thus equipped, will be able finally to reverse the decline of popular tastes in literature and in other important things. The study of the great books can bring this about.

# Those Swinging Doors

R. L. WATSON

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 13*

THE MASSIVE DOOR BEGINS ITS CLOSING SWING, AND another poor, unsuspecting student bites the dust. The student picks himself up, assumes a determined stance, and again charges at the door. He hits the door with a resounding thud, and barely sneaks through. As he walks up the final flight of stairs, a mild complaint is heard, "I'll be damned if I'll ever take another course in Engineering Hall!"

Engineering Hall is the home of engineers. Not only does it house most of the records and offices, but it supplies a test on all who enter. Yes, one really has to be an engineer to open the door into that den of higher learning.

I have often imagined that the Dean of Engineers stands at the top of the stairs and watches the students enter. He can pick out his bright-eyed boys by the attack they use on this barrier. The door is continually swinging, due to the numerous people that pass through those portals, and the engineer always bides his time until the door is at the peak of its swing. Then with a small amount of pressure on the right places, the door majestically swings open.

I can also imagine that the Dean gets in a few chuckles, now and then, when some non-engineer, who happens to get stuck with a course which meets away up north, tries to battle his way into his class. The P.E. major gets a running charge, and usually, after the three or four tries, manages to batter his way in, using his head as a club. The L.A.S. major walks confidently up, gives a little push, grunts in disgust, and then decides he had better not go to class today. The campus queen tries waiting it out, hoping that some engineer will generously hold the door open for her. She usually waits in vain though, for engineers haven't time to look at women.

The Dean is in great fear of agriculture students. One of them, after several futile attempts, disappeared and returned again in a few minutes with a team of mules. "Lose more doors that way," the Dean exclaimed as he sent out a set of special instructions to be read to all future farmers.

The Dean of Engineering along with the other professors who reside in Engineering Hall, has come to the conclusion that it takes brains to be an engineer. I am inclined to agree with him, for it takes brains to try to maneuver that massive door. If, perhaps, you are wondering why there are still so many small, puny, weak-looking engineers, walk around to the side door of Engineering Hall and see how the engineers are using their brains and saving their brawn by going in the side door.



# Delightful Observation of Birds

LORENCE COLLINS

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 12*

SOME ONE ONCE SAID THAT WHEN GOD FINISHED CREATING the earth He had a few colors left over from the rainbow, so He created the birds.

Who can deny the beauty of brilliant blue-green indigo bunting perched high on a limb of an oak tree? The sudden appearance of that little bird always makes me stop to hear its beautiful song and gaze at its splendid colors.

I shall never forget the awe and admiration I had for a beautiful scarlet tanager as it was flitting through the trees. Its brilliant red and black body shining in bold contrast among the green leaves in the blazing sunlight was like a sparkling red ruby rolled onto a green felt cloth. I was very sorry when it finally flew away, for I could have spent the whole afternoon looking at it.

Once, while hiking along a railroad, I saw a gold finch eating thistle seeds on top of a prickly thistle plant. Its brilliant yellow body, black cap, and black wings contrasting with the purple flowers of the green thistle plant as it swayed in the gentle breeze, furnished a lasting and beautiful memory in my mind.

Ruby-throated hummingbirds have always gained my admiration. I spent fully one-half hour at the bottom of a dip in a road watching them. The road crossed an old ivy-colored bridge. A cool, clear stream bubbled underneath the rocks and tangled masses of grass and sticks. The banks were covered with billowing masses of golden yellow flowers of the jewel weed, and that was where the hummingbirds were feeding. The ruby-throated hummingbirds with their brilliantly glowing vests and pale green bodies floated ghost-like through the air, paused on imaginary ledges in front of the dewy, bejeweled flowers, and drank their fill of nectar. My enjoyment of watching these interesting creatures fully made my hike worth while.

The sight of a blackburnian warbler, a black-and-white striped bird with a brilliant orange head, catching minute insects in a newly-leaved soft maple as the sun flashed its rays upon it; the sight of a blue bird with its soft coloring and rosy-red breast winging its way to its nest in a tree; the sight of a purple finch high in a sycamore tree early in the morning picking seeds from the sycamore balls; or a glimpse of a cardinal with its brilliant red plumage and yellow bill picking up corn on the snow only convinces me that observation of bird life is an intriguing hobby.

Some of the prettiest music I have ever heard comes from the throats of birds. The warbling, musical, bubbling song of a wood thrush deep in the

woods, like a stream filled with joy; the sweet soothing call of a field sparrow, as it sweeps the fields for insects; the mournful call of a sleepy mourning dove sitting on a telephone wire; the cheery call of a cardinal; the musical caroling of a rose-breasted grosbeak eating cherries in the spring; the musical burst of the song of a house wren in the back-yard grape vines; the bell-like ring of the junco's call as it works north in the spring; and the spontaneous call of a brown thrasher perched high in a tree; all these songs are much prettier and lovelier to me than any of the music produced by man.

The unusual songs of other birds always provide me with an unlimited amount of amusement. The tufted titmouse is continually calling for a lost friend. "Peter, Peter, Peter," can be heard everywhere when a tufted titmouse is around. Then there is the clear call of a white-throated sparrow calling: "Old Sam Peabody, Peabody, Peabody." The oven bird sounds as if it were yelling—"Teacher, teacher, teacher," and the more familiar blue jay calls everyone a thief. The killdeer, phoebe, peewee, whip-poor-will, and chickadee announce their arrival by singing their own name. The belted kingfisher makes a dry wood-like rattle as it flies with peculiar uneven wing-beats from one fishing area to another.

One of the interesting things about birds is the antics that they can display which are like a side-show at times. Each bird has a few characteristic tricks of its own. A black and white warbler starts up a tree in one direction and then heads the other way, which results in a zig-zag motion all the way up the tree. The brown creeper starts at the base of a tree and works its way upward as if it were climbing a spiral staircase. Around and around it goes. The gold finch also has an unusual peculiarity. When it flies, it doesn't fly in a straight line. It flies in an up-and-down motion. First flapping its wings with a tremendous effort, it gains altitude. Then, like a clowning diver who holds his arms at his sides, the gold finch plunges earthward for three or four feet. Resuming its wing motion again, the gold finch regains altitude, thus starting the whole process all over again. Why it doesn't flap its wings continuously I cannot explain, but it always bounces through the air. The oven bird also can be most startling when you first see it. It is a bird about the size of a sparrow. Most birds do their traveling on the ground by hopping. But no, not this bird, it just calmly comes walking out from under a bush, gives you the eye, and struts majestically back in. The phoebe seems to have an itch in its tail, for it continuously wags its tail whenever the bird is resting on a limb. The Louisiana water thrush appears to be dodging unseen missiles, for it is always bobbing up and down.

It is always the unexpected that gives me a thrill. While on a bird hike once, I was astonished to find a little bird, not much bigger than a chicken egg, flitting through the low bushes. So tiny, but not afraid, it would let me come within ten feet of it. At first I thought this drab, olive green little bird was rather unattractive. But I was soon to discover differently, for it tipped

its head over toward me, and in the bright sunlight glowed a brilliant red spot on the top of its head. It looked as if a painter had accidentally dropped some red paint upon it. This ruby-crowned kinglet, as it is justly called, may be a small bird in itself, but it had more beauty than I first suspected.

Another one of my entertaining, unpredictable birds is the crested flycatcher. Perhaps you have heard the "woody-woodpecker" laugh, the great Gildersleeve laugh, a loon laugh, or a friend who has a crazy laugh. I have heard them all, and I thought that for laughs, they were tops! This was before I heard a crested flycatcher laugh. Every time I hear it, a big smile spreads from ear to ear, and before I know it I am lying on the grass, rolling over and over with laughter. It can't be described and can only be appreciated when one has heard it, but it has provided me with no end of amusement.

Not all of my trips have been in a woods. I have walked, during the spring migration of birds, as little as four blocks away from my home in Champaign and have seen as many as forty different kinds of birds.

But the most unusual bird that I have ever observed was discovered while I was camping on the shore of Lake Michigan. The day was hot, but the sand of the dunes felt comfortably warm. I was laboring up the side of one of the larger dunes when I suddenly heard a sound like a child's horn on a tricycle—"Beep, beep,—beep." That seemed very odd to me, for a sandy dune was certainly no place for a child on a tricycle. Again I heard the sound—"Beep! Beep!" and then I discovered it. Flitting through the top of a pine tree was a little bird which had absolutely no more respect for gravity than a man on the moon. Out across the limb, back underneath the limb, and straight down the tree-trunk, head first it went. No other bird ever does this. A bug just hasn't a chance against this "up-side-down" red-breasted nuthatch.

But the biggest thrill I ever had in observing birds was the time when I was on a canoe trip in Wisconsin. Camp was set up, and I was enjoying a short hike through the woods. Suddenly a tremendously loud, penetrating call echoed through the trees. I knew it was a bird, for the call sounded similar to a flicker's call, but I was totally unprepared for what happened next. A large shadow went through the trees above, and then I saw the bird alight on the side of a tree ahead. It looked like a bomber as it came swooping down to the tree. It was an enormous woodpecker fully a foot and a half tall. The solid black body with a large white stripe on each side of the neck, the brilliant red pointed crest, and the large bill made it resemble a man dressed in a tuxedo, going to a dance. The moment I saw it I knew that it was a pileated woodpecker, but I never dreamed that I would ever get to see a real one.

So I have come to believe that in the realm of nature there is always something unusual, unpredictable, and unexpected to discover. Each bird note draws my attention like a magnet and helps me to appreciate the beauties and wonders of creation.

# Stahl in Defense of Monogamy

ANITA MAE STAHL

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 4*

HOW VERY MUCH THE TYPICAL, EGOTISTICAL, MAN MR. Brown did sound in his discussion of polygamy! I, as a woman, feel that the only thing which he need be praised for is the courage he must have had to put before the public his false and thoroughly ridiculous ideas. I am sure that had he not been a trifle under the weather (this is merely a lady-like way of saying "plastered") he would never have been brave enough to voice them even to a close masculine friend.

Needless to say, I heartily disagree with what Mr. Brown says. Please don't misunderstand me. I have nothing against Mr. Brown. He, I am sure, is really a meek, submissive little man with a receding forehead and spectacles before his near-sighted eyes, definitely not the type to speak back to one wife, let alone five. Rather, I am opposed to Mr. Brown's ideas, which are really the ideas of the conceited, self-centered, average man. How little they know about women!

Mr. Brown stated that his friend lacked imagination, but he himself is the one without it. His thoughts brought him only the points he considered good and left him there. He did not consider the obvious bad points. How blind men are! Lacking time and space, I will not repeat the arguments of Waldo of Mr. Brown's theme. These were all good points, showing that Waldo is a man of great intellect and culture, even if his name does make him sound like a trained seal. I will try to look at this from a man's point of view and show that all of the little things that a man finds disagreeable would be multiplied by the number of wives he had.

For instance, I wonder how Mr. Brown feels about his mother-in-law. Would the happiness he achieves by having five wives make up for having five mothers-in-law? I doubt it.

Early in his article Mr. Brown stated a definite dislike for women's bridge parties. Would five bridge parties be better than one? I think not. (Please note I refrain from any derogatory remarks about men's poker games, which are thoroughly disgusting.)

Mr. Brown was staying home, taking care of his children. With five wives he would have five times as many children, five times as many childish questions to answer, five times as many sticky lollipops to sit on, and, unable to handle about twenty-five children alone, he would have to hire a whole crew of baby sitters. Did this occur to Mr. Brown when he so staunchly fought for polygamy? Apparently not.

My strongest and last point is one which I feel rather guilty about since it



means I am telling a feminine trade secret. I will tell it, if only for the pleasure of deflating a few male egos. Does Mr. Brown realize how his wives would manage him? Few men know it, but they say and do exactly what their wives tell them to, even if they think they are their own boss. Women accomplish this in various ways. Perhaps the most frequently used method is the contrary one. We know that men (such obstinate things) will do exactly the opposite of what we tell them. Therefore, if we want the door open we tell a man to shut it, and we can be sure that it will remain open. I can not divulge any more methods because they are universal secrets, but I think you get the idea. Mr. Brown now does exactly what one wife wants him to do. Five wives would make Mr. Brown a very busy man.

I feel that no more arguments are necessary. In fact, none were ever really necessary because no matter how long Mr. Brown and other pompous males will argue, they can never win. You see, they are opposed by women and that makes all the difference.

## Black Magic

MARVIN E. MAYER

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 9*

MANY YEARS AGO THERE LIVED IN BOLOGNA, ITALY, A cobbler named Vincenzo Cascariolo, who pursued the interesting art of alchemy. During an expedition to Mt. Pesoro, his attention was attracted by the sparkle of a heavy rock which glistened with an unearthly brilliance.<sup>1</sup> Greatly excited, he lugged it home and heated it in his furnace, hoping it would enable him to produce gold. But much to his sorrow, it did not.

In the spring of 1944, three hundred and forty-two years later, a scientist, not an alchemist, brought another rock back from the mountains. Beneath ordinary light it was a drab, gray stone which no one would look at twice. But in darkness, under ultra-violet light, it burst into a mass of exuberant red, flecked with spots of vivid green.<sup>2</sup> In the last few years, dozens of men like him have been bringing home rocks, natural and synthetic, grinding them up, causing them to emit weird hues, and doing astonishing things that the old cobbler never dreamed of doing. Where Cascariolo failed, they have succeeded, producing wealth that would have made the old man dizzy.

They call this peculiar behavior "fluorescence," a word that will do as well

<sup>1</sup> "Fluorescence," *Encyclopedia Britannica*, vol. 9 (1946 ed.), p. 422.

<sup>2</sup> Judith Richardson, "Color Magic with Black Light," *Popular Mechanics*, vol. 891 (June, 1945), p. 107.

as any other. The name was first used because fluorspar is one of the long list of substances which emits light of various specific colors upon stimulation by certain wave lengths from a part of the spectrum which man does not ordinarily use. The cobbler's curious find sparkled as it did because the ultra-violet part of the sun's rays evoked its fluorescence. If he had possessed the equipment of our modern laboratories, he would have been even more astonished by its brilliance.

Armed with invisible ultra-violet light and varieties of materials which fluoresce, physicists and illumination engineers are playing a fascinating game these days. From the array of bottles, they pour little mounds of powder on a bench, powders which are all white under daylight or ordinary lamp light. When the "black light" is turned on in the dark laboratory, each mound glows with its own characteristic fluorescence color, and the experimenter is confronted with a dazzling rainbow spectacle of pastel blues, greens and yellows. The familiar color of an object which happens to possess fluorescence has no relation to its hue when stimulated by ultra-violet. We call a fresh egg white or brown because it looks that way under ordinary light. Under ultra-violet of the right wave length, it has a reddish glow. "Black light" can analyze a pretty girl's face with very uncomplimentary keenness: the powder around the roots of a girl's hair is purple; the dye in her hair is gray; the wash applied around her eyes to make them sparkle is yellow; her rouge is yellow, and if she smokes, there is a yellowish color around her mouth due to nicotine stain.<sup>3</sup>

However, the difference does not stop there. The light which comes from an object under daylight is only a reflection, but a fluorescent object activated by ultra-violet becomes an extraordinarily efficient converter or middleman of light on its own account. Because of this property, the "black magic" of 1602 is a modern tool which within a single decade has become indispensable in industry, commerce, and scientific analyses. "Fluorescence," which yesterday was an obscure and poorly used word used only by physicists, is now on everyone's tongue, and there is hardly a street in America where its effect is not visible.

When the big fairs of New York and San Francisco opened their gates in 1939 with their bright prophesies of a brave new world, one of the first things that impressed the visitors was a glass wand which gave out a new kind of light.<sup>4</sup> At the Flushing spectacle, more than ten miles of these tubes produced a soft, diffused, yet powerful illumination, unlike anything that had been seen before. Glowing in many colors, they flooded the streets and exhibits with hues unrivaled in purity and brilliance and played a major part in creating the atmosphere of a futuristic wonderland.

What people saw was the public unveiling of fluorescent light, the first

<sup>3</sup> Jim Marshall, "That New Black Magic," *Collier's*, vol. 113 (Sept. 30, 1944), p. 66.

<sup>4</sup> Harland Manchester, *New World of Machines*, pp. 66-67.

radical departure in illumination since Edison's invention of the filament electric bulb. Dazzled by the glittering parade of novelties, spectators dismissed the luminous tube as only another new toy for the decoration of fairs and carnivals. In this opinion, they were not alone. Even many lighting experts who recognized the revolutionary nature of the new light believed that it would be used only for advertising and display, like a neon sign. All doubters were caught off balance, for since that time, fluorescent lighting has swept the country in a boom of amazing proportions.

The new lamp uses a completely new method for converting electricity into light. It has no filament like the ordinary light bulb. Mercury vapor in the tube gives off ultra-violet light when the current is passed through it, and the ultra-violet light, striking a chalklike chemical coating with which the tube is lined, is converted into light suitable for illumination.<sup>5</sup> It is pleasanter, cooler, easier on the eyes, and vastly more efficient than any other light ever invented for general use.

In offices, stores, and restaurants, the quality of the new light is quickly noticeable, for every corner of the room appears to be flooded with soft, evenly distributed light. Overhead in clusters, or perhaps fixed vertically on the walls, are the gleaming tubular fluorescent bars, sometimes bare, sometimes partially shielded with grids made of glass or a translucent porcelain-like plastic. In either case, you can look at the tubes without hurting your eyes. You will notice that like Peter Pan, you have lost your shadow. This is because the sharp "point lighting" of the ordinary bulb has been eliminated. The tube has ten times the surface area of a regular light bulb of the same wattage, so the light is spread out as evenly as melted butter on a piece of toast.

But this use is only one phase of the fluorescent boom. The active principle of the lamp has been adapted to a score of important uses. It has given pathologists a valuable new weapon in the study of disease; it saves the crops of the potato farmers; detects mould and adulteration in foodstuffs, and it has a multitude of combat uses where "seeing in the dark" may save lives.<sup>6</sup> Re-activated fluorescent dye powders have saved many aviators forced down at sea as the addition of this powder to the water tints a large area, making it visible to rescue planes. Maps may be encased in a fluorescent plastic which makes them visible when exposed to a "black light."<sup>7</sup> Another modern achievement is the answer to the problem of marking laundry. People mark their clothing with a fluorescent dye and the man who makes up the packages and sorts the garments works under invisible light.

Many years ago, Dr. Robert W. Wood, noted for his brilliant contributions to the knowledge of fluorescence as well as for his scientific pranks, brought forth the spectacular stage effect by which a line of chorus girls could be suddenly transformed into dancing skeletons or a row of bodiless shoes,

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 69.

<sup>6</sup> "Safer Future Promised," *Science News Letter*, vol. 15 (May 13, 1944), p. 317.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*

gloves and hats.<sup>8</sup> This is done by painting the costumes with fluorescent material which cannot be seen under ordinary theatre lights. When the lights are turned out and the stage flooded with invisible ultra-violet light, only fluorescent markings are visible; advertising billboards have used the same technique to make a sign carry a double message at night, when lit alternately with ordinary bulbs and "black light." Night clubs also use it. At the turn of a switch, walls which are ordinarily blank blossom forth with romantic, tropical vistas. These uses and numerous others make this mystery of yesterday the hope of the future.

From the cobbler's discovery of the "Bologna stone," as it was then called, to the experimentations of today, fluorescence has helped revolutionize the modern age.

<sup>8</sup> Harland Manchester, *New World of Machines*, p. 79.

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## Attic Reminiscence

WILLIAM LOYD

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 15*

"SPRING CLEANING." UGH! WHAT A WORD! JUST BE-  
cause it's that time of year, I have to piddle around doing work for my mom.

"Bill, I want you to clean out that box of junk that's cluttering up the attic," she says.

What I say shouldn't be mentioned.

The idea! Just because it's a gloomy rainy day, I should do some work around the house. Oh well, I guess there's no getting out of it; the law has been passed, and the penalty for refusing is high. I might as well dump the whole box. There's nothing in it except some old shoes, a dance program, a red hat, and some old letters.

Hmm. I haven't seen the loafers for a long time. I wonder where I bought



them? Wasn't it in Portland, Oregon, three years ago? Of course, and that dance program—it's from the Junior-Senior Prom at Gresham High School. On the last page of the program there is a note signed with the same name that is stitched on the red hat: Gay Wilson.

Gay lived in Portland, fifteen miles from Gresham, and, during the summers, stayed at her uncle's farm which was next to ours. We met late in the summer before the prom, when my family moved to Gresham. Soon she was wearing my class ring, and during the school year I went into Portland every week-end to see her. The other fellows were clearly resentful of a newcomer going steady with the best-looking girl in town, and I was very jealous of anyone who even looked at her. We used to take long walks and discuss how we would be married and settle down in some little town after graduation.

Then, one day after the prom, some of the fellows at school told me a rumor that Gay was going out with a boy from Portland. Like a fool I believed it, and the next week-end I went to see her, building up jealous hate as I drove along the highway. When I accused her of going out with another boy she denied it, but I was so mad I wouldn't believe her. In the quarrel that followed, she gave back my ring and said she didn't want to see me again.

Then, to make things worse, my father decided he didn't like the Oregon climate, and we moved back to Illinois. I wrote letters telling her that I was sorry and wished to come back to see her, but the letters were returned with "address not known" stamped on them. After awhile I forgot about her and found a new girl, but even now I can see her face and hear her voice.

"Bill." Her voice seems to float out of the past and find my ears.

"Bill?" The voice comes again—this time questioningly.

"Bill!" There's no question in the voice now as its indignant tone cuts through the haze. "Haven't you finished with the box yet?"

"Yes, I'm finished."

## Voice in the Wilderness

BENJAMIN T. BROWN

*Rhetoric 102*

AN ENGLISH TEACHER IN A SMALL HIGH-SCHOOL RE-  
cently asked his pupils to name one of the works of Heinrich Heine. No one answered. In exasperation, and perhaps desperation, he asked for the name of one of Thomas B. Costain's books. This time the show of hands was gratifying. Or perhaps gratifying is hardly the word. At any rate, the instructor was appalled to realize what most thinking people have known for quite some time—the classics are simply no longer read.

Of course, when we say that they are no longer read, we merely mean it figuratively. In fact, the classics have never been widely read in this country, and the present day book clubs make it more and more unlikely that they ever shall be. When senior students in high school do not recognize Heine, the time is certainly long past for a change in the nation's reading habit.

The mail order book clubs are the one most important factor in controlling the book selection of the vast majority of our people. They are guilty of an actual crime in the way in which they meet this responsibility—if it can be said that they attempt to meet it at all.

Those addicts of the popular printed narcotic have certain standardized arguments that are presented with monotonous regularity as justification for themselves. It is said that people read more now than ever before and that the book clubs are responsible for it. Sadly enough this is quite true, to a certain extent, but the fault lies in the fact that the reading is indiscriminate.

Indiscriminate reading makes a jumbled mind and provides no basis on which a discriminating criticism may be made, and therefore the average person depends on the Sunday supplement to tell him which books are good and which are not. It is an insult to imply that one has not the intelligence to choose for himself, but it is an insult that is swallowed along with the pabulum of modern fiction.

It is said that the book clubs are bringing a broader outlook and a more liberal education to millions of people to whom it would ordinarily not have been available. But the "outlook," if we may be excused the ambiguity of the term, is not only broadened, it is warped and twisted. Those historical novels, so called, of which there has been such a deluge recently, do not present a true picture of history. History is exciting and romantic, yes, but it is so because of its reality. History obtains its drama and force by the comparison of every day life in the past with that of today. We are quite certain, moreover, that the impression of an epoch left in the mind of the reader of a modern novel concerned with that particular bit of time, is a jumbled mass of inaccuracies and faulty conclusions. The genuine information that may be present is obscured by the reader's concern over the Junoesque heroine who seems to fall into everyone's bed more or less automatically.

The staunch supporters of book clubs may always be heard to say, at some time in the discussion, that people couldn't read and understand the greats if given the chance. This attitude is only attributable to an ignorance on their part of what makes an author truly great. It is first of all the simplicity and universality of his writings that makes him or her remembered. It is the fact that these authors are on a common footing with every man and they write in the universal language of power and passion that all men can understand.

The fact that the book clubs are huge money makers is not an argument in their favor. The money obtained by fraud from another person carries a

taint that cannot be erased by all the platitudes and aphorisms contained between the covers of their publications. Moreover, the very ignorance of the person on whom these scavengers prey is fostered and abetted by the same method by which they are robbed.

However, the picture is not quite so black as we may have painted it. There are a few book clubs who do bring out the works of those worthy of acclaim and who make them available in price to most people. Yet it is not enough. The flood of erotica now on the market acts as an impulse to a conditioned reflex, and people buy the book with the greater expanse of bare skin displayed on the dust jacket. These dust jackets themselves are reason enough for the abolition of book clubs and are contributing factors in the general insane attitude toward sex in this country.

## Dead End

RALPH BUTLER

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 7*

SIDNEY KINGSLEY'S *DEAD END* URGES REFORM IN THE slum environment existing in many American cities. The story concerns a group of boys, a cripple and his girl friend, a prostitute, and a murderer. All the characters are represented as helpless in determining their fate. Because of his physical affliction, the cripple will have to go through life dreaming of the architect he wanted to be. It is ironic that this man, possessing the ability to design slum clearance projects, is prevented from doing so because of the same slum conditions which he could correct. The future of the boys is exemplified in the murderer who had grown up in the poverty of the same street and was well steeped in the apprenticeship in crime offered by slum life. Although sweet and unspoiled, the girl friend seems fated to follow in the steps of the prostitute.

I believe that Kingsley was very skilful in choosing the title of his play. The two words *Dead End* have a twofold meaning. Superficially the words describe the setting of the play, a street ending in the East River of New York. Considering the purpose of the play, however, of more importance is the conception that *Dead End* represents the wall of poverty and ignorance which keep the characters from rising above their present state. The neat apartments they hope for will never supplant the dirty tenements for these people, unless others more fortunate help them. The author stresses the fact that without outside help his protagonists are destined to sink deeper into the mire of frustration and disappointment.

In the play, the group of people who might have aided the slum inhabitants are oblivious of their humanitarian opportunities. By introducing for brief moments in the play people who live in a luxurious new apartment building, Kingsley makes sharper the contrast between the people who seem to have all they desire and those who have nothing. As street repairs prohibit use of the front door, the back entrance which opens onto the dead end street must be used by the residents of the apartment. Their elegance and wealth is vividly compared with the degradation of the urchins and other inhabitants of the street. Socialites emerging from the gateway see the paper littered pavement and filthy river and hurry up the street to escape the distasteful sight.

## The Dreyfus Affair

JOEL CORD

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 5*

FRANCE IN THE EARLY 1890's WAS CONFRONTED WITH A struggle between two opposing political traditions, Liberalism and Nationalism. The conflict arose from the constant clashing between the diametrically opposed doctrines employed by the respective ideologies. Liberalism, on the one hand, stood for the then existing Third Republic, for social justice, for separation of Church and state, and for the allaying of military influence in the government. Nationalism, on the other hand, stood for everything the liberals resented: unity of the Catholic Church and the government, return of the monarchy, greater military influence in the government, and the formation of arch-reactionary domestic and foreign policies. All of these it stood for, and all of these it came very close to realizing.<sup>1</sup>

Of these two traditions it is the latter that interests us most. The liberal tradition was a direct heritage from the Revolution, while the nationalistic tradition found its roots in much more complicated, not to say less noble, sources.

The French "integral nationalism," as it was called, was an outgrowth of a coalition of Jesuit, military, and aristocratic elements. This nationalism found its popular backing in the reaction of the French people to the military defeats, the financial scandals, and the political indignities that they had so recently experienced in the Franco-German War of 1871, the Panama incident, and the Commune of Paris. This nascent nationalism was manifested in growing anti-Semitic sentiments, ultra patriotism, and the return of the Catholic Church to power in France.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Adele Cross, *British Reactions to the Dreyfus Case* (Urbana, 1935), p. 3.

<sup>2</sup> Wilhelm Herzog, *From Dreyfus to Pétain: The Struggle of a Republic* (New York, 1947), p. 18.



The cause of the rise and spectacular growth of the "integral nationalism" at this time has been traced directly to the Church by many historians.<sup>3</sup> The Church, through the agents of its secret societies, sought to regain its past power in France. Its influence was seen once more to manifest itself in the working class, and in the military and royalty circles.

The institution that fell most heavily under the Church's influence was the army, the most powerful and unimpeachable institution in France. It was backed and attended by the aspiring monarchists and power-thirsty clergy, and by the propertied bourgeoisie. In the army the bourgeoisie saw their only chance of survival and protection from the "rule of the mob" era that the Republic supposedly had ushered in. So, in the strength of the army, the propertied class saw their only strength and salvation.<sup>4</sup>

Thus in the early 1890's France, politically, was in what could be described as a state of tranquil uneasiness. Only a minor incident was needed to "awaken and inflame all the latent antithesis, all the passion, ideas, and emotions slumbering in the French People."<sup>5</sup> This incident was not long to be waited for.

\* \* \* \*

Alfred Dreyfus was born on October 9, 1859. He was the fifth son of rich, factory-owning, Jewish parents—members of the upper bourgeoisie. All his brothers entered into their father's business, Alfred being the only one to choose the military profession. Alfred studied at Ecole Polytechnicene, entered the army as a lieutenant of artillery, and rose to the rank of captain in 1889. He then received an appointment to the Ministry of War.<sup>6</sup> He was the first Jew (despite resistance from several superior officers who did not want him on the staff) to obtain a place on the General Staff. He is described as a person of superior intelligence, as an extraordinary worker, and as very ambitious. Nevertheless, due to some disagreeable traits of character, he was unpopular with his fellows.<sup>7</sup> Some sources found his personality nil. He was described by these sources as being "incapable of arousing personal enthusiasm,"<sup>8</sup> and of having "a pure and simple nature, utterly devoid of personal magnitude."<sup>9</sup> Clemenceau, one of his great champions, once observed of Dreyfus' personality: "No one will ever be able to reproach us that we were carried away by his personality. He did not possess any."<sup>10</sup> He married a wealthy Jewish girl in 1890 and became a father to two sons.

So much for Dreyfus; for, you see, his was really a part of very minor

<sup>3</sup> "Clericalism and the Dreyfus Case," *Current Literature*, XLI (August, 1906), 1445.

<sup>4</sup> Herzog, *op. cit.*, p. 20.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 10.

<sup>6</sup> "Alfred Dreyfus," *Encyclopedia Britannica*, VII, 661.

<sup>7</sup> Cross, *op. cit.*, p. 9.

<sup>8</sup> "Clericalism and the Dreyfus Case," p. 1445.

<sup>9</sup> "Ten Years Later—The most Celebrated Case in History," *Bookman*, XVIII (1908), 154-62.

<sup>10</sup> Herzog, *op. cit.*, p. 103.

importance in the great *affaire* bearing his name. He is symbolic of the unfortunate innocents who are always being hurt when great forces, with which they are totally unconnected and unconcerned, clash.

In and around 1890 French documents had been "leaking out" to the interested German and Italian Governments. Colonel Schwarzkoppen, German military attaché to the Paris embassy, formed a connection with Colonel Panizzardi, Italian military attaché; and together they bought French military documents from a draftsman named Dubois. They referred to him only as "D." One of the notes, in which "D" was mentioned, was intercepted by the French Secret Service. Thus the French intelligence Service were aware of this traffic in official secrets for sometime before the *affaire* occurred.

In 1893 a Major Walsin Esterhazy of the French Army Staff agreed to sell military secrets to Schwarzkoppen for 2000 francs a week and a bonus for especially valuable information. This Esterhazy bore the most miserable reputation imaginable: he was known as a profligate and rogue, was distrusted by his colleagues, and was universally considered a dishonor to the army. One day, during the spring of 1894, he had dropped into the letter box of the German Embassy a memorandum enumerating five documents which he promised to obtain. This was the famous *bordereau*.

One Bruckner, a discharged secret agent seeking to return to the good graces of his employers once more, saw Esterhazy drop the *bordereau* into the German mail box. He retrieved it and delivered it to Major Henry of the Secret Service. Henry accepted it and told Bruckner to return the next day. Bruckner was never heard of again. Henry, upon Bruckner's leaving, tore the *bordereau* up into little pieces. As he was depositing the pieces in a trash basket, a Colonel Sandherr entered. When questioned by Sandherr about what he was doing with the scraps of paper, Henry replied that a charwoman spy had just delivered them to him and that he was trying to piece them together. The two of them did manage to piece the note together and a search for the spy was immediately begun. Henry, of course, was the only one who knew the identity of the real culprits, and it was later proved that Henry was Esterhazy's partner in these clandestine deals.

The victim of the search was Dreyfus. His name began with "D"; he was in a position to possess the documents enumerated in the *bordereau*; there was a similarity between his and the handwriting on the *bordereau*; and, above all, he was a Jew.

Dreyfus was arrested on the morning of October 15, 1894. Colonel du Paty de Clam had dictated phrases from the *bordereau* to Dreyfus, and, on the assumption that he saw the latter's fingers tremble, ordered him placed in prison.

Forzinetti, the governor of the prison, impressed by the sincerity of the protestations of innocence on the part of Dreyfus, declared his belief that the

prisoner was not guilty. He was relieved of his position shortly after, in consequence of his candor.

The case, because of the fragility of material evidence, might have been dropped had it not been that du Paty and Henry released some reports of it to the anti-Semitic press. The press at once began to stir up public hatred. General Mercier, head of the Ministry of War at this time, disliked by this powerful reactionary group, in order to gain their favor, ordered an indictment drawn up against Dreyfus. The report, dated December 3, 1894, consisted mainly of presumptions, vague stories, conjectures, and unproved accusations.

Mercier, his office and popularity now hanging in the balance, did not hesitate to commit illegality in order to secure a conviction. A secret *dossier* was made up, consisting of eight documents which had been stolen from foreign embassies. Because these were not damaging in themselves, du Paty de Clam wrote a "covering letter" in which he spoke of each, stressing the unapparent implication, so that they tried to indict Dreyfus. One note mentioned "D." The other note was a forgery of a telegram that Panizzardi had sent on November 4 to the Italian government. The note, truly interpreted, indicated Dreyfus' innocence, but by forgery it was made to directly implicate him.

On December 19, 1894, the court martial of Dreyfus was held behind closed doors. The *dossier*, without the knowledge of the accused, or his counsel, was communicated to the judges. Thus, what would have been an acquittal was turned into a conviction, and Dreyfus was sentenced to life in prison and public degradation. On January 9, 1895, the French Chamber of Deputies passed an unconstitutional law, unconstitutional because it was *ex post facto*, designating Devil's Island as the place at which Dreyfus was to be imprisoned. Dreyfus arrived there on April 13, 1895.

The reactionaries and anti-Semites were in triumph. They were turning a minor political incident into a major political victory.

Now only the Dreyfus family believed in Alfred's innocence.

It was about April 13, 1895, that a change in the erstwhile thought helpless case occurred. In 1896, Colonel Georges Picquart, newly named head of the Intelligence Bureau, came across evidence that indicated that a French officer, no other than Major Esterhazy, was the culprit. Picquart laid this information before his superior officers, General de Boisdeffre and General Gouse, the chief and deputy chief of the General Staff. They were convinced of Dreyfus' guilt and, unwilling to have the matter reopened, forbade him to pursue his enquiries. To prevent his reopening the matter, they had him sent to Tunisia.

In November, 1897, Mathieu Dreyfus, a brother of Alfred, by the merest chance learned that the handwriting of the *bordercau* was that of Esterhazy. He sent this information to the Minister of War, accusing Esterhazy. He also published the letter containing the information sent to the Minister of War in the *Figaro*, thus precipitating the feelings of all involved to greater passions of

violence. The general was unwilling to own that a mistake had been made, for, as the saying was then, "No matter who is wrong, the army is right."<sup>11</sup>

The Republic, in recognition of the liberal element's demand, had Esterhazy sent before a military tribunal; but, in a travesty of justice, the General Staff secured his acquittal. Thus, the honor of the army was temporarily saved.

The Dreyfusards were enraged. On January 13, 1898, two days after Esterhazy's acquittal, Emile Zola published in Clemenceau's journal, *L'Aurore*, under the title "J'accuse," the famous open letter to the president of the Republic in which he accused the General Staff of perpetrating a miscarriage of justice. At the instance of the Ministry of War, proceedings were taken against Zola. He was condemned to two years imprisonment, but he took refuge in England where feelings were high for the Dreyfusard cause. The French reactionary press was quick to heap their vituperation upon him.

Due to the unhushable calls for revision sounded by the French liberal political wing, the Court of Cassation, as a result of a long review of the case, annulled the Dreyfus sentence and ordered a new trial before a court martial at Remmes. This decision came in 1898.

The court martial was in session for a month. Dreyfus, who had been brought to France on the order of the government, attended this second mockery of justice. On September 9, 1899, an incredulous world heard the sentence—guilty with extenuating circumstances and condemned to ten years imprisonment.

On September 19, 1899, the government decided to pardon Dreyfus. He was immediately set at liberty.

At the end of 1903, further facts which came to light led to a demand for a second hearing and a long, detailed enquiry. On July 12, 1906, the court of appeal finally quashed the sentence of 1894. Dreyfus was reinstated in the army with the rank of major of artillery. He resigned in July, 1907.

In June, 1908, on the occasion of the transfer of Zola's ashes to the Pantheon, an anti-Semite journalist, Gregori, fired two shots at Dreyfus and wounded him slightly. Thus another infamy was added to the long list of those perpetrated against him.

He re-enlisted in the army during World War I and was promoted to lieutenant colonel in 1918. Shortly afterwards, he was awarded the Legion of Honor.

He lived quietly in retirement after the war in Paris, and died June 12, 1935.<sup>12</sup>

\* \* \*

The effect of the *affaire* on French politics was that of a tornado on a calm wheat field. From a relatively tranquil nation, France was changed into a veritable mad house. Every base and mean human instinct was projected into

<sup>11</sup> Cross *op. cit.*, pp. 9 ff.

<sup>12</sup> *Encyclopædia Britannica*, p. 661.



a civil war to break out, and thus consummate the tragedy. There were times the press of the world sat on edge, waiting for news of revolution or at least a civil war to break out. There were times when the charges and counter charges of the participants seemed to be pushing France headlong into a war with Germany and Italy. There were times, a great many times, when the world, stunned and appalled by the ridiculousness of the case, the absurdity of the charges, and the vicious travesty that took place in the name of justice, could express its reaction only by an incredulous shaking of its head. Yet, what was the outcome of it all? Were the forces of hate and reaction dealt a death blow? Was a nation united under the proud banners of a rejuvenated, liberalized Republic?

In effect, the Dreyfus case concluded only in compromise. The arch-reactionary influence grew passive; the bourgeoisie Republic had obtained a short lease on life.

The great intellectuals who had identified themselves with the Dreyfus cause were outraged from beginning to end by the events of the *affaire*. Men like Clemenceau, Zola, and Anatole France, to name a few, declared that either truth or injustice must be brought to complete triumph. To compromise was to court disaster. History, in the form of the Vichy Government, teaches us how right they were.

In the Dreyfus *affaire*, Fascism, for the first time, reared its ugly head above the chaos of European politics. All that Germany was to use so successfully in later years was here first utilized: the control of the passions of the masses through great hate campaigns directed at minorities; the idea of the dominance of the military over the civil in delegated governmental powers; the dissemination of mass propaganda to achieve their ends. All this, and more, was ushered in by the Dreyfus *affaire*. A new era manifested itself in the trends of European politics.

And how did the world react, as a whole, to the Dreyfus *affaire*? I think it would be reasonable to say that, judging from the international press, the world opinion fell strongly on the side of the Dreyfusards. The British press was so virulent in its attacks on French justice, French reactions, and French politics that a breaking off of diplomatic relations was almost effected between the two countries.<sup>13</sup>

Another international effect was the strong reaction against Catholicism displayed in some countries, notably England and Germany, because of the Church's hand in the ignominious affair. The raging anti-Semitism did not spread beyond the borders of France, and within these borders it, in its organized form, soon grew passive.

And so the Dreyfus *affaire*. There have been other great scandals in the history of modern civilization, but this one happened in France—and who can rival the French in the realm of the spectacular?

<sup>13</sup> Cross, *op. cit.*, p. 119.

# Wanted: A Gal

MARILYN MINKS

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 5*

**W**ANTED: ONE ELIGIBLE GIRL TO ACCOMPANY A chicken-loving male to a feather-loving contest. Must be not more than 6' 7" tall, mentally able to distinguish a duck from a chicken, and physically able to pull a feather. Qualified prospects please call Dateless Dudes Dating Den before Saturday.

Perhaps this example is somewhat exaggerated, but it helps to make clear the situation of blind dates.

A blind date is really just two people who have never met and who are going out on their first date. In most cases there is a third party who "fixes them up." This person is usually a friend, roommate, or maybe just an acquaintance who knows someone who wants a date.

What happens then? This person first thinks, "Who do I know that would like to go, or would go as a personal favor to me?" Then comes that question—"Gonna be busy Saturday night? I wish you would go with a friend of mine—he's really swell—six feet tall, and a wonderful conversationalist. You would like him! How about it?"

Maybe the fellow lives clear out where he doesn't have a chance to meet girls, or all of his classes consist of nothing but boys, so that he never even sees any girls. Or he could even be a visiting friend or cousin from some far away place who wants a movie date.

If the description suits, and the girl is agreeable, they should be all set to go—but where? The fellow nearly always has something in mind when he asks for the date, so that isn't a big problem.

When the appointed time arrives, which should be more than a half hour after the invitation, there comes the problem of getting together and being introduced. The person who has arranged the date sometimes doubles with them, and he or she must make the introductions. From then on it's up to the fellow and girl to make the date as interesting and enjoyable as possible.

Blind dates make it possible for fellows and girls to meet and become acquainted who would not otherwise have the opportunity. They start many friendships and tend to broaden the person's scope of interest.

Of course they are not all successful, but if not they can always be another mark in the huge book of experience.

Whether you get her through the Dateless Dudes Dating Den to enter a feather-pulling contest, or through a mutual friend for a coke date, you will find blind dates a part of being young and having fun!

# A Nourished Mind—the Engineer

BERNARD STEBEL  
*Rhetoric 101, Theme 7*

**M**Y MOTHER ALWAYS BEGAN HER STORIES WITH "ONCE upon a time." Being a very affectionate and sentimental lad, I dedicate the first four words of this paper to my mother.

Once upon a time, in my impressionable childhood, I thought of an engineer as the epitome of intelligence, the highest product of higher education. Since the passing of the "growing pain" stage of my development into the more fertile period of serious thought and wise actions, my opinions of the wielder of the slide-rule have slipped down the scale to where they now stand—disgust.

To my knowledge there is no more empty, mal-nourished, and duller mind than that of the graduate engineer. (Those still studying have a minute chance of recovery.) Being a tolerant person, I try to understand these men, but find it a difficult task to accomplish. Last month I wrote a friend of mine, a student of chemical engineering at Carnegie Tech, inquiring about the usual things: sex, studies, the cold-war, and various other topics which require a measure of thought. Perhaps his reply may be interesting and timely if inserted at this point. It read as follows:

Dear Bernie,

Why do you always write such unimportant nonsense. Tell me, how do you feel about

$$\int \frac{dx}{x^3+3} = \int \frac{-\frac{1}{2}x + \frac{1}{2}}{x^2-2x+4} dx + \int \frac{\frac{1}{2}dx}{x+2} = \frac{1}{2} \int \frac{4-x}{x^2-2x+4} dx + \frac{1}{2} \int \frac{1}{x+2} dx$$

Doesn't this make for an interesting bit of thought?

Your buddy,

$$\frac{AX + B}{(X^2 + pX + 9)^h}$$

There was more to this literary masterpiece, but it all followed the same pattern. No doubt it sounds a bit exaggerated, but if one were to spend a week or two at the Gym Annex dormitory, he would develop the same feelings for these organic machines as I have. In analyzing the Annex populace, one finds a mixture of lawyers, commerce students, philosophy majors, liberal-arts men, and engineers. With all but the latter it is possible to carry on an

intelligent, stimulating, and at times valuable conversation. But the engineers, smartly dangling their polished leather slide-rule cases as they flutter from formula to formula, have no time for petty things like speech and thought. They either will not or cannot think. Those who will not are the new-comers trying desperately to ape their elders; those who cannot are those elders whose gray matter is already saturated with derivations, integrations, and parametric and polar equations.

If the question is put to an engineer, he laughs it off with a snappy and well-rehearsed, "Ya can't eat thought. Any boss'll hire a trained and specialized man before one who knows a little about everything, but nothing about anything."

This reply is justified. We are living in a competitive society. But what does all this specialization do for the man himself. Will it make him a boon to family and community? Possibly it will if his salary is high enough. Will it get him a niche in the world's Hall of Fame? Again possibly it may if he makes good enough use of one or two formulas. Will it make an individual of him? Never, for individuality and thought are not offered in an engineering curriculum.

This course of study does not nourish a mind; it greases and primes it as any mechanic greases and primes a machine. For engineers are not individuals, nor are they educated. They are robots who need no education. Their prerequisites for a contented life are differential and integral calculus, a slide-rule, and a competitive society.

## Fallacy Fannie

FRIEDA POST

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 4*

FANNIE OPENED HER EYES, STRETCHED, AND GLANCED at the clock on the desk. It was seven o'clock. She would barely have time to dress, eat breakfast, and arrive promptly at Kinley Hall for her eight o'clock class.

While she was contemplating whether or not it would be wise to take her accounting book to class, her roommate interrupted her thoughts by admonishing, "Fannie, you're wearing my blouse. How many times have I told you to ask my permission?" Fannie quickly retaliated, "Well, you borrowed a scarf from Margie without asking her. So there!" Then, deciding that her accounting text was much too heavy, she picked up her other books and scurried out of the room.

Fannie was very fortunate today. She slid into her seat just as the bell



rang. After taking the attendance, her instructor directed the students to turn to page four hundred in their accounting texts. "Well, wouldn't you know it," thought Fannie, "just because I decided not to take my book today. That's life for you."

The rest of the morning passed quickly. Fannie had the afternoon free, and she thought it would be a good opportunity to complete the last task of her initiation. She was required to determine the pledgees' reaction to their initiation. Luckily, all the pledgees were at home, and Evelyn obtained all the necessary information. She then proceeded to write her report, stating, "All pledges felt that the initiation was a fair one and a good deal of fun was derived from it." She concluded her report by stating, "Therefore, if the same initiation is given next semester, the new pledgees will have the same reaction toward the initiation." When the task was completed, it was time for dinner.

That evening Fannie and her roommate were discussing various topics, including the courses they were taking, when Margie interrupted them to ask for her scarf. She had a date that night with Dwight. Fannie, looking at the light on the ceiling, teasingly chanted,

"Since Dwight is light  
And light is bright  
Dwight is bright."

Margie frowned and returned to her room to dress while Fannie and her roommate continued their discussion.

"You know," Fannie said, "I don't like Rhetoric."

"Why not?" asked her roommate.

"Because it won't be beneficial to me."

"Why do you say that?"

"Well, I won't learn anything," replied Fannie.

"How do you know?" queried her roommate.

Fannie replied after considerable thought, "Well, since it won't be beneficial I can't possibly learn anything."

Then, feeling rather tired, Fannie proceeded to get ready for bed.

# Scientific Analysis or Propaganda?

ANONYMOUS

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 7*

THE GENERAL PUBLIC HAS VERY RECENTLY BEEN WIT-  
ness to a violent disagreement between the U. S. Navy and the U. S. Air  
Force. Organization and use of air power was the basis of this disagree-  
ment. News distributing agencies carried many accounts of information concern-  
ing this incident. I wonder how many people took the necessary time to  
analyze the published information and to separate the facts from the propa-  
ganda? Those who did could not miss the card stacking device so often used  
in naval press releases.

Naval press releases continually carried the statement that "wars cannot  
be won by bombardment of large cities and helpless civilians." No statement  
was made that Strategic Warfare by the U. S. Air Force was based on the  
bombing of large cities of helpless civilians. It was left for the reader to as-  
sume this fact after reading the naval information. Most people, no doubt,  
fell into the well-planned trap.

All air force personnel will agree that wars cannot be won by bombing  
large cities of helpless civilians. They will also be quick to add that this is not  
strategic bombing. To win a war by strategic bombing, an air force must strike  
at the industrial vitals of the enemy until that enemy no longer has the will  
nor the capacity to wage war.

Industrial potential is the backbone of any nation engaged in conflict;  
however, no nation has a completely balanced industrial potential. All have  
weak spots. If that weak spot can be completely destroyed, armies in the field  
will come to a halt because of lack of supplies necessary to conduct warfare.  
This fact was well demonstrated in World War II when German armies were  
immobilized because of lack of gasoline. The gasoline processing industry had  
been destroyed months earlier by strategic bombing.

It is true that many civilians are killed in any bombing raid. This is due  
to the fact that the homes of industrial workers are concentrated as closely as  
possible to their work. Large concentration of industry means large concen-  
tration of population. Using this fact together with the card stacking device,  
we very easily arrive at the statement that "wars cannot be won by the bom-  
bardment of large cities of helpless civilians."

## Cross-Currents

TOM T. WILSON

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 3*

WHEN THE NIGHT NOISES BEGIN IN EARNEST AND THE witching hour is long past, have you ever awakened and found your mind jumbled with a medley of weird thoughts? The brain seems to be very unsettled, for it jumps from one memory to another without rhyme or reason.

The thoughts of a remembered party are cut by the tension of a fast car race. A jagged brain tremor starts the memory of a heated argument, and then it slips into the melancholy of a long-forgotten ballad. The image of a face is focused in the mind's eye, but it soon drifts away to make room for the vivid picture of an imagined drowning. The pride one feels when something turns out right is shattered by the mortification of an ill-spoken word.

The thoughts shift and turn, subside and rise again, pass and crisscross one another. An illusive pattern is formed, and a helpless sensation envelops all the senses.

But as an exhausted child falls into a profound slumber, the currents fade and die away, and oblivion again reigns.

# Rhet as Writ

When it was suggested that we go to Bridal Cave, I agreed to the idea, mostly for the sakes of curiosity and cohesion.

\* \* \* \* \*

Few men have or will ever have the solution to the problem of finding a happy medium between the sexes. The various methods that have been tried are numerous and complicated.

\* \* \* \* \*

Blanche DuBois is a frustrated, neurotic English teacher.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Spring ascends upon the campus like an Autumn leaf flying to the ground.

\* \* \* \* \*

A glittering generality is painting a rosy picture and trying to make the sucker swallow it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Most boys are good drivers, but they get careless and wreckless.

\* \* \* \* \*

A man can usually park a car much better than a woman.

\* \* \* \* \*

Losing my temper, I picked up a broad and brought it down on his head.

\* \* \* \* \*

He had long, shaggy, red hair and freckles on his face.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was quite a heart rendering experience.

\* \* \* \* \*

Since all Indians are bad, I was to be burned at the steak.

\* \* \* \* \*

Making a home is a job for three people, not just two, but, I would like to know how a woman can raise children and be a carrier girl to.

\* \* \* \* \*

Plastic surgery deals with two kinds of physical deformities, congenial and acquired.

\* \* \* \* \*







# THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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The committee in charge of this issue of THE GREEN CALDRON includes JOHN BELLAMY, MARJORIE BROWN, GLENN CAREY, and GEORGE CONKIN, Chairman.



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# Out of My Life and Thoughts

DANIEL COHEN

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 12*

## The Ghetto

ASK ANYONE IN BROOKLYN WHERE BROWNSVILLE IS and they'll tell you to go to Pitken Avenue. Pitken Avenue is easiest to find at night. That's when all of the neon lights are ablaze and the street looks like a miniature Times Square. The side streets are all dark. The tenements are always dark, and the people seem to feel this darkness. Like moths they flock to the neon lights of the main street or the less attractive electric bulbs of the candy stores that periodically illuminate the solid front of tenements. A bus runs along Pitken Avenue with its bulging load of tired, disheveled garment workers. The workers fall against each other with each lurch of the bus. In their hands they clutch newspapers that have been read, reread and will be read again. The lifeless eyes speak of the monotony of the days that have passed and those which are yet to come. At each street the bus discharges its load and rumbles on to the next corner.

In summer everyone takes his chair and sits out in the street to gossip, talk about baseball, pitch pennies and drink Pepsi-Cola. Some of us tried to escape the city, but Prospect Park was packed with people and Coney Island didn't have an empty patch of sand to lie down on. We went instead to the air-conditioned movies and in the darkness escaped the world.

## Georgia

I know it's 6:00 A.M. because the guy on my right has just switched on his radio and "I'm Alabamy Bound" is pouring out of its speaker. The guy on my left yells, "Whoops, late again" and hastily turns on the same program. In ten minutes the sergeant will be down the aisles mumbling his perpetual slogan of "Let's go men. Let's go." At that point my buddy Johnny Bauer across the aisle will turn over on his other side. This was his one gesture of rebellion against the army, and he made a ritual of it. The sergeant seemed to sense this and would inevitably return to tip him out. This morning, however, Johnny and the rest of us got up without a fight, for it was Sunday and we would be going to town. All week long we lived for the moment when we could leave the sandy, treeless, barracks-filled, uniformed camp and hop the bus to town. What we wouldn't do to take that bus to the end of the world and leave behind us the crushing machine that had conquered us. Nervously we entered the office for our passes. Was the "old man" in a good humor, or had he found some job that couldn't wait and was looking for "volunteers"? The "old man" smiles. God bless him, we're free! The bus takes us into the center of town, Five Points. We get off and look at the shops all filled with

non-uniform clothes. The sun is hot, but the girls dressed in cottons look fresh. We see some old people and some children and it's wonderful to know that the whole world isn't in the army. We decide to take a bus to see some of Johnny's girl friends. The bus is crowded in front but empty in the rear. We go to the empty seats in the rear and sit down. The people in the front silently glare at us, and the bus driver turns around in his seat to stare at us. The few people in the back of the bus anxiously gaze out of the windows pretending not to notice. We had seated ourselves in the part of the bus reserved for Negroes. I let Johnny go on to the girls alone, and I went back to camp.

### **Galilee**

Dawn is always beautiful at Sasa, for from our hilltop we can see the sun rise out of the Arabian desert, quickly shake the sand from its shoulders, and soar into the heavens. I hurry to the mule shed and feed and harness a team. Before long they are hitched to the wagon, and, after breakfasting, we are off to the fields. The trip down is always a dangerous one, for the road is very steep and the mules are unable to maintain their footing on the smooth pavement. They usually try to pull the wagon off onto the shoulders where it is soft. The shoulders, however, are narrow and beyond them is a sheer drop of many yards. The trip down is always a battle full of eloquent threats in order to keep the animals on the road. None of the other members of the crew ever make the trip down with me. They prefer to walk the mile or so to the fields. At the end of the day, however, they take the wagon back. The field is, as usual, full of stones, and we will spend the day picking up stones by hand, putting them into rubber baskets, loading them on the wagon, and dumping them at the edge of the field. Our months of work can be seen in the rows of stones that line each finished field. Each man knows his job, and the routine we have established works efficiently. We work in silence. The sun grows hot, and the desert winds bring little respite from the heat. Our back and arms begin to ache from the constant labor, and the sun seems to sear its way into our heads. It is noon and we walk to the shade of a nearby fig tree to eat our lunch. Lying beneath the tree, we look up and see the village at the top of the hill. The new, corrugated metal roofs reflect the sun, and we can hear the sounds of life coming from its buildings. On the hillside beside it we can see the figures of the forestry crew planting trees. We look at the little patch they have finished and the many hills that are yet to be done. We look at the few fields we have finished and the many fields we have yet to do. We look at those few shining roofs in the midst of all of the desolation and we wonder.

### **Home**

Each time I return to New York, it's the same. "By God," I think, "it hasn't changed." I felt that way when I arrived after being discharged from the army. Walking down the streets, listening to people, looking at the shops,

riding the subways, I knew that the city hadn't changed. London had changed. Paris and Berlin had changed. Things had happened to those cities. Things outside of those cities had made themselves felt. The way of life was different. New York had only superficially experienced the war, and it was disappointing for me to realize that. Somehow you want your city to grow with you. You realize that unless it does you are cut off from your neighbors by what you have seen and done. There is no greater loneliness than being alone in a big city. What right do they have to live as usual after all that has happened?

My second homecoming was no different. The city remained the same. The people looked at me as they had always looked at me and listened with the ears of good listeners. I knew they were deaf. "They listen but they hear not." To whom could I tell of what I had learned? "Isn't it great to be back?" they asked. The styles have changed, but the tastes remain the same. The subway still stops at the same stations and the same people get on. I cross the paths of my own existence in the city and hurry on for there is a train to catch to new places and new growth.

## The Corn Will Grow Without Me

CAROL DORNFELD

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 3*

TO WATCH THE LIFE CYCLE OF A FIELD OF CORN IS TO watch the life cycle of man, set in green leaves and rustling stalks.

See for yourself. First the field is barren, but the earth is rich and full of latent power to produce. The seeds are sown, and soon the tiny green shoots appear—shy, simple, and beautiful. They grow to scrawny adolescence and their few leaves stick out at awkward angles. The plants grow taller. In youth they are strong and lovely, yet they are still not ready for the business of reproduction. But at last they have stretched to their uttermost height, and their long glossy leaves are richly green. It takes little time after the tassels bloom for the corn to begin forming. Now is the fullest period in the life of each cornstalk in the field. Their leaves whisper together in the wind, and they bear the ever-growing ears with evident pride. At last it is time for harvest when all of them will be forcibly separated from their progeny, and they will stand, shorn and bereft. For a while they try to carry on. But their purpose in life is over. Slowly at first, then more quickly, they droop and wither and dry, and finally die.

\* \* \*

When I was young, I used to believe that by carefully watching over my little cornpatch, I could help it grow. By keeping the weeds from encroaching on the earth around the corn and by loosening the soil, I would promote the

growth of the corn. Yet, somehow in places where the soil was better than that in my plot, corn would grow better unattended by me. Finally, one time someone else took over my corn-patch when I was ill, and I discovered that my pet corn, which would grow only under my loving hands, flourished without me.

Later on in life, I began to think that I must someday be great. Someday I must show the people what was wrong and set them straight. But now I realize that I am ordinary, common, one of many in many different groups. Others are much greater than I can ever hope to be. I am weak. I am small. My great ideas are narrow in reality. I am no Baruch, Stravinsky, or Marshall. The people will be born, have their first impressions, grow older, older, and yet older, passing through youth and maturity, when their young will be snatched away by Nature. The people will grow old and wither and die. And nothing I do or ever will do will influence them. They will go on.

They—and the corn—will grow without me.

## Molly

ANNE MARTIN

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 12*

WE HAD A COW. EVEN TO THE ORDINARY FARMERS she would have seemed a strange animal in the biological sense. She ate at least two bales of hay per day ; most cows eat only one, especially if they are the small Guernsey type. She gave milk for two years after the last calf had been born—a very strange accomplishment biologically.

However, we were not ordinary farmers interested in amazing feats of a seven-year-old family cow. We were interested in and continued to support Molly only because of her personal characteristics. And these were many and astonishing.

She had powers of observation. Never would she budge from her vantage point over the pasture without first surveying the yard, the house, the pasture, and the surrounding farms. If a piece of paper had blown from one side of the field to another, she stopped, gazed thoughtfully, and moved majestically over for a nasal investigation. If a strange car had parked in the barnyard, she sauntered casually around within the area until the driver appeared. Perhaps this constant surveillance over her domain accounted for the enormous appetite she still retained when she retired to the cow-cafeteria.

Retired is the proper term. Never was this cow incarcerated in a stanchion. If she chose to heed the noisy rattle of a pail from the other end of the pasture, she would gallop to the barn and plunge into the food with rough



slaps of her tongue. On the other hand, if she chose to heed rather her distaste for human domination, she was impervious to any incentive.

We were at a loss to account for the dominating character of our cow. We played with the thought that because we were only women, she recognized her basic superiority and used us with contempt. Her original docility when delivered by three massive farm-hands and her subsequent subservience in the hands of men bore this out. Yet, we preferred to ascribe her differences to a fundamental intelligence unknown to previous cows. Her answering moo whenever we called to her, whether she intended to obey or not, convinced us this assumption was true.

Any doubt on the question of her mental powers, and our own feebleness, was alleviated by our results in presenting our Molly to the bull. Cows become quite violent when feeling that way, and we were sorely distressed. We had heard violent tales of horrible fates met by those who lead their cow to the bull.

First we tied her to the car and drove off. She tore the bumper off the car. Then we formed a triangle with the car racing in front and the others tearing down the road beside her—or at least within sight of Molly. Women and children in the neighboring houses peered from second story windows for a mile and a half; men snatched their frightened dogs (Molly had a terrible animosity for dogs) and barricaded the front doors.

Unfortunately, in our amateurish efforts, we did not realize that the fact that Molly proceeded home in much the same fashion indicated an incompetent job on the part of the bull. When this fact did penetrate, we were encouraged by the fact that our constant perusal of the agricultural bulletins indicated that this bull had been of inferior quality anyway.

As Molly's cycle evolved, the time came when she decided to dispense with our ignorant efforts and take the problem into her own hands. The fact that she chose to take her trip to the bull on a frozen January morning via flights over five barb-wire fences and a frozen stream did not bother her. Neither did our uncomfortable efforts of the next soggy, muddy day disturb her as we returned her to her throne.

We were thrilled at Molly's discretion. She had chosen a hitherto unknown progenitor, a short-horn bull of massive proportions. When she did us the service of presenting a blue-eyed calf with his build and her brains, we were doubly convinced of our Molly's superior qualities. True, after the birth of Monty, she still refused to grant more than a pitiful gallon of milk per day, but he was such a darling prince that we forgave her completely.

As a postscript to this story, though we had hoped that Molly's peculiarities were due in part to her solitary existence, and that her role as queen-mother would relieve us of some of her idiosyncrasies, we were wrong as usual. Instead of one cow to leap across the fence into the peas (carefully refraining from stepping on the scattered squashes as would any conservative

owner), we now had two. Two pairs of haughty, inquisitive eyes now observed every pail of chicken feed which was transported and all the traveling salesmen who visited.

Our love for Molly's appetite overcame our appreciation of Monty, her son, and we sold her successor. We were sorry, but Molly had to eat to maintain herself. If she would refuse to do so in the pasture as a proper cow, her son had to be sacrificed to foot the bill.

## Freedom is Everybody's Job

MANUEL REINES

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 10*

THE YEAR WAS 1937. ADOLPH HITLER HAD TAKEN CONTROL of the German Reich and had already managed to "whip" the League of Nations. His goose-stepping Storm Troopers had marched into the Rhineland. Messerschmitt was busy building the finest, most destructive fighter planes ever devised. The German people were enjoying the benefits of their dictatorship. "Guns, not butter!" was the motto in Germany. Konrad Henlein was instigating discontent, race hatred, and revolt among the Germans in the Sudeten. In Austria the Nazis were actively undermining the existing government. Peace-loving nations were being devoured by power-hungry dictators; peace-loving people were being slaughtered because of their religion,—killed because of their beliefs—murdered because they simply wanted to live as honest, decent, free people. The whole of Europe was in a turmoil—a turmoil that was to spread like a monstrous octopus, engulfing freedom-loving people wherever its ugly, slimy tentacles could reach.

Where was I while all this was going on? I was right in the middle of it, on a train one hundred miles out of Berlin headed toward the French frontier. My parents had taken my sister to Europe for medical purposes, and we were returning from Rumania where we had visited my grandparents.

I was a brat; I suppose most children are at that age. During my stay in Rumania I had learned to speak the Jewish language quite well. But I preferred to speak Spanish, my native tongue, simply because my mother would have liked me to speak Jewish to her parents. The only time my mouth would emit a Jewish phrase would be when my parents would have preferred a Spanish phrase. This was one of those times.

In 1937 trains were not quite what they are today. A first-class accommodation was no better than the accommodation received on a "Student Special" to Chicago—and just as crowded. My father was waiting for us in France, and my mother, sister, and I were alone in the train. Sitting directly across from us was a young Nazi Officer. I was much impressed by his well-cut

uniform, and while I sat there admiring his shiny buttons, medals, and gun holster, my mother and he were engaged in pleasant conversation. Then it happened. Frankly, I cannot remember the beginning of the incident, but to this day my mother has never quite figured out why I did it. Right there, with the Nazi Officer in front of us, and a carload of other Nazis all around us, I began to rattle off a steady stream of Jewish to my mother.

The officer turned pale. He had been speaking to a Jew in public. Immediately he stood up and proceeded to curse at and insult my mother, amidst the cheers of the other Nazis in the car. Looking up at his huge figure hovering over us like a storm cloud, I was terrified. My baby sister burst into a fit of convulsive shrieks. The yelling of the crowd became intolerable. My mother's face became red as anger forced the blood into her head. She leaped out of her seat and screamed at the top of her voice, "Yes, I am a Jew—but I am a Colombian Jew. In my country we treat you Germans as decent human beings, though you don't deserve it, and when I travel through Germany I expect to be treated with the same courtesy afforded any other foreigner. You can be sure that the Colombian Embassy in Berlin will hear of this tomorrow."

These last few words did the trick, for the Nazi Officer immediately stilled the crowd, and after apologizing sincerely to my mother, passed a petition around which stated that he had merely been acting in the line of duty. Obviously this great "Superman" was not the "Superman" Hitler claimed him to be, or this officer would have realized that the Colombian Embassy did not carry much weight in politics. This, however, is not the point. To the end of my life I shall not be able to eradicate the impression that this incident left upon my mind—the Nazi's face, my sister's shrieks, the cheers of the crowd, and my mother's screams.

It was because of this incident, and others like it, which I have witnessed, that I appreciate the freedom under which I live. If I were to ask you, "Which do you prefer, a totalitarian system, or a democratic system," I am sure that without hesitating you would reply, "A democratic system, of course." But why do you prefer democracy? Why do you prefer living in the United States to living in Russia? Do you prefer democracy because you've had your choice of government and have chosen it? No! You prefer democracy because you were born into it. You accept it because it is all around you. You can read any newspaper you wish and know that the newspaper you are reading is true. You can walk down the street without being stopped every two blocks by a soldier asking for your papers. You have never been subjected to any other way of living.

Have you ever stopped to think why you hate a totalitarian system? You hate it because you have read in books that in a dictatorship people have no freedom of the press, no freedom of worship, and no freedom from fear. But those are just words. Have you ever seen a soldier walk over to a seventy-

year-old man and rip off his beard, a fistfull at a time? Have you ever been cursed at and threatened because of your religion? Have you ever been afraid of walking in the streets? The chances are that your answer to all of these questions is, no. In my case the answer is, yes.

That is why I not only prefer democracy, but I appreciate it. That is why I love the freedom which is granted me. And that is why I hate the totalitarian systems which I have seen operating in Germany, in Austria, in Rumania, in Italy, and in Russia. You have democracy. Keep it, love it, and learn to appreciate it as I do. Remember, democracy is not a commodity that comes naturally; you make it. Just as easily as you can preserve it, you can lose it. Freedom is everybody's job!

## Highlights in Chinese Festivals

HIOK HUANG LEE

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 13, Summer 1950*

THE CHINESE ARE, AS A RULE, HARDWORKING PEOPLE. They have no Saturday half-holidays; neither do they have idle Sundays. They cannot afford such luxuries, for "life competition is too keen in their densely populated country."<sup>1</sup> But if the pathway of the seasons brings few days of rest to the toiling masses of China, there are at least three great festivals to break the monotony of everyday life—the New Year Festival, the Dragon Boat Festival, and the Harvest Moon Festival. These festivals are, in a way, social ceremonies which relieve emotional strain and give the participants a sense of increased social security.<sup>2</sup> During these festivals every man lays aside his work for as long as he can afford leisure. Frugal fare gives place to feasting. Reunion takes the bitterness from habitual separation. And amusement, like a bright thread, colors the drab pattern of dull, daily life.<sup>3</sup>

"The Chinese term for festival means a joint or node which marks the critical time in the breathing of Nature when it passes from one mood to another."<sup>4</sup> The most important of these nodes is the New Year Festival. It is the greatest, the longest, the gayest, and the noisiest of all festivals in China.

Preparation for this festival begins early in the Twelfth Month. The house is first thoroughly cleaned and washed. Then old mottoes on the posts and

<sup>1</sup> Juliet Bredon and Igor Mitrophanow, *The Moon Year*, Shanghai: Kelly and Walsh, Ltd., 1927, p. 69.

<sup>2</sup> Maria Leach, ed., *Dictionary of Folklore, Mythology and Legend*, New York: Funk and Wagnalls Co., 1949, p. 225.

<sup>3</sup> Bredon and Mitrophanow, *op. cit.*, p. 69.

<sup>4</sup> Lewis Hodous, *Folkways in China*, London: Arthur Probsthain, 1929, p. 1.



doors are scraped off and new ones pasted in their places. These mottoes are "fortunate phrases" or expressions of ideals in life, written on strips of red paper.<sup>5</sup> Since red is the color of joy and prosperity, these mottoes are supposed to be luck-bringing. As a protection against malignant spirits in the coming year, new "gate gods" are also put up on the double panels of the front door. Their brilliantly-colored figures, pictured in full panoply of war, are guardians of the home par excellence.<sup>6</sup> Legend traces their origin to two generals of the great Emperor Tai Tsung (A. D. 627-650). After his unlucky expedition to Korea, this sovereign, a prey to rage and mortification at his ill-success, fell sick, and night after night teasing imps surrounded his uneasy couch. The court physicians were powerless to help him. Then two favorite generals of the Emperor begged that they be permitted to guard the palace gate and prevent evil ghosts from entering into the palace. Though Tai Tsung doubted their ability to deal with supernatural beings, yet in order not to disappoint them, he granted their request. Fully armed, the faithful servitors posted themselves on guard outside the palace. Strangely enough, the devils and nightmares that had been disturbing the Emperor disappeared at once, and he soon recovered.<sup>7</sup> As a precaution he commanded the court painters to have the portraits of the two generals painted and pasted on the palace gates so that he might never be troubled again by ghostly enemies. This custom of using pictures of warriors to protect the house spread from the palace to the humblest home. It still persists in the present age, a curious and typical example of the continuity of Chinese superstitions.<sup>8</sup>

New Year's Day is the first of the three settling-days for the settlement of accounts in China. It also serves as a common birthday to 470,000,000 Chinese.<sup>9</sup> No matter when one was born, one is reckoned to be a year older on New Year's Day.

"New Year's Day is regarded by the Chinese not only as the beginning of the year but also as the root from which the events of the future grow."<sup>10</sup> Accordingly, what a person does or what happens to him on that day has a great influence upon his life for the whole year, and the Chinese people take every precaution to begin the year in the right atmosphere. No sweeping in the house is allowed on New Year's Day, for it is feared that good fortune and prosperity may be swept out of the house by this action. Great care is also taken to say nothing and do nothing on the first few days of the year as a small mistake may bring bad luck for the rest of the year.

New Year's Day in China always begins with a salvo of firecrackers in an apotheosis of noise. "Noise is a national necessity in China and crackers

<sup>5</sup> Bredon and Mitrophanow, *op. cit.*, p. 83.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 87.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 87.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 88.

<sup>9</sup> J. Duer Ball, *Things Chinese*, Shanghai: Kelly and Walsh, Ltd., 1925, p. 79.

<sup>10</sup> Hodous, *op. cit.*, p. 10.

an essential part of every ceremony.”<sup>11</sup> The supposed rationale of their use by the Chinese is that a fusillade of this holiday artillery will put to flight the devils and foul spirits which lurk about the haunts of men. From a scientific point of view, the plentiful supply of sulphur fumes liberated when this uproarious din is in full swing does have the power of exorcising foul spirits of disease from the surrounding atmosphere.

The most complete and ultimate expression of Chinese filial piety is the ceremony of ancestral worship observed during the New Year Festival.<sup>12</sup> Early in the morning of the New Year's Day, all the members of the family, attired in their best garb, gather in the room where the cabinet with the ancestral tablets is kept to pay due respect to their ancestors.<sup>13</sup> The head of the family begins the ceremony by lighting three sticks of incense and holding them in both hands as high as his forehead. He next bows to the tablets of his ancestors. Then he places the three sticks of incense in the incense burner before the tablets. After this he kneels three times, and at each kneeling he kowtows (literally it means “to knock the head”) thrice.<sup>14</sup> The other members then follow according to their rank.

“Later, the master and mistress of the house seat themselves on two stiff chairs in the reception hall, and all those living under the roof kowtow to them in the order of seniority.”<sup>15</sup> Then the head of the family rewards each of them with a generous sum of money wrapped in red paper for good luck. Thus, the New Year is begun with joy and confidence.

The Dragon Boat Festival, celebrated on the fifth day of the Fifth Month, is one of the most generally observed and picturesque festivals in China.<sup>16</sup> “Economically, it marks a turning point in the seasons, for till this day Nature has been gradually ripening, and, from now on, she gradually declines.”<sup>17</sup> Here then is a milestone in the calendar of growth, celebrated in different ways all over the world since the dawn of civilization as the “Festival of the Summer Solstice.”

Various legends have been connected with this festival, and, because of the happenings described in these legends, it has become a day of remembrance as well as one of the three chief festivals of China.<sup>18</sup>

The most popular legend connects this festival with the death of a high-minded statesman and poet called Chu Yuan who lived in the feudal period

<sup>11</sup> Ball, *op. cit.*, p. 240.

<sup>12</sup> Arthur H. Smith, *Chinese Characteristics*, New York: Fleming H. Revell Co., 1894, p. 185.

<sup>13</sup> Bredon and Mitrophanow, *op. cit.*, p. 98.

<sup>14</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 102.

<sup>15</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 101.

<sup>16</sup> Hodous, *op. cit.*, p. 126.

<sup>17</sup> Bredon and Mitrophanow, *op. cit.*, p. 300.

<sup>18</sup> J. G. Cormack, *Everyday Customs in China*, Edinburgh: Grant and Murray, Ltd., 1935, p. 157.

in the Fourth Century B. C.<sup>19</sup> An honest and upright figure in a troublous and dishonest age, he vainly urged reforms on a prince who turned a deaf ear to his good counsel. Those were the days when loyal patriots believed in the duty of suicide as a moral protest—a suitable remonstrance against shameless conduct on the part of one's lord, imperative when all other means of persuasion had been tried in vain.<sup>20</sup> Thus, when he found himself powerless to check the abuses of his age, Chu Yuan calmly composed the poem "Li Shao," which is an allegorical description of the writer's search for a prince who would listen to good counsel in government, and, clasping a great rock in his arms, he jumped into Tung Ting Lake on the fifth day of the Fifth Month.<sup>21</sup> When his death was known, the people of the country wept in admiration of his sacrifice and threw rice cakes into the water to feed his ghost so that he would not be starved in the other world.

According to another story, there was a rebellious rising south of the Great River over two thousand years ago. The King of Lieh appointed a high official named Chu Yuan to go and quell it.<sup>22</sup> Although Chu Yuan did his best, he was unable to suppress the rebellion. He was deeply grieved because of his failure and besought the King to relieve him of his post and to send another general in his stead. The King was unwilling to do this, but Chu Yuan felt his lack of success so keenly that he took his own life by throwing himself into the River Mih Loh on the fifth day of the Fifth Month.<sup>23</sup> Some fishermen who witnessed the act hastily launched their boats to save him but could not even recover his body. Since then, on the anniversary of the suicide, the fishermen's attempt at rescue has been commemorated by a procession of dragon boats over the inland waters of China.<sup>24</sup> The procession of the past, however, has now developed into races between rival clans who own dragon boats.

Another legend explaining the festival tells of a maiden, Tsao O, whose father, a wizard by profession, was drowned on the fifth day of the Fifth Month. Inasmuch as the body could not be found, the daughter, then fourteen years old, wandered along the bank of the river and finally threw herself into the water. After a few days her body rose to the surface and in her arms was the body of her father.<sup>25</sup>

It is hardly probable that the suicide of a disappointed statesman or the exhibition of filial piety on the part of a daughter could be the real motive for

<sup>19</sup> Bredon and Mitrophanow, *op. cit.*, p. 301.

<sup>20</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 302.

<sup>21</sup> Herbert A. Giles, *A Chinese Biographical Dictionary*, Shanghai: Kelly and Walsh, Ltd., 1898, p. 200.

<sup>22</sup> Cormack, *op. cit.*, p. 157.

<sup>23</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 158.

<sup>24</sup> W. S. Walsh, *Curiosities of Popular Customs*, Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co., 1897, p. 349.

<sup>25</sup> Hodous, *op. cit.*, p. 136-7.

such a widely observed festival. However, Chu Yuan or Tsao may be taken to represent to everyone all the drowned who are regarded by the people as powerful deities that control the waters. The offering of rice cakes is no doubt intended to propitiate these supernatural beings so that they may send the waters down, not as destructive floods, but as fructifying rains bringing bountiful harvests and prosperity.<sup>26</sup> On the other hand, the dragon boat races may be taken to represent fighting dragons in order to stimulate a real fight between the Dragon Lords in Heaven. According to old myths, such fights were always accompanied by heavy rains which were badly needed in the draught season.<sup>27</sup>

The Harvest Moon Festival, celebrated on the fifteenth day of the Eighth Month, is one of the most joyous occasions of the year. It is also one of the most important dates in the Chinese calendar as it coincides with the moon's birthday.<sup>28</sup> According to an old Chinese theory, the moon and the sun are the two great principles that control Nature. The sun is considered as the source of virile energy, light, and heat. The moon is regarded as typifying darkness and cold. The sun has been the dominating power in the early part of the year, but in the Eighth Month, when summer heat gives way to autumn coolness, the moon begins to take the upper hand in Nature. "The fifteenth night of the Eighth Month is the moon's apogee; at no other time is she so bright and brilliant."<sup>29</sup> The background of this festivity, however, is not only the worshipping of the Queen of Night but also in the nature of thanksgiving as at this time harvest is assured and a part of it is already gathered in.<sup>30</sup>

The moon-cake—a round pastry filled with sugar and fragrant petals—is made especially for this occasion as an offering to the Queen of Night. Its shape not only symbolizes the moon but also stands for unity.<sup>31</sup> A story is often told of the leading part it played in liberating the Chinese people from their Mongol oppressors.

In the Fourteenth Century, the Mongols gained control of China, and many Chinese patriots were massacred. Fearing that in time the Chinese people might be strong enough to retaliate, the Mongol rulers commanded that each Chinese household should have a Mongol as one of the inmates of the house and that he should be treated as one belonging to the family. These Mongols stationed in Chinese homes were in effect spies, and they prohibited intercourse between one household and another.<sup>32</sup> They were exceedingly overbearing, taking to themselves the power of rulers in the houses and forcing all to bow to their will. The women especially were treated like slaves

<sup>26</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 137.

<sup>27</sup> Bredon and Mitrophanow, *op. cit.*, p. 303.

<sup>28</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 303.

<sup>29</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 398.

<sup>30</sup> Hodous, *op. cit.*, p. 179.

<sup>31</sup> Bredon and Mitrophanow, *op. cit.*, p. 399.

<sup>32</sup> Cormack, *op. cit.*, p. 173-5.



under their yoke. There was no chance for the Chinese to organize a rebellion since they were closely watched by the Mongol spies. They were utterly helpless under the Mongols' oppression. But the deep hatred they had for the Mongol oppressors urged them to look for means by which they could rally all the people for a wide-spread rising without the suspicion of the spies. Their efforts were not unrewarded. One day they hit upon the idea of writing a secret message on the little red paper squares stuck on the moon-cakes. When sent, as they still are, from neighbor to neighbor and friend to friend, the pastries carried the order for a rising en masse at midnight on the fifteenth day of the Eighth Month.<sup>33</sup> Though the oppressed Chinese people were without weapons save their kitchen choppers, hatred strengthened their arms. The surprise attack succeeded, and the revolt ultimately led to the complete overthrow of the Mongol Dynasty. For this reason, the festival is specially celebrated by the Chinese women in remembrance of the deliverance of their forebears from the oppressors. It is also called the Festival of Reunion by the Chinese people in memory of the day when it was made possible for them to become closely united after years of isolation.<sup>34</sup>

It is no exaggeration to say that "festival is the most concrete expression of collective emotions."<sup>35</sup> It has already become one of the most important factors in the social life of the Chinese. Though the wasteful expenditure lavished by the people on occasions of festivity has been blamed by the government as one of the causes of the economic difficulty in the country, yet it seems only fair to say that the government itself neglected the many social advantages to be derived from festivals and has shown no interest in using the solemnity and pageantry of festivals as means to cultivate civic loyalty and patriotism.

<sup>33</sup> Bredon and Mitrophanow, *op. cit.*, p. 400.

<sup>34</sup> Cormack, *op. cit.*, p. 175.

<sup>35</sup> Edwin R. A. Seligman, ed., *Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences*, New York: Macmillan Co., 1944, p. 200.

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# I Have a Kingdom!

ANNE POTTHAST

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 11*

**M**Y KINGDOM CONSISTS OF A HARD, WOOD DESK, PILED high with books, and a straight-back chair, scratched with use. Here I sit for hours on end and rule. I rule each author whose books are in my kingdom, by choosing to read or to ignore his works. I rule the printed words and voiced words of my friends, my teachers, and my superiors, deciding which I shall use, and which I shall cherish. My kingdom is small and cluttered, but rich in inspiration and silent consolation.

Just to the left and above my throne, the pictured likenesses of a few close friends are tacked on a dull blue blotter. Above these snapshots a likeness of the Sacred Heart of Jesus holds the place of honor. Next to it, a yellowed piece of cardboard bears the scrolled inscription—IF, FOR GIRLS. "If you can be a girl and glory in it, because it is the place for you to fill, if you can be a lady every minute—if nothing less than what is best can win you, you'll be the girl God meant for you to be!" This poem was a gift from my mother on my sixteenth birthday. The few elaborately printed lines have become a source of comfort and act as a booster shot, building up added immunity against the little temptations that beset me on all sides.

Then comes my calendar, with its scribbled reminders and memoirs of meetings, parties and dates. Last but not least on my bulletin board can be found the souvenirs of my last year in high school—dance bids, gay colored paper napkins, football programs, a fuzzy comic valentine, limp corsage ribbons, and newspaper clippings—stabbed into the wall with straight pins and thumb tacks.

Right next to my desk, within easy reach, is my bookcase, bulging with text books and stacks of hastily-written notes. A small wine-colored radio graces the top shelf, together with Humpy, a soft, yellow rabbit, who fills the office of mascot in this peculiar kingdom.

Confusion reigns supreme on the desk itself. A wooden letter-holder, carved by the stubby hands of my younger brother, takes up at least four square inches; a tiny blue vase, souvenir of Washington, D. C., is in constant danger of tottering to the floor and smashing to pieces. Two framed pictures, a study lamp, a dust-covered ink bottle, and a lost button occupy the outer edge, while on both sides the most frequently used school books are heaped, leaving only a small open space down the middle to actually work on!

Pinned to my study lamp are abbreviated notes to myself—"See advisor, see psych. quiz instructor about grade, buy soap"—. In hurrying to and fro these busy days, forgetfulness results from the fierce battle of the many

thoughts, ideas and worries that fight for recognition in my small brain. The notes help to refresh my memory, and as I complete each task, I cross it off the list.

Every evening, I struggle to enrich my mind with the great works of other men, and from the same spot comes all creative work of my own—inspired themes, Spanish assignments and term papers flow from my pen to either do me honor or to bring disgrace.

So you see, I have quite a kingdom. Although no blaring bands or scarlet-coated footmen greet me on my return home, there is the soft swish of wet leaves on the window pane, and my stuffed, jolly rabbit and tall, straight lamp stand in dumb respect while I once more ascend the throne.

## "Hamp"

GEORGE TROUTMAN

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 1*

PSYCHOLOGISTS SAY THAT PERSONS AND EVENTS connected with childhood are among the strongest factors influencing the remainder of an individual's life. For this reason, if for no other, I have always felt extremely fortunate that I knew Hamp Peterson.

Hamp was an elderly colored man who did odd jobs about the farm on which I was reared in south Georgia. Since the jobs were largely inconsequential and not overly time-consuming, and because his two sons were grown men with families of their own, he spent a large portion of his days and often his nights teaching my two brothers and me the things which he enjoyed doing most—hunting, fishing, and trapping. To Hamp these things were uppermost in life. He was happiest doing them, and, indeed, his actual livelihood often depended upon his ability to do them well.

He gave us an insight into many of the secrets of the woodsman. From him we learned where to find the biggest fish in the streams and how we should walk on the bank away from the sun so that our shadows would not be cast onto the water. He taught us how to tread lightly and silently on the leaves and grass in order to avoid frightening the squirrels and other small game when we were hunting. We learned to tell whether the rustle of a tree branch was caused by a breeze or by a small animal and whether the tracks beside a stream were made by a bear, by a racoon, or by a skunk. He told us what bait to use in our traps, where we should set them, and how to camouflage them so that they would look natural. Before long we were able to recognize many different plants, berries, and trees, such as the sassafras tree, whose flavorful root we boiled in water and made into a very tasty tea for many of our camping trips. We learned to find our directions in the woods

and to determine which snakes were poisonous and where they would lurk. He taught us to recognize the calls of many birds and animals and to differentiate between the chattering of an excited wood thrush and the bark of a feeding fox-squirrel.

As Hamp influenced my childhood by familiarizing me with the friendly curiosities of the outdoors, he left for my manhood many unforgettable memories and an undying love of nature. Unwittingly, he taught me the priceless ability to relax. The jostling crowds and blaring automobile horns are far away when I make camp at dusk and look up at the twinkling stars as they make their appearance behind the disappearing sun. The tribulations of my everyday life are dwarfed or forgotten when I hike across a green meadow surrounded by serene and majestic trees. Because of Hamp I learned a set of values which makes me place contentment ahead of overwhelming material success.

As I wandered through the woods with Hamp, I thought, as a boy does, of only the excitement and pleasures of the moment. Now as I look back, however, I realize that my associations with Hamp have served to make my life a fuller, richer, and more enjoyable one.

## Watch Out! Here Comes a Pedestrian

IRENE L. SHUETT

*Rhetoric X-101, Assignment 3*

**A**MONG THE NATIVE POPULATION, CHICAGO IS A CITY of stoppers-in-their-trackers. We are all familiar with the ambling tourist who stops and gazes around every few dozen paces, and any Chicagoan worth his salt can recognize him half a block away and avoid him. The dangerous ones are the natives who trot along at the usual rapid pace, then stop dead with no warning. I can be tolerant of the weave-in-and-outers and the poke-alongers and can even go along with the don't-quite-know-where-they're-goingers, but if I ever can get from Monroe Street to Wacker Drive without whamming into some sudden stopper it would be a red-letter day for me. This species in its advanced stage stops and bends over in one motion, leaving the fellow behind him with a 50-50 chance of going fanny over forelock.

The usual pace of the experienced downtowner is a sort of half gallop with considerable body English, closely resembling broken field running. The scout for the Chicago Bears is missing a bet if he fails to spend a little time watching the Dearborn Street swivelhips during the five o'clock rush. He



could learn a few new angles from watching them take advantage of a hole in the line to gain a few yards. Of course there are no ground rules here, and a straight arm or shoulder and elbow thrust are not considered foul unless they are tried on someone bigger than yourself.

Those who go through a revolving door and then stop right in the doorway are a little unnerving, too, as they leave only the choice between giving them a shove and going around again. Since few persons care to make like a merry-go-round, these stoppers usually get their richly-deserved shove. Close kin to these are the Revolving Door Deadheads. Nobody minds giving the door an extra push for an old lady, but usually it is the old lady who is doing the muscle work while some sweet young thing strolls through without soiling her hands.

I can never understand how (or why) the street corner conferrers live so long. These are usually ten or twelve teen-agers or half a dozen assorted fortyish females standing right in the cross traffic, giggling and nudging one another as they decide which movie or restaurant is suitable to all, while the air gets bluer and bluer from the comments of the passersby.

We won't discuss the spitters-on-the-sidewalk. They belong in the same category as the pigeons, only the pigeons don't know any better. But to round out our study of the pedestrian, we surely cannot overlook the sturdy fellow who gets in the back corner of a crowded elevator in a twenty-story building and wants out at the second floor; or those who will stand out in the middle of the street when a fire engine is screaming for clearance; or those who take a lead off the curb when the traffic light is against them. What's that? Crossers-in-the-middle-of-the-blockers? Well, that *was* unkind!

Downtowners are a stolid lot, too—not easily surprised. A tandem bicycle manned by a couple in gay 90's clothes, advertising the recent opening of "The Drunkard," rated no more than a second glance. A little colored boy leading a Shetland pony down the middle of the street car tracks got attention only from the irate motormen behind him. A disheveled man with a black eye, so badly beaten up that he could scarcely stand, lurched along one morning; not a soul offered him help. Uniforms of all kinds and nations raise no eyebrows; and the designer of the backless, strapless, topless sun dress can find it sauntering around downtown along with its cousin the bra-and-shorts combination any sunny day.

It takes a man in Scottish kilts to turn the heads of these stout folk. With knees agleam and bonnet tilted at an impossible angle, he stopped traffic when he strode down Wabash Avenue with his bright red plaid kilts and sporran swinging in time to every step. Heads turned that day. Not only did people stare; they stopped and stared, started on, and stopped and turned and stared some more. I didn't think anything could rouse these blase pedestrians, and when I saw the sensation he was creating, I wanted to fling my hat in the air and cheer.

# Blind People with Pink Velvet Poppies in Their Hair

CHARLES BOUGHTON

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 7*

DOROTHY PARKER ONCE WROTE A SHORT STORY called "Arrangement in Black and White". In it, she presented a satirized situation—no moralizing, no comment, no pain, no strain. Its overall impression might be illustrated by the final speech:

"I liked him," she said. "I haven't any feeling at all because he's a colored man. I felt just as natural as I would with anybody. Talked to him just as naturally, and everything. But honestly, I could hardly keep a straight face. I kept thinking of Burton. Oh, wait till I tell Burton I called him 'Mister'!"

Granted, the "woman with the pink velvet poppies twined round the assisted gold of her hair" has been exaggerated for purposes of clarity, but she is a pretty good example of all the hypocritical do-gooders who read *Kingsblood Royal* and immediately become enlightened and prejudice-free.

Actually, these people do more harm than good. They repress their prejudices and force themselves to act as they imagine the heroes in our current crop of anti-prejudice fiction would act. It is much more important to recognize the prejudice we all have for what it is and to try systematically and sincerely to combat it.

The "pink velvet poppy ladies" (and gentlemen—using the terms loosely) are easy to recognize. When they have recently forced themselves to behave "properly" in an "embarrassing situation," you will hear them boasting loudly of their accomplishments. They almost never succeed in realizing that these very boasts are a conspicuous attribute of the prejudice they claim to lack. The person who has truly conquered his prejudice thinks no differently of social contact with a Negro than he does of social contact with someone who happens to have blue eyes. There is nothing for him to brag about.

The "pink velvet poppy league" has another characteristic that stems from a failure to understand what its goals should be. Members of this league become social workers. They petition legislatures to alleviate the miserable housing conditions in "colored districts" Period. These things are all well and good, but they are in the nature of temporary relief and do not, in themselves, constitute any kind of permanent solution to the problem.

The object *is not* to force themselves to become friendly with all the "poor underprivileged Negroes"! The object *is* to meet every person you come in contact with as an individual; evaluate and treat him accordingly, without regard to his race or color.

Many people have come this far without understanding the last paragraph. If a Negro does not measure up to personal standards, the fact that he is a Negro does not give him special privilege or place him in a separate category. Further, physical repulsion alone does not constitute prejudice. It is just as easy for a white person to be repulsed by a member of his own race as by a Negro. If that repulsion stems from reasons other than color of the skin, there is no reason why it should be stifled. That way lies insincerity, artificiality, and nothing constructive. Neither is it fair to argue that I am wrong, that the Negro is a special case, that his environment is responsible. Environment is just as responsible in the case of his white counterpart. But prejudice has made it nearly impossible for the Negro to rise above his environment. That's where the social workers come in. They make it possible for an ever increasing number of Negroes to prove their individual worth and merit.

We must take this regrettably slow and painful path—the individuals must slowly (but permanently) refute the malicious rumors and misconceptions that surround their race—if this problem is ever to disappear.

## A Tax Review Board

MARGARET GRAHAM

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 4*

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND MANY OTHER PUBLIC UTILITIES are maintained by the taxing of property owners. Since there is much room for error in making true valuations of properties, a tax review board has been set up in nearly every county in Illinois to protect the taxpayer. This board is composed of a chairman, who must belong to the dominant political party of his county, plus three other property-owning members. One of these three members must represent the opposing political party. The function of the board of tax review is to equalize and correct any discrepancies in assessed property valuation.

Each year the local tax assessor inspects each of the parcels of property within his district and sets a valuation of what he considers eighty per cent of its current sale value. Since his time is limited, he must sometimes make hasty surveys of this property and often this results in erroneous assessments and unfair tax bills.

Some of the most common errors made by the tax assessor are: (1) assessing improvements or buildings which are not completed; (2) assessing over the eighty per cent true valuation standard; (3) assessing farm land on the same scale per acre as urban property; (4) including on the personal property tax roll items such as automobiles which have depreciated beyond taxing value; (5) neglecting to assess new improvements; (6) assessing properties of comparable value unequally.

Whenever the taxpayer feels that he has been unfairly assessed, he may file a complaint with the board of tax review, stating the reasons for his complaint and stating what he believes would be a true valuation. The board members then make a thorough investigation of the property in question and a hearing is set in order that the taxpayer may hold a personal interview and express his opinions. At this time the board hands down its decision. In the event that the property has been unfairly assessed, a writ of error is issued, a change of assessed valuation is recorded in the tax books, and the tax bill is lowered to its proper amount.

## Safe and Sane Serenades

JAMES DECKER

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 5*

"PLAGUE UPON YOU, LOVESICK RASCALS! GET YOU gone, you noisy villains!" These lyrics from a song written by Haydn show that even in his day the amorous serenader was not popular with the unmusical slumberer. The fact that this condition remains may discourage a newcomer to the art of musical wooing. However, if a prospective charmer is careful and benefits from past experience as I have done, he will find that by and by he will be offensive to only a few of the immediate neighbors of the fair maiden being serenaded.

Unfortunately, my first serenade suffered from the blunderings that are so typical of impetuous youths. It happened like this. The lady had confined herself to her room with the inadequate excuse that she had to do homework. My friend asked me to help him gain an audience with her, so I suggested a serenade. That was my first mistake. My next mistake was ringing the doorbell. The person who opened the door was some pale, ghastly creature with metallic objects fastened to her head. She identified herself as the lady in question, whereupon I ordered her to her room so that we could serenade her in the more obscure darkness outside. While I was singing Italian arias *fortissimo*, my friend, who had not forgot his original purpose, was scaling



the wall to the damsel's window. It was in this awkward situation that we were discovered—or caught if you like—by a perturbed neighbor. Mumbling something about testing the acoustics, we made our apologies and fled, our serenade a complete failure.

Nevertheless I learned many things from this valuable experience which has made me more popular with everyone concerned. First, I learned that you should be fairly sure the person being serenaded will enjoy it. Second, always throw pebbles to attract attention. It frightens the person so much that she is relieved to see it is only a harmless warbler. Third, sing soft love ballads with beautiful words. Actually the words are more effective than the music because the listener thinks the lyrics pertain to her and is often quite moved by their sentiment. In this manner a usually inept conversationalist may become eloquent enough to profess the passion that is in his soul, and even some that is not. But the important rule is to keep your feet on the ground and travel light. By following these simple rules, I have reduced the occupational hazards of the serenade considerably, making it a more pleasurable experience.

## And the Rains Came Upon Us

DAVID A. TRAEGER

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 12*

DURING ONE OF THOSE LATE SUMMERS IN MY MIDDLE teens when things were beginning to drag a little and school was not quite ready to revolutionize once more my way of living, Ron Blair mentioned to me that his father had promised him the car for a two-week vacation if he had any worthwhile plans for a trip. Now Ron seemed to have the urge to go to Canada and when he asked me to go with him, I thought the trip would be fun.

The first problem was to obtain my parents' permission; and though Mom and Dad were somewhat shocked at my request, I received their approval. I suppose they figured that the trip might bring out the man in me; Mom and Dad were always looking for the man in me, and I did so want them to find it.

Ron and I began making plans for the trip. We decided to make it a canoe trip. Canoe trips always sounded exciting to me; and although I'd never before been in a canoe, I felt quite qualified for the venture because I had been a Boy Scout and I had read a couple of books about canoe trips—*Captain Rawlings Goes Over the Falls* and *The Go-Ahead Boys in the North Woods*. Ron and I decided that the trip could be taken most efficiently if we had two

more boys with us. We asked Len Koenen and Bob Lock, and they were quite willing to risk the trip. Bob wanted to know if there were any girls in the crew; fortunately there were none.

We all did some calculating as to the expenses of the trip, and Ron was elected to purchase all the food we were to take. We always split the food bills in four, but I noticed later that the food was not always distributed as exactly. As for equipment, the other three boys had the idea imbedded in their thinking that the Canadian rain season had already passed; and therefore, tents would be not only heavy but quite unnecessary. As gullible as I am, I believed the boys; however, I finally persuaded them to take sleeping bags.

We decided to make Ely, Minnesota, our starting point. There we planned to leave the car, rent two canoes, and begin our journey. To me the whole plan seemed well organized though there was some quibbling about the type of food Ron had purchased. Ron had not bought much meat of any kind.

Early on a Monday morning, we left home in Ron's car. I can still see my parents—in that worried, uneasy stance they sometimes have when I am involved in a leavetaking—at the door; Mother was trying so hard to smile. Ron's father had given him explicit instructions to drive carefully—under fifty miles an hour. We managed to follow orders well for the first twenty-five miles. We all took turns driving, but Ron always saw to it that he was in the front seat. I noticed when I was driving that Ron was trying to help me. He often would stamp his foot on an imaginary brake when he thought we were approaching danger. Once I even caught him shifting gears with a fishing pole he had resting between his legs. He seemed quite nervous.

We couldn't make Ely the first day. We stopped along the way and practiced using our sleeping bags by the roadside. Lord knows why we needed the practice because we had plenty of practice sessions in the immediate future. However, the next morning we drove on. We arrived at Ely that afternoon and went to the Canoe Country Outfitters' agency. We checked out two canoes for ten days—the boys decided to make the trip ten days instead of two weeks because they were getting homesick. After taking in a movie called *Up in Central Park*—Judy Garland was in the movie; I remember her because she used to be my favorite actress—we spent the night in Ely Central Park. The boys thought they needed more practice with their sleeping bags.

We arose early in the morning and went to the agency in the car. We put the canoes on the car and rented three pack sacks into which we put all the food and small equipment. Then we drove over to the waterfront. After Ron had parked the car on three different safe-looking spots and had locked each door twice, we were ready to start.

After we had put the canoes into the water, we placed the pack sacks in the canoes. The canoes seemed as if they were loaded to capacity even though

we were not in them as yet. Somehow, we managed to make room for ourselves; we shoved off singing the "Volga Boatman."

I would not say that we were expert mariners, and at first, we made very little, if any, progress. The canoes didn't seem to sense the direction we had so carefully planned to follow, and several times one canoe would pass the other going in the opposite direction. Before long, everyone was very tired and aching, but we were not the ones to quit so soon.

Our first portage was the worst. The pack sacks were loaded to the brim; we were tired, and the canoes seemed so awkward to carry that even the portage itself seemed long. We had to make several trips back and forth before we were ready to continue.

Once again, we were in the water. Some Girl Scouts passed us, and I think they were laughing at us. We passed the Ranger Station separating the United States and Canada. The realization of the fact that we were now in foreign territory occasioned a rather general attack of nostalgia. As dusk approached that day, we pulled into a small island and made our camp for the night. No one had much to say. In a sort of listless confusion we prepared a meal consisting of bacon, baked beans, dried noodles, gelatin, canned milk, tea, apricots, and dill pickles. We should have been hungry because this was our first meal that day, but there was no great display of that enthusiasm so often shown by people eating a picnic supper. Somehow, the food we ate did not taste as good to me as Mother's cooking. My fellow-travelers must have had similar reactions, but we evaded the issue and agreed to take turns cooking thereafter. We finished our meal and crawled into our sleeping bags early; I for one was grateful for being physically tired.

Each day carried us farther into Canada. The days seemed about the same except for little incidents. We would stop only to eat, sleep, and rest. We intended to paddle into Canada for three days, find a camp, and stay there for four days. We allowed three days for the return trip. We noticed, as we progressed, that there were very few people in the area besides ourselves. Of course, we didn't mind looking at each other for the first few days, but later, I'd have given a day's rations to see another face besides that of Len, Ron and Bob.

The outfitters had supplied us with a map which we were trying to follow. Once, when we referred to the map for our position, we found that we were supposed to be in a narrow channel; we happened to be at the time on a very wide lake. We concluded that the map was misprinted and threw it overboard. The boys claimed that the sun was used as a guide by the ancients, and who are we to argue with the ancients? Many cloudy days were to follow.

Eventually, we came to the conclusion that we were lost. After some frustration among the crew, we spotted a lone cottage on the shore to the left. We paddled toward the structure and found an old fisherman sitting on a pier leading out from the cottage. The old man was chewing tobacco, and



he had his eyes set firmly on the waters beneath his overhanging feet. His hands tenaciously held a fishing pole which he apparently had been using since he was a child. We asked the man if he could tell us where we were and how we could get back on our planned route. After some deliberation, the fisherman gave us some directions. I think he resented such intrusions on his peace and quiet because he kept muttering, "Damn kids, always scaring my fish."

We made two unnecessary portages just to get back on the route. By the time we made the portages, we had been traveling for three days. The food was still holding out, and the weather had been favorable. We were accustomed to our sleeping bags at last, and we seemed in better physical condition than we had been previously. The time had come to look for a four-day camp site. We found a beautiful island surrounded by huge boulders. The island seemed uninhabited, and we thought that the boulders would make excellent diving platforms. Later we discovered that the boulders were also suitable for playing "leap-frog."

Here on the island, we began to see the intensity of Canadian night rainfall. Each night on this island, the rains would descend just after we were neatly tucked inside our sleeping bags. We had no tents, and, although we were surrounded by huge pine trees, the rain seemed all the more determined to drench us. We soon arranged to take turns waiting up for the rain. The rains would usually come without much warning, but as soon as the "rain-scout" realized showers were coming, he would quickly awaken the rest of the crew. Then we would stuff all the perishable food and valuable equipment in our sleeping bags and spend the rest of the night sleeping among oranges, pancake flour, bacon, sugar, tea, and potatoes. I spent the most uncomfortable nights of my life on that island when I was sleeping in the water. We always managed to dry out our sleeping bags during the sunny days only to have them soaked again at night when new rains would seep through the canvas and bathe our feet.

Rain was not the only worry we encountered at this time. Quite a bit of our food was gone. Some of the food had been destroyed in the rains, some had been used as fish bait, and some had been wasted in a food war we staged one morning when we were in a peculiar mood. We found that we had no meat left at all except when someone would bring back a fish. After we had completed taking inventory, we actually had three boxes of pancake flour and two boxes of Bisquick. That was all. I didn't care much for the fish the boys infrequently brought home, and I soon became tired of pancakes for breakfast, biscuits for lunch, and pancakes for supper. I swore that I would never eat pancakes or biscuits again if we ever got back home. I think the meals might have impaired our health somewhat. We didn't talk to each other much at all. Len and Bob had a big argument when Len found that Bob was hiding a box of sugar in his sleeping bag. Bob had been using sugar on his pancakes



and biscuits. The only other disturbance was when Ron thought he heard Indians in the woods one night. We finally convinced him that the noise was made by a bear or snake, and he seemed relieved as he quietly turned over to sleep again.

When the time to start back home came around, we were almost too eager. The realization that soon we would be back in civilization, that soon we would be able to nourish ourselves with decent meals, and that soon we would be able to shelter ourselves from the mighty rains seemed to drive our paddles deeper and faster into the choppy blue waters.

We arrived back at Ely two days after we had left the island even though we had been delayed four hours one afternoon by a violent thunderstorm. We pulled the canoes ashore and literally raced to the nearest restaurant. Unshaven as we were, we all indulged in one of the biggest feasts we had ever eaten. Finishing the meal, we returned our canoes and pack sacks to the outfitters' agency; and after we had paid the bill, we had very little cash to spare. Consequently, we slept that night in the park again. That night I saw the *Aurora Borealis* for the first time. The sight was one of the most beautiful I have ever seen, as all kinds of colored formations darted in and out among the clouds.

We arose early the next morning, and we started back home in the car. We seemed to drive very fast, and even Ron seemed in a hurry when he drove. By nightfall, we were on the Chicago side of Madison, Wisconsin. Ron refused to let the car be driven at night, but Len and I were so eager to get home that we decided to hitchhike the rest of the way that night. We had moderate luck until four o'clock in the morning. We had been picked up seven times, but most of the rides were of short duration. With fifty cents between us, we were halfway home and couldn't buy a ride from there. We fell asleep along the roadside without sleeping bags. In the morning, I found a telephone and called my mother. She hesitantly agreed to come to the rescue and pick us up.

That ride home in our familiar family car,—with my mother at the wheel asking innumerable questions, admonishing a little but sympathizing a lot as I looked at her with my sleepless, lean, bearded face—is one of the most pleasant rides I can remember. I was beginning to feel normal again, anticipating the comforts and security of home. Len and I were just complimenting ourselves on not waiting for the other boys when Mother turned into the driveway. There on our front lawn sat two smiling boys, Ron and Bob, looking clean, refreshed, and ever so pleased with themselves. They had had a full night's sleep at the place where Len and I had left them—and they had been home already for six hours. Such is life.

# No Place to Hide

RICHARD M. BARTUNEK

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 6*

THE TIME IS ABLE DAY MINUS THIRTY. IN ONE SHORT month the world will have an answer to the riddle of the effectiveness of the atomic bomb against naval weapons. Do these thirty days represent the remaining existence of the Bikini fleet, or of the world, or neither? Can the blasts spark a fission reaction between the billions of water molecules of the Pacific Ocean? Are the ports of the west coast in danger of being smothered and smashed by herculean tidal waves?

The answers to these questions are now history, due to the efforts of the scientists of Operation Crossroads who observed and interpreted the great experiment and formulated the log of events before, during, and after the detonation of the Bikini bombs. Doctor David Bradley was assigned to the Radiological Monitors Division of Joint Task Force One. *No Place to Hide* is his diary.

The book is written for the masses. The language is simple; anyone with a smattering of high school chemistry or merely an understanding of barber shop nuclear physics will not be troubled by the author's scientific terminology. Had the book been written otherwise, Doctor Bradley would have defeated his own purpose. He is an exponent of, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." He believes, and who doesn't, that atomic energy is here to stay, wanted or unwanted. He believes that men must either come to understand atomic energy and learn to live with it, or return to their caves and prepare for a third Dark Age.

The scientific arm of Joint Task Force One assembled in May of 1946 aboard the converted hospital ship the *U.S.S. Haven* in San Francisco Bay. The date set by President Truman for Test Able was July first. In one month the largest scientific army in history had mustered its forces at Bikini, a heretofore unimportant dot in the vastness of the Pacific. The "game" was about to begin. Navy was playing host to the Army Air Corps. The spectators were 40,000 technicians. The participants of the game were a huge target fleet comprised of ships of almost every type, drawn from the navies of many nations, and two seemingly insignificant bombs. Although there would be no winner, the "smart money" was bet on the Air Corps. The object of the game was, supposedly, to determine the better method of destroying an enemy's fleet. The plan for the first half, called "Test Able," was to detonate a bomb several hundred feet above the masts of the test fleet. The "knockout punch," if one was required, was to be delivered in "Test Baker"—a detonation at the water line. When the balls of fire that had been first used in New Mexico

and later at Hiroshima and Nagasaki had diffused themselves into live steam and seared battleships, the hardest job of Operation Crossroads, the work of the so-called "ground keepers," began. The task of determining the far-reaching effects of the two explosions was left to the scientist. Marine biologists began their studies of the effects of radiation on fish and marine plant life. Doctors, physicists, and chemists worked side by side safeguarding, or trying to safeguard, the health of the men who were assigned to the inspection of the dead, but still deadly fleet. Oceanographers began their study of the effects of the tremendous shock waves upon the coral formations of the atoll. By October the necessary data had been assembled, confiscated, and swallowed in a maze of military security. Operation Crossroads was dissolved.

The Bikini tests were a failure not because of error in observation, but because of error in publicity. Had the world been presented with the real results of the twin explosions and been allowed to examine what was left of the once proud *Enterprise*, the *New York*, and the *Pensacola*, Tests Able and Baker would not have been in vain. Our civilization is doomed unless people begin to think in terms of peace rather than in the "safety" fabricated from stockpiles of death and destruction. There is no real defense against atomic weapons. There is no place to hide.

## Wealth Can Be as Dangerous As Poverty

DON COE

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 12*

THE REAL DANGER IN BOTH POVERTY AND WEALTH lies in the reaction of the individual to extremes of wealth or poverty.

For the purposes of this discussion, wealth will mean the abundance of material goods, and poverty will mean the lack of material goods. It is possible to be spiritually wealthy while lacking material wealth; Christianity teaches us this virtue. We shall not concern ourselves with spiritual wealth.

There is an old proverb passed down through the ages which reads, Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do. This is a fitting proverb for this discussion because it describes in two words, idle hands, the danger which lies in wealth.

Man's ego is endowed by nature with an expressive or creative desire to produce material goods and to further the progress of civilization. Combating the creative urge in man is a natural instinct which is called laziness. These two urges are in constant conflict every minute of the day.

If a person is endowed with material wealth, his necessity to produce or create material goods is removed, and the forces of laziness will dominate his

personality. Unless he is of a strong will power, he will degenerate into mental stagnation. This degeneration in itself is not harmful. The danger lies in the creative ego of man seeking expression through a degenerate and shrinking personality.

In order to satisfy the ego and attract attention, the creative urge goes to the negative extreme. Your attention is invited to the daily newspapers for proof of the preceding statement. Witness the number of brilliant and wealthy people of this nation who have embraced the doctrine of Communism. Is there a logical reason for the acceptance of Communism by wealthy people when the Communistic doctrine seeks to destroy their wealth? Is it logical to assume, then, that wealthy people accept a doctrine which seeks to destroy them because of a suppressed desire for self-expression which was suppressed by their own wealth?

A poor man is easily persuaded to accept a doctrine that will give him more goods for daily consumption. His philosophy of life could easily be that he has nothing to lose and everything to gain by a doctrine such as Communism. How easy it is for a shrewd man, gifted with organizational ability, to weld the manpower from the ranks of the poor people with the wealth from the ranks of the rich people, and create a powerful force to spread the doctrine of Communism. The wedding of wealth and poverty is gaining momentum in many parts of the world.

If wealth is as dangerous as poverty, what is the answer to the ills that plague mankind in his relationship with his fellow men? I do not propose a new doctrine to solve the world's ills. The answer lies in education of the individuals in their responsibilities to mankind. Moral and spiritual values must be taught to each individual before these values will be reflected in international relations. The education of the individuals will be a huge task, but the results will warrant the effort.

---

SCR-E-E-CH . . . C-RUNCH . . . A BROODING SILENCE . . .

then two simultaneous barrages of profanity shatter the atmosphere.

A peaceful afternoon on John Street is interrupted, and bleary-eyed students wander from the indeterminable shadows to investigate this clamor. Upon my arrival at the scene, two bespectacled chauffeurs were vehemently appraising each other's ancestry and character. The cause for all this hullabaloo was clearly evident in the form of two slightly outmoded roadsters; roadsters with crumpled radiators.

Deriving little satisfaction from the verbal battle, the chauffeurs' accusing fusillade dwindled to occasional bursts of censored remarks, mumbled threats, and belligerent grunts. At last, at a loss for words, they recorded one another's license numbers and stalked away with treacherous gleams in their eyes.

The spattering of student onlookers that had accumulated reluctantly dispersed, but not before proclaiming the criminal. I, curious as to the outcome of this episode, sought vainly for more information. Seemingly, it was just another happenstance of which life is composed and which will be swept into the doubtful yesterday.

F. J. D. MARTIN



# My First Taste of Maturity

AUDREY WILSEY

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 10*

I RECEIVED MY FIRST TASTE OF MATURITY ABOUT FIVE or six years ago, but yet I can remember every detail. How old was I? About twelve. I used to go to Hines Veterans Hospital to play the piano, entertain the boys, and give them cigarettes. Twelve years is a very young age, and I was young; I was innocent of the things life entailed.

One night in December, I entered the Hines Hospital with the purpose of entertaining the patients. I hopped up onto the movable piano ensemble, and the head nurse wheeled me along the corridor to Ward A.

Each ward contained forty boys, and as we entered the first ward, I saw forty heads duck under the covers. The room was silent. Suddenly one of the patients peeked out from beneath the covers and yelled, "Hey fellas, it's only a kid." In almost perfect unison, each man lifted his head from underneath his blanket. They greeted me with enthusiasm. I played a few ballads on the piano, and then with a sudden bang, I burst into a red-hot boogie woogie piece. The sounds of a loud, appreciative applause and shouts clamoring for more came like the first sight of a welcome mat. I played two additional boogie woogie pieces, and I stopped.

I reached for a large box filled with cigarettes and proceeded to distribute them to the veterans. One of the veterans had paralyzed hands, and he asked me to light his cigarette. Clumsily, I pushed the cigarette between his lips and lit it for him. I lingered a few moments to exchange polite conversation with him. During the conversation, he said to me, "You know, honey, you're the prettiest girl I've seen in a long time." I was flattered, but because of the self-consciousness of a twelve-year-old girl, I blushed and walked away. Later, my young mind started to function when a nurse mentioned to me that he was blind.

I went to four other wards; I played for four more hours, almost continuously. My thumb started to throb with pain as I beat out the boogie basses. I did not stop because I knew that I had only one more number to complete, and then I would be finished for the evening; then I could go home. My throbbing thumb kept in rhythm with my music. It seemed to beat out, "You are pretty; he is blind. You are pretty; he is blind. . . ."

When I finished the piece, the head nurse asked me to play for a patient down the hall. He was in a private room, and only the hopeless patients had private rooms. I told her that I would be glad to do anything that I could for him. The piano was pushed just outside the room. He could see me, but

I could not see him. He requested boogie woogie, and with my throbbing thumb, I played boogie as though my blood kept in rhythm with each beat of music. How my thumb ached! The beat, beat, beat of the pain again called out, "You are pretty; he is blind. You are pretty; he is blind. . . ." My thoughts were confused, and I wanted desperately to stop playing. I could not endure the pain in my thumb any longer. I had to stop, but yet I had to continue. That boy in the room wanted to hear it. Just at that moment, the head nurse whispered to me, "You may stop now. He can't hear you any more."

That night, I left the hospital with my first taste of maturity. I did not like it; it was bitter.

## Deathly . . . Silence . . .

F. J. D. MARTIN

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 12*

THE CADILLAC SPED TOWARD THE CROSSROAD FROM the south, and from the east came an old Ford. Two autos, each from a different direction, were approaching a common point. It was inevitable that they should meet.

The night is quiet. Someone has died. The quietness is broken by a wailing siren. Police arrive and place the red accident flares. Men in white uniforms are busy gathering fragments of men. A wrecker backs up to a twisted heap of metal. The wrecker's tires track through sticky blood and splintered glass. The metal shrieks its protest at being dragged away. A siren wails again and the men in the white uniforms are gone. A policeman mumbles, "They never knew what hit them. . . ." as he sweeps up the broken glass. Another is sprinkling saw-dust over the bloody highway. There are skid marks which will remain for days. The flares go out—the police get into their car—a starter whines for a moment and once again the night is quiet.

Ten miles away an old farmer is awakened by the ringing of the telephone. The caller whines . . . an accident . . . the old farmer mumbles his thanks and silently hangs up the receiver. A thousand miles away a telephone rings and is answered by a portly, gray haired business man. He clutches at a chair and collapses.

Later, the telephones are used again—friends and relatives must be informed and arrangements must be made. The two old men are alone by telephones with a story that must be told.

# The Menace of Television

RON CARVER

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 11*

THE CONTEMPLATIVE LIFE BEGINS TO VANISH BEFORE the menacing rise of television. When this rout of thought is completed, then nothing will remain of the intellectual dignity of this nation. The appeal of the new medium is so great that it draws its supporters from every level of life. Doctors, lawyers, scientists, teachers, and other such supposedly culturally advanced members of our society are just as liable to fall before the television menace as the man who drives the fruit truck for the store down the street. Television will eventually cover the nation as effectively as radio does now. When that day comes, then the softening-up attack on individual privacy (begun twenty-five years ago by commercial sound radio) will have been completed. The thought processes of men cannot at one moment entertain great thoughts and take in the offerings from the television screen.

Whatever works against the contemplative life is evil—or if this be too harsh, then call it inane or stupid. True cultural progress is only possible among those who believe in the contemplative life. And if these persons are subjected to constantly increasing invasions of the private life, then they will be drained of their strength and of their desire to continue on their chosen path. Their numbers will be decreased. Mental discipline—won over such fearful opposition—will wither away and become—even more than it is now—an object of derision. Why bother with the fuddy-duddyism of *this* discipline, cry the votaries of television, when such sweet pleasures await you, without requiring any effort of either your mind or body?

Television is evil. It destroys ideals that have taken long periods of time to gain favor. It increases the worship of the vulgar. It idealizes such men as Milton Berle, men who offer nothing worthwhile. Perhaps their slapstick comedy brings pleasure to people, and a certain amount of slapstick may be all right. But to have it in such and regular and unending flow, that is nonsensical.

As contemplation dies, so, too, do values lessen and become weakened. And when this happens, then a civilized society begins to lose its reason for being. Radio, or rather the *misuse* of radio, originated the menace to contemplative life. Television, its successor, will probably complete the task. In the light of its menace to contemplation, I can only repeat that television is an evil.

# Rhet as Writ

The coal mine shaft has been filled in to some extent by the city directors.

\* \* \*

"Life is sacred and no one has a right to limit the allotted span of another human being."

\* \* \*

"Aunts and bees are examples of natural Communists."

\* \* \*

"In this particular story he tells of a doctor giving birth to a baby by Caesarian operation."

\* \* \*

The city claims the distinction of having the shortest thermometer in the U. S.

\* \* \*

"I thought at that time the statement was very true and void."

\* \* \*

"Picasso lived with various women and was never without a practical joke."

\* \* \*

"If parents would teach their daughters the truth about sex, there would be a lot less misconception."

\* \* \*

One of the major problems I have run up against in college is the lack of mother.

\* \* \*

All in all, the new transmissions do away with a great deal of the drivers and do it better than most drivers are able to do it themselves.







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# THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing

THE LIBRARY OF THE



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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

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The committee in charge of this issue of THE GREEN CALDRON includes MARJORIE BROWN, HOWARD REUTER, ROBERT STEVENS, HARRIS WILSON, and GEORGE CONKIN, Chairman.



## THE GREEN CALDRON

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# Sentiment Rears Its Ugly Head

CHARLES BROUGHTON

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 13*

ONE OF THE MORE POPULAR WORDS IN MODERN LITERARY criticism is *sentimentality*. Literally, this word means emotionalism. This, we are told, is the literary equivalent to the bubonic plague, which the well dressed twentieth-century American author will avoid at all costs. The good little twentieth-century American author will retire to his garret and write bad imitations of Ernest Hemingway.

Pardon my sacrilege, but I think this sort of thing has gone on quite long enough. Ever since the very beginnings of American literature, there has been a tendency to pedestal things European. From this perspective, "European" has developed several connotations which make unfortunate models—a cool aloofness, sophistication, etc. The European plane is something devoutly to be wished—something a little above the crudeness of the New World. The unfortunate result of all this is that we have so enslaved ourselves to aping European culture, that it has become nearly impossible for us to be ourselves. The "American spirit" has become a very elusive thing.

Sentimentality is a part of that spirit because Americans are sentimental. Before un-American activities proceedings are started against me, let's see whether there isn't just a remote possibility that the foregoing statement is not an insult. I have already stated my conception of the literal synonym of sentiment, that is, emotion. Sentiment is some degree of emotion. To get more specific, sentiment implies the higher, more refined emotions, such as sympathy, tenderness, and sensitivity. Now what is so horrible about that? Oh, I grant you, the enemies of sentimentality are pitted against the extreme case—where emotion overrules the reason, and it's the sentimental author they loathe, not the sentimental plot or incident. But I will not grant that this is justified. I praise the skillful sentimental author. If he can jump all the emotion out of an incident, I cry hooray. It is only the unskillful, "gushy" author who is to be damned. He is to be damned, not because sentimentality is involved, but rather because bad writing is involved, which is quite another thing.

In their book, *Modern Rhetoric*, Cleanth Brooks and Robert Penn Warren condemn Bret Harte for a piece of sentimental writing. The following is the passage in question. It describes the last days of an innocent and of a prostitute.

"The wind lulled as if it feared to waken them. Feathery drifts of snow, shaken from the long pine boughs, flew like white-winged birds, and settled about them as they slept. The moon through the rifted clouds looked down upon what had been the camp. But all human stain, all trace of earthly travail, was hidden beneath the spotless mantle mercifully flung from above.

"They slept all day that day and the next, nor did they waken when voices and footsteps broke the silence of the camp. And when pitying fingers brushed the snow from their wan faces, you could scarcely have told from the equal peace that dwelt upon them which was she that had sinned."

Messrs. Brooks and Warren begin their criticism by pointing out an unspeakable crime. Mr. Harte "in his anxiety to stress the pathos of the scene and the redemption of the fallen woman, is not content to let the scene speak for itself." Think of that, he went so far as to interpret the scene! What's worse, he uses "pseudopoetic language"! Just exactly what, I would like to know, is "pseudopoetic language"? An affected term invented to cover up a weak argument, I think, or perhaps I have been wrong in thinking that language rich in poetic imagery and connotation is a supreme and rare virtue. I must be sadly behind the times, indeed. As a proof of which, I had better hurry to locate that catalogue of words which belong so exclusively to poetry that to use them elsewhere brands one as a "pseudo." Finally, Harte is accused of making a deliberate effort to arouse the reader's emotions. Need I go on? The authors' big criticism is, of course, that the situation doesn't warrant the emotion aroused. Good heavens! There is no earthquake, no seven county flood, merely the death of two human beings. Can you imagine anyone getting all worked up over that? I think this illustrates to what extremes this dread of sentiment has led us.

Let's break down these poses, this assumed *ennui*. When the point is reached where death is not considered a sufficient motivation for excessive emotion, I think it's about time, don't you? Surely the American people are not that cold blooded. If literature is to be an expression of the people, surely such suppression should not be one of its regulations. Sentiment is not an unmanly trait. It is a fundamental human quality—nothing to be ashamed of. Those who condemn it—or even those who condemn an occasional excess of it—are merely exhibiting their own affectation.

If there is anyone who doubts that sentimentality is a part of the so-called American spirit, let him look at the spontaneous period of American literary endeavor—the period before we had learned artifice—the period of tent shows and showboats. This was before we had time or desire to compare ourselves to our "European betters" of literature—before we learned to suppress natural exuberance. What did our grandmothers and great-grandmothers read and see and hear? *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *East Lynn*, *He Still Pursued Her*, *Ten Nights in a Bar Room*. But that was all a long, long time ago, you say? Not so long. But, all right, did you not listen to the six-or-seven-plot variation Lone Ranger programs when you were a child? Don't the "good-girl-goes-wrong-and-is-forgiven" stories sell millions of copies every year? No, Americans are a sentimental people.

I know of at least one modern, purely American expression that has not denied this; Jerome Robbins' short ballet, *Interplay*. It is a very mature work—a little beyond the concept that in order to illustrate the American

spirit you have to have cowboys and Indians. In fact, it has or suggests no locale and is set in no romantic period of the historic past complete with convenient traditions. The ballet makes many comments on the American character, among them breeziness, energy, spontaneity, inventiveness, playfulness, competition (particularly physical competition, sometimes going to the "show-off" extreme), unconventionality, and last, but not least, sentimentality. I say 'not least' not just because it is the specific quality I'm dealing with; the sentimental *pas de deux* (appropriately accompanied by dance-hall blues) has real choreographic emphasis—and incidentally usually draws the loudest applause.

Symbolic theatre is one of my favorite varieties, and understatement a la Hemingway requires much the same sort of "audience participation," so Mr. Hemingway has a place on my bookshelf. But real skill in consistent understatement is a rather rare individualistic gift. To hold it up as a goal to any large group of writers is a mistake. We'll get stuff like this: "He looked at the huge gash in his side. There was pain. He watched the blood gushing out of the wound and trickling down over his new, blue suit." Don't you think this can come as close to being a bubonic plague in literature as sentimentalism can?

## On the Threshold of Eternity

ANN LANKFORD

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 1*

ONCE SAW A PAINTING WHICH, BECAUSE OF ITS STARK realism and tragedy, I have never been able to forget. It is called "On the Threshold of Eternity" and pictures an old man sitting by a dying fire, with his face buried in his hands, and fear and foreboding in every line of his body. The picture is so realistic because there are many old men like that, men who reach an age late in life where they stop and wait in the empty present of their existences, reaching back longingly into the past and dreading to raise their eyes to the future. And it is because of these men that I consider my grandfather more than slightly remarkable. For his present is not filled by that foreboding or resigned patience, but by the still tangy taste of life and what it has to offer.

The resiliency of youth is perfectly illustrated by his physical resistance. Fifteen years ago, at the age of seventy-one, my grandfather fell from the high upper branches of a cherry tree. With his feet planted supposedly firmly on the top rung of a ladder, he was reaching out in his customary vigor when his foot slipped and he plunged down twenty or thirty feet to the concrete sidewalk. Later, outside Grandpa's bedroom door, the doctor shook his head somberly at my grandmother and warned her that her husband

would probably never walk again. A year later Grandpa was making his habitual daily trip to town without the aid of cane, crutches, or any other such "nonsense."

Today at the age of eighty-six, Grandpa has finally condescended to employ the use of a cane, but he slaps it down briskly as if it were the ornament of a Park Avenue gentleman and occasionally even leaves it standing forlornly in the corner of the grocery store while he trots merrily home without it. In walking, sitting, or standing, his back and whole posture are as little inclined to bend as if he were strapped to an ironing board. "I hate to see a man all hunched over," he says decisively. "If he's a man, let him walk like a man."

Perhaps the hard, active life Grandpa has led has something to do with his seeming inability to grow very old in spirit or body. From his boyhood, his days have been filled with the necessity of hard work. In Germany, the place of his birth, he was a homesick little apprentice to a wagon-maker at the age of fourteen. When he came to America at the age of twenty, he had nothing but the skill of his hands to help him in his business—wagon-making. During these years, he himself helped to build the home in which he still lives. Although he retired from work at seventy, he and my seventy-nine-year-old grandmother still maintain their large house, and they do all the work, not only for themselves but for two other people as well. It is certainly true that his life has given him not a hatred for work as perhaps might be thought, but a lasting respect for it and for the satisfaction it has brought him.

Every piece of work and every hobby engrosses him entirely. He enters upon everything he does with the same awareness and vigor. He is an ardent ball fan, and nothing short of the house burning down can distract him from a broadcast of his favorite team. With the avidity of a small boy on the bleachers, he cheers and mutters advice, all directed to the radio at his side. He reads the newspapers from first page to last and enjoys nothing more than a lusty argument over politics. Everything he sees about him is vitally interesting to him, especially because at his time of life he has more leisure to examine things properly.

I am never able to conceive of an end to Grandpa's life. In my mind the thing doesn't exist that could defeat him. One thing, though, I'm sure of: when the end comes, it will be as vigorous and untangled and clean as the life he lived.

\* \* \*

By mixing with people, a person can distribute his character over a larger group of people.



# Grandma's Plan

EVELYN K. BOHNEBERG

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 3*

MY GRANDMOTHER-IN-LAW HAS BEEN GETTING READY to die ever since I've known her. When my husband and I first started going together, she told me, in a very confidential manner, that she was seventy-two years old and wouldn't have much time on this earth. I was nineteen at that time and seventy-two sounded like a very ripe old age to be. After a lapse of ten years, it doesn't seem quite so old.

Grandma is a typical grandma, white-haired, fat, and eternally living in the past. She was left a widow at thirty-five with a boy of nine. She lost her son seven years ago. Since almost everyone she knows has already died, she is more than willing to join them, only, however, if they are in heaven.

Last summer while grandma was visiting us she gave my husband specific instructions, even to the most minute details, as to just what should be done when she dies. The conversation between them seemed somewhat morbid to me, and I commented on it when my husband and I were alone; but he pointed out that it is the only thing she has left to look forward to, and she is planning it as younger people plan a picnic.

Out of a small income she has bought her burial plot, coffin, cement box and headstone. She has even gone so far as to have her name and date of birth chiseled on the headstone, and my husband was advised that the chiseling of the date of death has also been paid for, and that he should make sure that the monument dealer doesn't charge for it again.

A few days after that morbid conversation, grandma and I went shopping. While we were in one of the department stores, we passed the yard goods counter, and I noticed some pretty blue material. I called grandma's attention to it and laughingly suggested that it would be just the kind of material for a dress for the occasion we had spoken of only a few nights before. An hour and a half later we left the store with pattern, buttons, thread, and six yards of material for grandma's burial dress. The next day grandma started working on her dress lest she die before she could finish making it, and fearful perhaps that no one else would make it just the way she wanted it.

We have received a letter from her since she returned home in which she thanked me repeatedly and, as she put it, "It would never have been made if you hadn't been so thoughtful." She also advised us that she is now working on a blue slip for the same occasion.

\* \* \*

Fast drivers don't cause accidents because by the time the accident happens a fast driver is past the place it happened.

# Fay

RUTH TASH

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 3*

THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS WHICH HAPPEN DURING the course of one's life that it is difficult to determine just when the power of objective reasoning leaves and its successor, human emotion, gains full control.

Perhaps in the case of Fay Baron this loss of the power to reason objectively could be traced to the death of her parents. More probably, however, the loss could be attributed to the fact that she had no choice but to witness, during the first World War, the desperate plights of her family and the families of others. The war destroyed everything which symbolized stability to her. But so many others fit into this category that one cannot generalize to such an extent as to say that she suffered more than others. There are tragedies occurring daily which leave for others the same devastation that the war left for Fay. No, it is not enough to find reasons. Human emotions go far beyond reasons. They venture into the very depths of the soul. "Why" is a most difficult word to understand and an even more difficult one to explain.

Prior to the war, Fay was, I imagine, not much different from others her age. There are times, if she is not too tired, when she will retell eagerly the anecdotes of her childhood days. Most of her early life was spent on a Lithuanian farm. Nature was her most intimate friend. She knew and understood it better than anything else. Those hours spent out-of-doors, whether it was winter or summer, were her happiest. She climbed trees with the agility of a skillful trapeze artist and was not even frightened by the terror of the countryside—a large, easily-excited bull. In fact, she and her two brothers spent many a delightful hour being chased by it. Once, however, it almost caught her, and from then on Fay and the bull were vicious enemies.

Her education was limited by necessity rather than choice. At the time of the war, she had completed what would be equal to our eight years of elementary education. Because of the death of her mother and father and the enlistment of her older brother in the National Army, she was forced to stop any further schooling she might have been capable of obtaining and leave her homeland.

It was a very frightened and bewildered fourteen-year-old girl who descended the gang-plank of the tramp steamer that spring day in the early '20's. She knew but a few words of English. Helplessly, she looked about for someone who could assist her. But even these problems, no matter how perplexing at the time, were no different from those which confronted the hundreds of other refugees who were with her. Yet she could not cope with them. She became ill and could not leave the point of disembarkation for several weeks.

A new environment is something to which one needs adjustment, and although it was difficult, her natural instincts told her she must become acquainted with her new homeland and the people who inhabit it. Because of her unusual shyness, she was an extreme introvert. Nevertheless, she welcomed the opportunity of going back to school. She learned to speak English, in a broken fashion, at a relatively fast rate. Unfortunately, circumstances prevented her from continuing school, and even today a slight foreign accent is detectable.

Her friends were few, and as a result, her only companion and teacher was the aunt whose home she shared. She was never a very attractive girl, for there was no one to help her choose her clothes or to teach her how to arrange her hair. When she met the man she was later to marry, she was a shy, uninformed girl of twenty.

Her husband became ill after the birth of their third child, a boy, one they had hoped for since their marriage. When this baby was sixteen months, her husband died. She tried from this point on to bear the burden alone. Then, five years later she had to sit back miserably and watch the state officials put her children in the homes of other people. There was no finer parent in the world. She came to visit them whenever the rules permitted, and never once did she fail to bring them something with which to cheer them.

Time passed almost too quickly, and her children were growing. But during this passage of time she, too, had grown. She had grown old and tired, and although thirty-one, she was nervous, physically exhausted, and completely out of social contact. She dressed the way her meager salary would allow. She always wore practical clothing in order to save enough to refurnish a home for her children. Her once coal-black hair was already streaked with grey, and her wonderful complexion became wrinkled from over-fatigue. The only characteristic feature which she retained was her pleasingly plump figure.

She tried not to miss the small luxuries which most people take for granted, but she lived only on the barest essentials. All this she did with the thought of having her children home again. She wanted this more than she wanted the power of life. It was not until six years later that her dreams were realized and her family was once more together.

Today her neatly combed hair is almost entirely grey. She still wears serviceable black oxfords and never goes off her carefully planned budget. She often insists that one black dress is good enough for factory work, and jokingly complains when one of her children buys her a gift of a new one.

She has based the remaining part of her life on her children's success; at times, she is unable to realize that she cannot lead their lives for them.

This wonderful person, who has realized so few of her own dreams, and who has given her entire life so that her children might live normal ones, is my mother.

# The Smell of Greasepaint

ELIZABETH YEATTER

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 1*

IT'S A HALF-HOUR UNTIL CURTAIN TIME, AND THE HOUSE seats have begun to fill. The props and costume crews are making final checks, and the directors are still arguing about the blue lights in the death scenes. People with unknown destinations are scurrying everywhere, and the whole set is alive with anticipation. Now is the time for the most exciting preparation of all—making up.

A make-up kit is set out. In it are the basic materials of theatrical cosmetics. There are bases, rouges, liners, powders, false hair, and nearby, and just as necessary, lots of cold cream and Kleenex. Ready? Then let's start.

First a base is applied. It may be the old standby, greasepaint, or it may be a liquid with an oil base. Whatever its form, the base must cover all visible skin. It looks a trifle strange to see an actor whose face and neck are different shades, no matter how well they look together. The base must also be applied sparingly lest the face look pasty onstage.

Next comes rouge. Wet rouge is used for the lips, wet or dry for the cheeks, although dry rouge usually assures a more even job. Eye-shadow should be applied in dabs to the centers of the eyelids and gently smoothed outward to make the eyes appear wider. Eyelashes, if pencilled, are extended slightly beyond the outer corners of the eyes. Lashes, brows, and wrinkles follow the natural lines. Smile-wrinkles are the easiest to trace. White liner, used to accent wrinkles, is tricky, and the more miserly the amount the better. The whole painted surface is finally doused with powder, the excess dusted off, and the lips repainted and blotted.

The final complexion of the subject depends on the number of base, powder, and rouge used. These are numbered in order of lightness from one to eight. Lighter shades are used by blonds and redheads, while brunets take a darker shade, one ranging from four to six. Boys take darker make-up than girls with the same skin and hair tones. In liners, blonds take blue eyeshadow and brown pencil, while brunets take brown shadow and black pencil.

The age and physical state to be portrayed are also factors to be considered. Darker bases make the skin look more faded. Deeper hollows in the eyes, less rouge or even a touch of blue on the cheeks, less lip-rouge, and lined wrinkles all give an older look, while a ruddier or lighter base, few wrinkles, pinker cheeks, and red dots on the inside corners of the eyes tend to accent youth. To make cheekbones and nose more prominent, a touch of white liner gives the needed emphasis.



False hair is applied with spirit gum. Liberal amounts of hair are glued lightly to the skin, then trimmed to fit the specifications.

These, of course, are the most basic of rules, but they can produce an unlimited variety of effects. Make-up, however, is a dangerous thing. Too little is no good at all; too much is worse than none. The effect must be subtle but unmistakable. Skillfully applied makeup gives new meaning to a character portrayal by allowing the actor to make the fullest use of facial expressions. A skillful job will eradicate certain elements of the actor's own personality and place an emphasis on or introduce traits dominant in the personality of the character.

It's a hard task, but it's well worth the effort, for, after all, that tube of greasepaint is a key to that wonderful land of make-believe that is the theater.

## What Religion Means to Me

IVAN DAVIS

*Rhetoric 101, Theme B*

SOME PEOPLE FEAR RELIGION. SOME RESERVE SUNDAYS for religion. Some claim not to possess any religion. It is not for me to decide whether they are right or wrong. I can only say that my religion is something I enjoy. I live my religion every day and every hour. I value my religion.

My religion is in the bustle of the cities—the streetcars, the trucks, and the automobiles. I see it in department stores, in railroad stations, and in restaurants. It is in the crowds of people, surging restlessly through the streets.

My religion is in the sweet sanctity of the country. It includes the ever-patient trees, the grass, and the gently whispering meadow streams. It is in part the hummingbird, the meadowlark, and the eagle. In my religion there is room for the skies, the clouds, and the rain.

My religion is not stiff or dignified. I enjoy my religion as much on a picnic as I do in a church, or alone. It is with me while I walk to and from classes, or while I study. Still, I enjoy the dignity of a church service, for much can be gained from such a ceremony.

My religion does not need pomp or grandeur, for I find it in the laughter of children and the quiet joy of parents. I feel it in the comforting sun, and the restless breeze. It is in Jupiter and Venus, the moon, and the Milky Way. Yet my religion sees the awe-inspiring ocean and covers the majesty of a towering volcano.

Nothing is too great or too insignificant, for to me religion is a way of life, and my religion loves life.

# The Atom and I

FRIEDA WALLK

*Rhetoric 101, Placement Test*

I DO NOT HAVE A SCIENTIFIC MIND. OF ATOMS, PROTONS, and neutrons I know practically nothing. Nevertheless, I have been forced to the conclusion that these scientific terms are very important to me. I must have as great an interest in them as I have in my personal welfare because my very existence may depend on how the knowledge of atoms is employed. No longer do I blithely say, "Oh, I never could understand things like that," and continue on my way. I am taking a new attitude toward the atom because I am interested in staying alive.

Scientists, the benefactors of mankind, worked for many years to discover the intricacies of the atom. Now there are people who are sorry these facts were ever discovered at all. They charge that the scientists have gone too far. I do not share their opinion. It is not the scientists who have gone too far; it is the people who haven't gone far enough. Knowledge of the atom is wonderful, for there are many benefits which can be obtained from it. The duty lies with the people to take an active interest in the atom, to learn about its potentialities in all fields. It is this belief which has changed my own attitude toward the atom.

I am seventeen years old. In a short time I shall be accepting my responsibilities as a citizen. All around me there are people shaking their heads in dismay. They say that my generation is facing a crisis; perhaps they are right. Bewailing one's condition is hardly ever a solution to a problem, however. I want to be able to face the problem with a certain amount of knowledge concerning it. If I am unable to meet the situation, I am not keeping pace with a rapidly advancing world.

For these reasons I have listened and tried to learn. The social results of the knowledge about atoms is something I can understand. I need little understanding of science to know that my entire home town could be demolished by one bomb developed by our modern knowledge.

Yes, I realize that the atom affects me, but I also realize that it is something that can be controlled by man. We have but to use our reasoning power to this end. This is an era in which I am afraid to become frightened. I must instead become informed. The atomic age is a challenging one. I want to meet the challenge.

\* \* \*

World War III must not happen, even if we must fight in Korea, Iran, Yugoslavia, Turkey and other places for years.

# Autumn

VIRGINIA ANN STIGLEITNER

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 2*

AUTUMN IS NATURE'S MOST COLORFUL WAY OF CHANG-  
ing her mind. From the monotonous green of summer she gradually  
shifts to faint yellow and red. Then, her mind made up, she plunges  
into scarlet and vivid yellow, into rich browns and bright oranges.

Autumn is death for small boys. Gone are the lazy, joyous days of fun.  
Buried are the thoughts of knights and dreams of adventure. A falling leaf,  
a gust of wind changes his life from beautiful summer to pencils and books.

Autumn is money for an ambitious department store manager. Down  
come the pinks and whites, the mint greens and soft lavenders of dresses.  
White sandals are put on sale and bathing suits are reduced to half price.  
Out come myriads of sweaters and skirts in dazzling colors. The store fairly  
dances with autumn activity.

Autumn is football to thousands of men and women. Thermos jugs are  
filled with steaming coffee. Blankets and warm coats are brushed and made  
ready. The cheering, excited voices of fans parallel the rising voice of the  
wind. The throngs of people leave the stadium and scatter in all directions  
just as leaves scatter at autumn's touch.

Autumn is sleep for the many resort towns. Cottages are swept and  
sheets folded away. Canvas tops are put on the white sign which says, "Pine  
Tree Lodge—5 miles." The lakes are still and marred only by occasional  
ice-cream wrappers—remains of a lively season. The blue, spaceless sky  
puts on her cloak of gray, for autumn is here.

Autumn is a hurry-scurry pause for the woodland creatures, a pause before  
snow leaves her mark everywhere and food is hard to find. Squirrels are busy  
selecting choice nuts for their winter diet. Birds are preparing maps for their  
trips south. Yes, autumn is the busy season for God's woodland children.

It is strange to realize how reliable Mother Nature is. For century after  
century she has been kind enough to pause before she hurls ice and snow into  
our lives.

Autumn is here and I am glad.

\* \* \*

Already one atomic bum (one of the old and important ones) has killed  
more people than the U. S. of America has.

# What Winter Means

DONNA CORYDON

*Rhetoric 101, Theme C*

KAREN, WHO IS ONLY SIX AND WHO LIVES A FEW houses away from me, could spend hours telling what winter means. Her words might be simple, but the many and imaginative ideas behind those words would be highly complex.

The first impressions called to her mind would probably be of snow. Snow means wearing leggings and overshoes, but who could mind when there are snowmen to build or snowballs to throw.

Snow usually means dark nights, too. But there is always a fire in the fireplace, an extra fluffy quilt on the bed, and hot cocoa at breakfast.

Snow means games that you could never play in the summer. The Fox and the Geese and the Flying Angel give lots of excuses for lying in the snow or jumping in huge piles of it. Skis, sleds, and toboggans turn a plain old hill into a real paradise.

Of course, the best thing about winter is Christmas. Nobody could help loving the tantalizing odors of roasting turkey and baking cookies in the kitchen. Only a person colder than the snow itself could fail to be thrilled by the downtown crowds and shiny displays, the carols and bells and Christmas trees. Then there's Santa Claus, everybody's friend, with his big smile and still bigger bundle of gifts.

Certainly Karen could go on about winter until it was summer, or at least until the television set interested her more than her own talking. But there is a namesake of Karen's somewhere in Chicago who could not talk like this.

Our second Karen is also six, skinny though, and pale as the snow that blows into her window every night. Pale as the bold, cold snow that makes her shiver under her thin blanket and in her little jacket, and that makes her mother sick and her father cross. That snow is the reason there is nothing to do but huddle around the stove all afternoon. It's the reason there's no food from the window-box garden, no food at all except canned meat and soup.

Karen can tell when it's Christmas too. She knows by all the bright trees in the store windows, not by one in her parlor. She knows because there is a clean special red cloth on the table, and a little present for her, and a sad, sad smile in her mother's eyes.

And somehow Karen knows that more Santa Clauses are needed in the world. When we get them it will surely be a sweet and simple matter to tell what winter means.



# Misty Morning

RICHARD WRIGHT

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 1*

THE STATION WAS PERCHED ON THE SIDE OF A DEEP cut where it watched stolidly over the wanderings of the rails in the switchyard below. The impassive, gray stone face which had stared silently at the spouting, struggling steam engines throughout their heyday now looked with the same lack of excitement on the colorful diesels and their shining cars. The old building seemed intent, listening to the big oil burners hum by or murmur among themselves as they glided back and forth along the sidings.

The station was built like a great, grey mastiff sitting on its haunches. Its hindquarters rested on the top of the bank, and its heavy forepaws reached down to brace on the floor of the cut.

It wasn't raining exactly, but a heavy fog hung in the air. The droplets seemed suspended, waiting for some passing body to shake them loose. The greying promise of dawn in the east was hardly discernible. The blanket of mist caught the gaudy light of the neons as they shot skyward from the front of a restaurant next to the station and reflected them playfully back to the ground.

The sidewalks were almost empty. A boy and a girl, both nearing their twenties, accompanied by an older lady came slowly up the street, talking. They entered the restaurant and were lost behind the coat of steam which the cool moist air of the morning had spread on the window. They reappeared shortly and walked down the street again, away from the station.

A steam freight engine pulling a train of empty coal bunkers moved slowly along a siding, leaving a trail of smoke hanging in the mist. As it passed beneath the highway bridge spanning the tracks, the smoke welled up in angry clouds on either side of the structure. The smoke tumbled and twisted agonizingly until the two clouds finally clasped hands and merged without a sound.

The boy and girl returned, this time alone, and passed through the glare of the restaurant's neons and went on toward the station. They stopped beneath a streetlight where he set down the suitcase he had been carrying and leaned against the post. As they talked the older lady drove up in a car and blew the horn. The girl looked at her watch, allowed herself to be kissed and got into the car.

As the tires buzzed away on the moist pavement, the boy stood on tiptoe to see over the row of parked taxis and waved. The reflection of the red tail lights in the wet street pursued the car around a corner and out of sight. The boy picked up his suitcase and walked into the station.

# The Pinto

JOHN MASSEY

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 4*

DAWN CAME SLOW, COLD, AND GRAY. THE WASTELAND strained under the impact of a vicious northern gale. The elements clutched and tore at my sleeping bag. Angry dirt and grit sifted their way through minute rents in my bedding and clothes. I rolled, and every jagged grain in the vast wasteland clawed me and scratched my skin. I was cold, miserable, and dejected. The northern blasts toyed with my huddled form, its iciness enveloped me. I clamped my teeth and felt them grind on dirt and sand. I tried to spit, but it did no good. Painfully I struggled to an elbow and with tired, burning eyes searched the whirling dawn for the pinto. In vain—he was gone. I dropped my head back to the hard saddle and shielded my face with a sleeve. I wondered whether I ought to get up or stay in the roll. There wasn't much choice. A shivering, hungry, and destitute animal, I crawled from between the ragged blankets. The driving onslaught struck me. I bundled up the bed-roll and reached for my boots. One of them lay half buried in the sinister, shifting sands. I turned it heel up. Millions of particles spilled out and were swept by the wind to recesses of the barren no man's land. The black traces of last night's fire were completely obliterated. Nature in time covers all. The boots were tight and rough on my feet as I drifted south with the gale. That pinto better not be far.

The whistling, swirling sand danced into my eyes, nose, and mouth. I tried blowing the irritating grains from my clogged nostrils, but always I drew in more than I blew out. I pulled the dirty red bandana over my stinging nose and parched mouth. Collar high and hat low, I trudged southward. The raging wind was forever at my back, forever clawing at the saddle and bed roll clutched in my numb and weakening arms. We had camped near an abandoned water hole. I figured the pinto would drift with the sand-sea to the south after having pulled his stake rope. He would head for the Cottonwoods we'd passed the afternoon before. Meanwhile the elements flew past my dark, haunched-over figure. Dirt and tiny plants swished past, and fanned out before me. The two-faced wind would tease the terrified Buffalo Grass, then would uproot the weakest plants and fling them southward. During the lulls I would lean back, slowly raise one foot then the other, and let the wind boost me on. The Cottonwoods loomed from the darkness on my left. I had almost missed them. Near the middle of the clump, the taller trees, wildly bowing, yielded before their master—the wind. I staggered cross-wind and fell exhausted into the scant, tempest-tossed underbrush. I left the heavy saddle where it fell—and blindly crawled toward the thicket's center. There stood the dark outline of the shivering pinto.

# Sugar is Bad for News

MARY ALICE ROSER

*Rhetoric 101, Placement Test*

TO THE FOUR FREEDOMS—FREEDOM FROM WANT, Freedom from Fear, Freedom of Worship, and Freedom of Speech—Americans through the years have gradually added a fifth freedom—Freedom of the Press. We Americans are rather proud of that freedom as any nation is particularly proud of an asset which almost no other nation possesses. But if we were to examine this fifth freedom more closely, there is some doubt that all of our claims would be justified.

We, as a people, have pampered ourselves into believing that the newspapers give us all the news, but the editors and news commentators cater to our desires by telling only those things that sound good to our ears, that lull us into a sense of security and well-being. This is never more true nor more disastrous than in time of war.

The people of America realize that they should not be told of troop movements, of special weapons, or the exact detailed plans of battle. Such a knowledge would be dangerous and would jeopardize the lives of those whom we love, upset the plans of our leaders, and bring about those very complications which we are trying to avoid. Nonetheless, the people of America do ask that the "prophets of print" feed us with war news that hasn't been diluted to take away the bitter taste. Only through the combined efforts of soldier and civilian, of man and woman, of housewife and statesman, can any war be won. The news sources often lead one to believe that the fighting man is "advancing steadily and the war will be over in a few days or weeks." Is there any incentive for the man at home to double his efforts to help the war effort when he hears daily that it's practically all over but the shouting?

Of course, the American people want to know when their army is advancing. Of course, they want to know when their army is victorious—those are their sons, their husbands, brothers, and sweethearts. They also want to know when that army has been driven back, when it didn't have enough men, medicine, and machines. They want to know what was listed in the agreements between one nation and another and precisely why certain agreements were made. They want to be spoken to as level-headed adults and to be told what has happened, why it has happened, what to expect, and what to do about it. They want to know the score.

Before we become so agitated about all the lost causes and freedoms in foreign lands, perhaps we should work on that sixth freedom—the right to hear the TRUTH.

# Sugar is Good for News

HARRY C. KARIHER

*Rhetoric 101, Placement Test*

DURING WARTIME, WHICH IN THE LAST DECADE AP-  
pears to be most of the time, we Americans pride ourselves on our accurate presentation of war news, from our victories to our worst defeats. There has, however, been criticism from some circles that we have been in many cases following a process known as "sugar-coating"—or releasing only the favorable news of the hostilities.

As an employee of the *Champaign News-Gazette*, I realize that certain parts of these criticisms are true. Yet, the grumblers often fail to take into consideration certain facts by which the newspaper, radio and magazine have been guided since Pearl Harbor.

One of the first things that a pro-realist should understand is that it is not so often withheld information but rather it is the manner in which unpleasant facts are presented that invites criticism. An effort is made to feature cheery items, and to include news of defeats, casualties, or other setbacks in inconspicuous places. This is not always possible, but when it is accomplished, it does much to forestall war panics.

The calm, emotionally well-adjusted man will read or hear all of a summary comprehensively. On the other hand, the less wise member of the public skims the highlights and is off to read the comics or listen to Jack Benny. It is not the first fellow that we fear but the latter. He will fail to catch the overtones and optimistic notes in bad news, and at the first sight of unwelcome tidings he will panic others, spreading and exaggerating his tale to unholy proportions.

This brings us to another important point in the news business. That is one of public morale. The comic-reading man, loosed in society with his bloated mouthings, would turn into a sort of bug-eyed monster as far as public morale is concerned. He would convince some, terrorize others, and leave the balance of the populace in a wondering, confused state. There is no one more convincing than a misguided moron.

If such a catastrophe should take place, the news bureaus would have to come up with some real fact-manipulating. This would include the holding back of information, and, in some cases, the telling of white lies. Such measures are necessary to restore a frightened people to a more normal state of mind.

So, sugar-coating is necessary. Man is naturally a pleasant, hopeful sort of an individual, and a little sweetness helps to keep him that way.



# The Newspaper's Role In Molding Public Opinion

RONALD BUSHMAN

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 1*

THE MOST IMPORTANT SOURCE OF INFORMATION ON daily events and activities is the newspaper. To find out what's at the theaters, what's going on in Korea, or what the weather will be, one turns to his newspaper, but few realize that their thoughts and attitudes are being formed and controlled by this medium.

The United States-Russia situation is an ideal illustration of the above. Our general attitude toward Russia has certainly changed in the last five years. After World War II Russia was more or less a "hero," being victorious over Germany and being an important card in the deal for peace. But now the cards are well shuffled and through propaganda and other influences, Russia is at the bottom of the deck so far as we are concerned. Also many words have taken on new meanings as a result of association and the careful work of newspapers. Communism no longer is merely a form of government, but it now represents something evil or vicious; to be called a "Red" is the worst possible insult. But how did all of this come about? How did Russia become a villain in the eyes of Americans? The answer lies in the conglomeration of facts and propaganda put forth by newspapers, other periodicals, radio, columnists, and others; but the dominant influence lies in the newspaper, for it reaches more people than all the others put together.

Perhaps the most important and efficient method of forming public opinion lies in the headlines—the emphasis and the way they are stated. Recently the *Daily Worker*, which is the mouthpiece of the Communist party in America, stated a United States bombing in Korea as: "Korean Civilians Slaughtered by MacArthur Bombs," while the average American paper would report it as: "United States Nears Victory with Bombing of Reds." Thus, the reader receives different implications from the two headlines reporting the same incident. Results are also acquired by keeping Russia in the headlines. In the last three months news and propaganda about Russia have rarely been subordinated.

Another part of the newspaper which greatly influences public opinion is the editorial. Here the newspaper gives its policies to the reader. Here ideas are presented which can directly and quickly change and develop the readers' attitudes. However, most readers realize that the viewpoints presented in editorials are entirely personal and generally reflect the position of the paper;

therefore, editorials are not as powerful in forming public opinion as are the headlines and ways of presenting the news.

Another method of molding public opinion is by the means of word association. Newspapers, by always connecting "Reds" or Communism with something immoral, have brought new connotations to many words.

In Russia, newspapers also have a strong influence on the people's minds. While American newspapers attempt to present all the news, Russian newspapers print only certain carefully selected parts of the news and leave the rest up to the individual's imagination. The result is inaccurate and to Americans often ludicrous.

Usually the newspapers' efforts result in a greater degree of nationalism. The American attitude toward the United States and Russia situation has become synonymous with the idea of right versus wrong. A general antagonistic attitude toward Russia has been achieved because this attitude promotes nationalism.

The newspaper has succeeded in forming the attitudes of Americans and continues to influence public opinion from day to day.

## Seven Come Eleven

CAROL STEWART

*Rhetoric 101, Theme B*

NUMBERS HAVE ALWAYS HELD A FASCINATION FOR mankind. Through the ages numbers have been thought to possess power for good and evil. The greatest inconsistency in this kind of thinking is that a number considered lucky by one group may be avoided as an ill omen by another.

Almost all the numbers have power attributed to them, sometimes for good, sometimes for evil. Four in particular seem to be fairly universal in their portents. They are two, seven, eight, and thirteen. The numbers two and eight are practically always considered bad luck. The Pythagoreans made eight the symbol of death, and the modern term "behind the eight ball" carries out this same idea.

Two is the most abused of all the numbers. The kings of England who were the second of any name seemed to have met with misfortune. In card games the "deuce" is often a bad hole card. Many people will refuse a two-dollar bill, while others immediately tear off a corner to ward off the curse. This tendency to mutilate two-dollar bills is the despair of the treasury department. One of the reasons for this general antipathy toward the number two may be its nickname "deuce," which seems to suggest evil because of its connotation of the devil.

Seven is supposedly one of the most powerful numbers. Wherever superstition involving numbers exists—and that includes the entire world—seven plays a prominent part. In East India, for instance, the natives refuse to work six days and rest the seventh. They believe that would be calamitous. Instead, they rest on the eighth day, missionaries notwithstanding. To the Hebrews seven was a sacred number. The Bible is full of the number seven. God made the earth in six days and rested on the seventh. Likewise, “there were seven years of plenty, and seven years of famine; Jacob served Laban seven years for Leah and seven for Rachael, and his children mourned for him seven days at his death. There was a whole complex of sevens involved in the fall of Jericho—on the seventh day the city was encompassed seven times by seven priests bearing seven trumpets. Balaam demanded seven altars, with seven bullocks and seven rams; Elijah sent his servant seven times to look for rain; and Elisha healed Naaman of leprosy by making him wash seven times in Jordan. Later we find Jesus casting out seven demons from Mary, speaking seven words from the cross, and commanding his followers to forgive their enemies, not seven times, but seventy times seven.”<sup>1</sup> The Greeks, too, considered seven lucky as did (and do) many other races. Our week is based on this same belief in the potency of the number seven.

Thirteen is usually considered unlucky. Many buildings have no thirteenth floor; either the number is skipped, a mezzanine numbered 12A is built instead, or some other device is employed to avoid the necessity of using the number thirteen. Also, most hotels and office buildings have no room number thirteen on any floor, for the simple reason that it would be extremely difficult to rent. Many people will leave a dinner rather than eat at a table where thirteen people are seated. A disturbing thought for anyone who fears the number thirteen is to be found in an examination of the Great Seal of the United States—it has thirteen stars and thirteen bars; an eagle, with thirteen feathers in its tail, holds in its left claw thirteen arrows and in its right an olive branch bearing thirteen leaves and thirteen olives, and the motto *E Pluribus Unum* contains thirteen letters.

In general, odd numbers are considered lucky. Although this idea varies slightly in some areas, and thirteen is a general exception, these irregularities only prove the rule. There is great disagreement, however, in just what kind of good or bad fortune the various numbers foretell. This, of course, is due to the fact that there is no real basis for the belief in numerical omens. Coincidence, fear, and a great desire to be “forewarned” and therefore “forearmed” have led mankind through the centuries to set up some system, no matter how fallacious, of determining the future. Numbers, with their great propensity for mystery, are a natural choice for the superstitious.

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<sup>1</sup> Breton Berry, *You and Your Superstitions*, Columbia, Mo.: Lucas Brothers, 1940, p. 131.

# Chicago and I

MARLENE GEIDERMAN

*Rhetoric 101, Theme B*

WONDERS NEVER CEASE IN THE EXCITING CITY OF Chicago. From as far back as I can remember, this metropolis, with its assorted figures, smells, and dialects, has been my home. Yes, it has been my home, as well as that of my parents and friends, and if I ever leave this city for even a short time, I always leave some part of myself behind.

Funny how something like a city can grow in your system and never leave you at peace. At night when I step out onto the back porch and see the reddish tint of the sky, then I know that the steel mills are working overtime.

During the day, I walk down to the dunes; thousands of people are trying to escape the heat by sitting on the hot sand—licking popsicles.

It is August, 1950; Dave and I have just heard the Grant Park Concert through to the end, and the "Moonlight Sonata" lingers in my ears. The grass has a warm, wet smell to it that kind of tingles my nostrils and makes me feel strange—a little tense. Walking down toward Buckingham Fountain, which is now, with its many colors, in full force, I can see the Chicago skyline off Lake Michigan, and as the Palmolive Beacon sweeps a circle around us I know that as soon as possible we will make our own home in this wondrous city.

Yes, Chicago! Riverview on a Saturday afternoon! The crowds shove themselves in and out, and for a thin dime anyone can get a million death-defying thrills. Mary wants an ice cream cone, Jackie wants the Merry-Go-Round, and Mama's patience is almost at an end. And what do I want? Well, just win another Kewpie Doll for me, dear, and then we'll go home.

Walking down Roosevelt Road, I see assorted windows; I come in contact with assorted smells. The pushcart peddler and the high school boy, the hoodlum and the priest, the easy woman and the righteous reformer; all can be seen on this same street, and because of these people, it's a wonderful street. I often get hungry, however, because any restaurant in this vicinity is just the place for the wondrous delicacy, a hot corned beef sandwich with a big pickle. Yet, somehow, I forget the vile language and the dirty streets, the hoodlums and the pickpockets, and the different races and religions, and I remember that these are the people that make up my city, and I love them.

Michigan Avenue, with its skyscrapers and exclusive shops, is truly a magnificent street. This street of dreams has people there too, but, somehow, I know that they are far above my reach. As the limousines speed by, I wait for my bus, and I have an uncomfortable feeling in my heart, but deep down



inside of me, I know that in Chicago there is equality, and the shoe shine boy may one day be mayor.

Lincoln Park has always meant a picnic lunch, a camera, and a visit to the zoo. There, people can forget world problems, junior can forget his homework, and sweethearts can fall in love.

But the happy August days have at last run out, and now Chicago and I are separated for a while. Soon, however, we'll be back together again, and the part of me that's in Chicago, I hope, will help me to appreciate my new surroundings and make me a better person.

## A Week End in My Home Town

SHIRLEYANN JONES

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 2*

SIX MILES FROM THE JUNCTION OF THE LITTLE WABASH and the beautiful blue Ohio, so-called by those who have never witnessed its annual rampages, a Southern Illinois farming community snuggles comfortably against the edge of the Ozark foothills.

If anyone should chance to stray from the main highway, Route One, and drive slowly into the thriving little town of eleven hundred souls, a spanking white sign would proudly inform him that he is now entering the popcorn center of the world! Awarding due respect to that significant piece of news, he would continue down the road, and if his eyes wandered past the Pabst Blue Ribbon advertisement shouting for its share of attention on the opposite side of the smooth pavement, he would quietly and gravely be reminded that he is invited to attend the Presbyterian Church this Sunday.

Fields still green prove emphatically to the driver that he is no longer in upstate Illinois; forests that swallow dusty lanes, meandering innocently from the paved road, make a last desperate attempt to fight winter while the wind tugs at the few remaining leaves until they flutter gaily in the soft Indian summer breeze and then float gently to the ground.

A picturesque Roman Catholic Church extends a welcome from the distance; a gold cross atop the steeple gleams in the sunshine. A fleeting glimpse of Zircklebach's Junk Yard, punctuated by a mass of rusty machinery, and the driver is in Ridgway—my home town.

This, briefly, is the greeting I receive each time I return for a week end at home, varying only with the seasons; and the same warm feeling always comes rushing back.

My home town recalls a flood of nostalgic memories. I meet old friends, renew high school acquaintances; sometimes I am pleased to find that there are so many who have remained the same; other times I am startled at the vast changes in others. The Sunday School superintendent pauses to chat,

and then the window of the insurance office in which I spent one year trying mightily, but vainly, to satiate the whims of a temperamental Irishman with my feeble efforts to understand and carry out the noble art of writing insurance policies, twinkles knowingly at me. I wave jauntily at the unfortunate girl who has filled my vacancy and continue my merry way home.

When I find Daddy sentimental as ever and just a trifle pessimistic over his daughter's college career, Mamma a bit concerned but making a futile attempt to hide the faintest sign of anxiety, and Don eager to tell me the major details of an engineering job and reluctant to speak of his romantic life; I realize once more how really fortunate I am to have such an understanding and truly wonderful family.

The Friday night thrill of an exciting basketball game rushes back as I sit crammed among a screaming crowd of bobby soxers and root for the home team with almost as much enthusiasm as I had during my cheerleading days in high school. A funny sensation spreads over me. There is a catch in my throat while I keep my eyes trained on the younger brother of an old beau as he races down the floor for a trick shot. I look for and find familiar faces, and I'm shocked when I hear that a former girl friend is planning a fall wedding and another one is fervently hoping that she will too.

Afterwards I stroll past the confectionery, packed and overflowing with the victorious mob, and the blare of a juke box beckons intermittently as the door slams open and shut. I linger momentarily and then begin the short walk home, preferring mother's steaming hot chocolate and just-melts-in-your-mouth coffee cake. We spin a few records, protest at the hour, and soon I climb the stairs to my room and let the first hesitant pattering of raindrops from a shy little shower lull me to a dreamless sleep.

The aroma of coffee wafted up the stairs and into my room awakens me, and I realize with a start that the sun tumbling through my yellow denim drapes can only mean that it is rapidly becoming high morning. I slip into my robe and slippers and literally trip down to the kitchen for a leisurely Saturday morning breakfast, traditional with the family. Crispy fried chicken, fried potatoes, brown flaky biscuits, golden waffles, home made butter, and maple syrup straight from New Orleans are on the menu.

Saturday morning duties, innumerable trips up town, phone calls, duty visits, Saturday afternoon nap, and finally porcupine meatballs for supper keep the day fairly buzzing.

For the entertainment of the evening, Roy and I take in the local Western, three years old, and then drive over to the Townhouse for refreshments—refreshments including sandwiches, french fries, and thick chocolate malts. We return home early to insure our presence in church the next morning; at the door he kisses me goodnight too few times and departs.

Sunday morning means church and Sunday School, and I dress in feverish haste in order to avoid the embarrassment of tip-toeing up the aisle of the

Presbyterian Church during the first hymn. Streams of light, stained by the window panes fall softly across the impressionable face of a tiny girl sitting intently in the front pew, and I think how quiet and holy she looks, how absolutely pure she is, and how free from petty grievances she must be.

The services over, I chat only briefly with some friends, give a report to the minister, and hurry out to the car. We fly over to catch the fast passenger train and arrive as it clamors into the station. Hurried goodbyes are said accompanied by traces of tears; Mamma and Daddy remind me one more time to write more frequently; I promise, and with a final hug from all, I dash up the high steps, hastily find a vacant seat next to a window, and wave goodbye until another week end at home.

## A Friendly Game of Poker

ROBERT S. HOFFMAN

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 4*

IT'S A COLD, DREARY, AND FRIENDLESS NIGHT IN THE twin cities of Champaign-Urbana. The winds sweeping across the Boneyard try to penetrate the thick walls of the Iam A Foole fraternity house. Again and again the winds hurl themselves against the sides of the old Colonial style house only to bounce off. Inside, the cheery, always friendly boys of this great "frat" are gathered around the cheery fireplace in a jolly "bull" session.

A stranger coming into this room would be impressed by the way these boys always agree, even though the other fellow may be wrong, in order to prolong the friendly atmosphere of the house. Let's eavesdrop on their "bull" session.

"It's rather cold out tonight, isn't it, good fellows," says one of the brothers.

"Yes," they all chant back.

"You know, boys," suggests one brother, "it would be a swell night for a good friendly game of poker."

"I would enjoy a game of poker, but it must be played with the friendly spirit that is always associated with this fine fraternity," answers a jolly brother.

"We all agree to this congenial game of poker," answers one of the officers, Charles Lifeboyer.

"Will one of the happy pledges go and get us a deck of cards?" asks the president of the house, Harry Ape.

A pledge shoots out of the room and returns with the cards before his image has faded, because he knows that getting the cards would mean a gold

star on the good deed chart. Because it is the first of the month and everyone has received his allowance, the stakes are exceedingly high, twenty match sticks for a penny. Even with these high stakes the friendly atmosphere still prevails. All the brothers know that money alone can't buy their friendship here at old I A F.

The poker game goes along smoothly until one of the jolly fellows thinks he sees a brother cheating. He can't believe his eyes so he casually says, "I think that one of our contented brothers at this table is cheating. I know that this can't be true, but if the someone who is cheating does it again, I will punch him in the nose for the honor of old I A F."

"I wasn't cheating and you won't punch me in the nose," shouts everyone around the table in unison.

"You were all cheating or else you wouldn't all declare your innocence," shouts the accuser.

As he shouts, he waves his hands and from one of his sleeves falls an ace. All the brothers jump at the sight of the card, fling back their chairs, and move toward this unforgivable sinner of this friendly fraternity. The sinner realizes that his error has been discovered and now he must fight. He punches in the nose the first brother that comes near him.

The first brother, his nose bleeding and his eyes filled with tears, punches back wildly, hitting an innocent brother by mistake. This touches off bedlam. All the brothers punch other brothers. Now and then there is heard the sound of breaking bones and tearing flesh. A brother jumps up on the table and shouts for peace and friendliness, but before he can finish he is hit over the head with an IM trophy.

As we slowly leave the friendly fraternity, ducking now and then from a stray object, we hear oaths being screamed by everyone. Even with the door of the "frat" closed, we still hear the noise. A friendly game of poker has developed into an open revolution of good fellows, raising to new heights their good spirits and causing several old alums, long since gone, to chuckle contentedly in their graves.



It was a cold, dark, and dreary morning in downtown Chicago. From all directions people were rushing to reach their homes before the predicted rain-storm arrived.

On the corner of Fifty-fifth Street a taxi-cab driver was listening to an address on the radio commemorating Abraham Lincoln's birthday. The significance of the address was that "All Men Are Created Equal."

A fair-haired woman laden with packages on the opposite corner of Fifty-fifth Street frantically signaled the taxi-cab. The cab-driver, completely ignored the lady, proceeded to pick up a Negro couple on Fifty-sixth Street.

The driver was a Negro.—SONIA SPIEGEL, *Rhetoric* 100.



# Comradeship

JOHN W. JACOBS

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 12*

COMRADESHIP, THE AFFECTION OF MAN FOR HIS FELLOW beings, is a character trait which my experience in World War II brought to my conscious attention for the first time, though I had experienced it in my early youth. In later years I have come to recognize its value to the individual and its need in a nation. Family relationship and love for a particular member of the opposite sex are excluded from my discussion of comradeship because I believe the emotions dealing with these relationships are of a higher order than those of pure comradeship. However, these emotions are related and one may foster or improve the other.

I came from a rather large family of seven children, and I was never accustomed to being alone. I enjoyed being with a crowd for whatever purpose a crowd gathered. Childhood games, athletics, birthday parties, camping trips and other forms of group recreation I found a source of many pleasant associations with my playmates. I liked school and all the social functions involved. By reading good books and listening to radio serials for the young, I supplemented my real life associations with artificial ones. Now I look back with pleasure upon the associations of my youth and recognize them as truthful expressions of comradeship.

My military service during World War II helped to bring the importance of comradeship to my consciousness; what I had enjoyed during my youthful associations I now recognized as the invisible bond of comradeship.

My first connection with the military came when I was accepted for training as an aviation cadet. The army gave me a serial number to identify me as a person and an M.O.S. to identify me as to class; about the same thing happens to a G.I. shirt. I soon realized that I could befriend the guy who slept in the next bed or the fellow who marched next to me. A few friendly words disclosed that both of them had the same problems and were just as lonely as I was. Later on at flying school we all had the same check rides and the same ground school examinations to pass. Failure by one of us was sincerely felt by the entire group. These men who ate, slept, worked and played together were more than just friends; they had become comrades.

Eventually I was assigned to command a combat crew. These crew members came to me first as a group of names, serial numbers, and M.O.S.'s on a sheet of paper called activation orders. Our first meeting took place on a train en route to a training base. Ten total strangers now faced the prospect of living almost as one and perhaps dying in the same manner. At first simple crew loyalty and pride bound us together; this bond grew with association and training and before long blossomed into real comradeship. These ten

men were together so much that soon the pilot's name applied to all of them. Within the crew we retained our own names, but to everyone else Sergeant Kessler soon became Jacobs' engineer and Lieutenant Bronaugh became Jacobs' bombardier.

Soon we were given a new B-24 and handed secret orders to report to the Eighth Air Force. Each of us was required to make a will, execute a power of attorney, allot his pay and complete numerous administrative forms. These mutual problems of departure from the States and the goodbyes to our families brought us even closer together under the bond of comradeship. It was evident that our crew was blessed with complete mutual trust. Each man had worked hard at the task of training and knew his job well. I rarely issued an order to the crew, for they did their work on their own initiative. Two or three of them were not especially ambitious, but they would not let the crew down through their own neglect.

Combat operations for a combat crew can be no more successful than the efforts of the crew to perform as a team. Team work and comradeship go hand in hand. The comradeship we had developed was of great benefit to us, and it continued to grow as time passed. One day our group was sent on a special mission. Our lower gun turret was removed so that we could parachute supplies through the hole, besides dropping twenty canisters from the bomb bays. Since we did not have the gun turret, there was no need for the gunner to go on the mission. Our gunner, Sergeant Bill Laseter, attended briefing with us and reported to the airplane along with the crew. He wanted to go along but could not because of official orders. Seven hours later when we returned from the mission, Laseter was waiting at the end of the runway. As we turned on the taxi strip, he fell in behind us and ran along until we reached our hardstand. I don't recall ever seeing a man so happy as he was when we started piling out of the airplane. I later learned from the crew chief that Laseter had remained in the hardstand all day and had not eaten. He was not afraid to go on a mission himself, but he was afraid for the crew to go out without him.

Several times one or more of our crew members flew with a cold when they might have avoided the mission by asking for a replacement. Two reasons prompted this action. Sergeant Laseter's experience explained how a crew member felt while the remainder of the crew was out on a mission. There was also the possibility that after the crew had finished the required number of missions any member who had missed a mission might be required to fly that mission as a replacement on another crew. Our crew completed our tour of combat without any member having missed a mission, and I was able to obtain Laseter's relief from combat duty without his having to fly a make-up mission.

A more humorous example of trust and comradeship among the crew took place near the end of our combat tour. For some time we had been the

top ranking crew on the mission board where the mission records were kept. That day the enlisted men on the crew were stopped on their way to mess by the Group Adjutant who was a major. The Major was upset because Sergeant Mitchell was not wearing a cap. After giving Mitchell a lecture for being bareheaded, the Major turned away and the boys continued on to the mess. The Major called to him again to return to the barracks and get his cap before going to mess. He also informed Mitchell what would happen if he failed to comply. After this second lecture Mitchell lost his patience and said to the Major, "My pilot can fix anything you can think of." It was good to know that Mitchell had that much faith in me, but also it was a little disconcerting to be placed on the spot. A couple of days later my Squadron Commander called me in to show me the letter he had received. He was having a big laugh about it. His indorsement to the letter stated that the group needed more crews like ours and fewer majors like the Adjutant.

Sergeant Kessler was the ranking enlisted man on the crew. Although he hated flying, he was the best engineer in the squadron. After he had pre-flighted an airplane, there was no doubt as to its condition. When we flew our last mission, Kessler informed me that it was his last flight. I asked him why he wanted to quit now that the worst was over. He said that since the crew would be disbanded when we returned to the States, he didn't want to fly with any other crew in combat or out of combat.

Our crew arrived home in the States on December 23, 1944. We reported to Fort Dix where the official bonds of our crew were dissolved by inactivation. There were tears in the eyes of ten men who said good-bye that morning, tears that even the joy of being home for Christmas could not dispel.

Out of this experience with my crew has grown a genuine affection for the human race. Often when a first impression causes me to look upon someone with disfavor, I can at least defer judgment by thinking that maybe this is another Bill Laseter or another Joe Kessler whose true character I will come to know by closer association. There is some good even in the worst of us. I have learned to look for the good and to try not to notice that which is not.

---

As he squinted down the long, white coral landing strip, fascinated by the infinite number of heat waves squirming toward the blistering sky, a jeep started across. It had been a normal enough appearing jeep until it drove onto the coral strip. Now it appeared to be put together with rubber in place of bolts as it changed from one shape to another continually while floating through the shimmering blanket covering the strip. The jeep turned and bounced toward the plane. As he flipped the sweat out of one eye with the side of his index finger, he could see that the remainder of the sweltering crew was in the steaming jeep. In a very few minutes he would be hurtling down that scorched coral strip into a fresh, cool atmosphere free from the suffocating heat and boiled stench of the jungle.—DEWEY CONNOR, *Rhetoric* 102.

# Rhet as Writ

Six months ago, if I had asked 99% of the American people what Korea was I probably would have received many different answers. The American people as a whole never even heard of this South Sea island.

\* \* \*

So this Saturday I am going to be out at Memorial stadium sitting with my figures crossed and routing for Illinois.

\* \* \*

While cleaning out the waist basket, I met the most beautiful blond in the whole world.

\* \* \*

The tractor also has a flexible production schedule where as three or four years are required to produce a horse.

\* \* \*

One advantage of a girl going to the university is she becomes well rounded.

\* \* \*

The lack of sufficient money may entail the necessity of furnishing the house with various unused pieces of their in-laws.

\* \* \*

When you marry, you naturally want to provide for your wife as well, if not better than other people.

\* \* \*

T. V. assembly lines produce sets in a rustic manor.



## Honorable Mention

*Claudia Bachman*

*Richard Cannon*

*Fred M. Cooper*

*Allan J. Francisco*

*Carol A. Hodges*

*John Krupka*

*Emil Malavolti*

*William Nyland*

*James C. Pritchard*

*Robert Smith*

*Andrew Turyn*

# The Contributors

*Charles Broughton*—John Greer

*Ann Landford*—Champaign

*Evelyn K. Bohneberg*—Fosdick-Masten Park, Buffalo, N. Y.

*Ruth Tash*—Roosevelt

*Elizabeth Yeatter*—University of Illinois High

*Ivan Davis*—Champaign

*Frieda Wallk*—Woodruff, Peoria

*Virginia A. Stigleitner*—Downers Grove

*Donna Corydon*—North Park Academy

*Richard Wright*—Shelbyville

*John Massey*—New Trier

*Mary A. Roser*—Carmi Township

*Harry C. Kariher*—Champaign

*Ronald Bushman*—Central, St. Joseph, Mo.

*Carol Stewart*—Southwest, St. Louis

*Marlene Geiderman*—South Shore

*Shirleyann Jones*—Ridgway Community

*Robert S. Hoffman*—Lake View

*John W. Jacobs*—New Liberty, Ky.

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# THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing

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The committee in charge of this issue of THE GREEN CALDRON includes MARJORIE BROWN, HOWARD REUTER, ROBERT STEVENS, HARRIS WILSON, and GEORGE CONKIN, Chairman.



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# The Audience

ANN LANKFORD

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 8*

LIKE BROODING GIANT SPECTATORS, THE FOUR WALLS of the auditorium stared down somberly on the riotous crowd gathered in their midst. Within the circle of their silent expanse, color and sound ruled supreme over a huge audience of brightly-dressed children, dismissed from school for the day, and exploding their bottled-up energy in motion and noise. High-pitched voices, undermined by the rhythmic beat of clapping hands and stamping feet, shrilled without pause in a deafening roar. On the main floor and in both balconies, the children squirmed restlessly, forming the links in a magic chain of excitement, which encircled the room. Small heads swiveled busily, alert eyes darted swiftly about, missing nothing, but returning always to the central point of interest—the stage with its secretive expanse of dark curtains.

Suddenly, like the first spark of existence, the footlights gleamed and the stage came to life. As at a signal, the roomful of sound rocketed to an unbearable crescendo, and then, as the curtains moved like slowly lifting eyelids, the din broke sharply and dropped into a silence as abruptly as if a soundproof door had suddenly been slammed shut. Anticipation hung almost bodily in the silence; then hundreds of intensely watching eyes saw a small man in gray walk briskly across the stage, and the quiet was splintered by a returning roar of applause.

The long-awaited magician show had begun. Throughout the performance, the real show was the audience, possessing, with its constantly shifting motion, the fascination of the bright patterns of a kaleidoscope. Unlike the calm, serene rippling of an adult audience, the mass of restless children bobbed and twisted like the waters of a choppy, swirling sea, swarming over the aisles and backs of chairs, and even threatening to engulf the stage itself. Beneath the dominant tones of the magician's voice, there moved always the undertone of scuffling feet and hissing whispers, sometimes breaking out into a roar, as the children screamed their messages of wonder or disbelief.

Inevitably though, like a thread stretched taut in constant pressure, the tension broke. Slowly, the waves of excitement began to ebb away, and, by the end of the performance, there was left only the weariness of strained voices and emotions. The closing curtains drew only light, half-hearted applause, and the shrill voices were subdued and quiet. The magic chain of excitement which had unified the crowd was gone, and the audience was only his child and that child, wanting to go home to supper.

# The Instrument that Does Everything But Talk

RUSS STACKHOUSE

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 1*

SINCE ITS INTRODUCTION TO THE WORLD IN APRIL, 1935, the Hammond electric organ has had phenomenal success. This paper will try to explain some of the reasons for its success, and it will also try to explain why I enjoy the Hammond so much.

The electric organ consists of two main parts; namely, the tone cabinet, or speaker baffle, and the console. These beautiful pieces of furniture are connected by a thick cable, and the whole instrument may be connected to any alternating current outlet. Hammond has provided a safety device which will enable the organ to function properly within the range of 110 volts to 120 volts. Tones are mixed and generated in the console by means of a permanent magnet surrounded by a coil of wire. When a key is depressed, a current of about .05 of a volt attracts a small wheel with humps to the magnet and its coil. This wheel, about the size of a silver dollar, is continuously rotating on the shaft of a synchronous motor. The number of humps on a wheel determine the pitch of a given note, and a greater number of humps will render a higher tone. This tone-generating system is the most intricate and expensive part of the organ.

This voltage created by the tone-generating system is passed on to the tone cabinet where it is amplified and broadcast on an ordinary loudspeaker. I spoke of the continuously rotating shaft a moment ago. Since this shaft with the little "silver dollar" wheels is run by a synchronous motor, the organ never gets out of tune. It is perfectly pitched in the factory, and it will stay that way unless it is dropped over a cliff.

Among the special desirable features of the Hammond are its magnificent harmonic drawbars which enable a musician to create his own desired tonal effects. I once asked my high school algebra instructor to figure out how many tonal combinations are available on the Hammond. He determined by factorial eighty-one, with the use of logarithms, that there are over ninety-four quadrillion combinations of tones to be had on the organ. Many of these tones are too discordant to be used, and Hammond advertises that there are really twenty-one million tones which can be considered useful.

What the inventor, Laurens Hammond, has done is to divide many octaves, thirds of octaves, and fifths of octaves into pure tones. By means of a sliding drawbar, these pure tones are available in eight different degrees of volume and may be cut out entirely by pushing the drawbar all the way in. With these

magic bars the organist can create the soft timbre of a violin, the mighty chorus effect of a pipe organ, or the harsh discord of the old steam calliope. If an organist changed a combination of drawbars every five minutes for the rest of his life, he would never use up all the possible combinations.

Besides this wonderful new feature which enables the organist to create any tone he desires, Hammond has incorporated into the organ tone a true vibrato which has never been surpassed for brilliance and beauty. As it is generally known, the pipe and reed organs have a tremulant effect created by sending continuous blasts of air across the pipe or sound chamber. This effect is only a variation in loudness of a pitch, but it tires one's ear after a while. The Hammond vibrato is a definite wavering of the tone, first slightly sharp, then slightly flat. This variation in pitch is accomplished by employing the use of a sliding rheostat and scanner which increases and decreases the small voltage which is sent to the tone cabinet. There are three degrees of vibrato instantly available at the turn of a knob. Number one is effective for church use, while two is more informal and warm. Number three, the old Hammond stand-by, brings in the fine quality and warmth of the old theater organ. With this vibrato, most popular numbers are best rendered.

When a Hammond is installed in a small room, which may be acoustically dead, there is no need for concern. The organ has a device called the reverberation unit. Reverberation is the echo of a tone just after it has been sounded. If the room in which one plays is a huge brick cathedral, then sufficient reverberation time is already supplied, but most of today's churches and homes have rugs and draperies which absorb sound instead of reflecting it. The reverberation unit "speaks" the signal sent from the console about one-fifth of a second after the real tone is broadcast on the loudspeakers. It is indispensable to most installations.

Since the Hammond's tone is entirely created by electricity, the action is spontaneous; the key is depressed, and the tone travels one-hundred-eighty-six-thousand miles a second towards the speaker. Fast music, which would be impossible to play on a reed or a pipe organ, can be executed on the Hammond faster than on the piano. During the winter, it sometimes takes two or three seconds for the low notes on a pipe organ to sound, so one can see the advantage of Hammond's fast action.

I have already mentioned some advantages of the Hammond over other types of organs. Among many other reasons, the Hammond is also very portable and can be carried through an ordinary doorway. The console weighs only 345 pounds. Compare this with even the smallest reed organ, the weight of which is well over 500 pounds. (I'm not speaking of the old one keyboard pump organ.) The lightest pipe organ weighs several thousand pounds, at least. Also, the average pipe has to be tuned at least once a year. Many churches do not tune their pipe organs regularly, and when the discordant noises are too much to bear, congregations realize that they must completely repair the organ or junk it. The common procedure follows: they

return the old organ to the factory and buy a Hammond. The reed organ, of which Wurlitzer is a well-known manufacturer, also will go out of tune.

The Hammond's volume can easily be taken care of; when the organ is used in a large building or out-of-doors, extra speakers may be added to the console. The expression pedal of the Hammond works on a rheostat, and the tones can be loudened instantly. It has the fastest expression accent of any organ on the market.

Of course, nothing man-made has ever been perfect: the Hammond has a few quirks in its operation. Technicians are continuously working to improve these imperfections. The reverberation unit is quite delicate, and, unless care is taken in locking the unit, it may break. It should always be locked when the speaker baffle is moved even a few feet. The greatest disadvantage is an objectionable pop in the loudspeaker which sounds before some fast moving solo notes; however, if the organist keeps a moving accompaniment, this pop is not noticeable.

As one can plainly conclude, the advantages which a Hammond offers outweigh its disadvantages. Therefore, I am quite disappointed that the organ teachers on campus do not use even one Hammond for instruction. Of course, Professor Paul Pettinga plays the Hammond at the University Place Christian Church, but the University does not own one. Too many organists are prejudiced against the Hammond because it is comparatively new. Their noses are stuck high in the sky of tradition. They must cling to that which is "accepted." However, many leading musicians own Hammonds, and just recently, Ethel Smith played a concert on her Hammond with the Boston "Pops" Orchestra.

Proof of Hammond's complete public acceptance is backed by the fact that 20,000 are in use in churches all over America. Huge Canterbury Cathedral uses the Hammond Organ for all of its services, because the pipe organ in the cathedral hasn't enough volume. There are as many Hammonds in homes throughout the world as there are in churches. Hammond has sold more organs than all makes of reeds and pipes combined. One can be thankful for the American way—mass production. By this means, Hammond is made more readily available to people of middle-income brackets. The first Hammond was worth over \$30,000, because it was a hand-made experimental model. Now, with other prices rising to the skies, Hammond sells for less than \$3,000, and most models cost as little as \$2,400. Once bought, Hammond consumes only as much electricity as two 11-watt light bulbs. It has little depreciation and is worth about as much on the market used as it costs brand new.

I have mentioned many technical reasons why I like the Hammond so much better than the pipe or reed organs, but probably the main reason for me is that the Hammond Electric Organ affords a new and different means of self-expression in music. The combinations of tone, the true vibrato, the richness and quality, all these combine to create what I call the perfect musical instrument.



# Tokyo in 1946

RYOZO SUNOBE

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 1*

I KNEW THAT TOKYO HAD BEEN BOMBED OUT AND BADLY burned down. Newspapers as well as rumors carried the most disheartening stories. Newsreels gave us some ideas of the ruin and destruction. Still, until I was repatriated and saw Tokyo in August, 1946, for the first time after spending nearly six years in China, I could not visualize how desperately miserable and helpless Tokyo looked in its destruction. It indeed surpassed all of my imaginings. Before my eyes lay the cruel and bitter reality of a defeated country.

In spite of one year which had elapsed since the surrender of Japan in September, 1945, the only sign of the rehabilitation in Tokyo, if any, was the pitifully small huts assembled from burned corrugated plates and whatever other junk available, dotting miles and miles of the flattened metropolitan area. I could not recognize even the street corner which had been most familiar to me. In the place of a bank, a three-storied building, and the row of busy shops, I saw only the skeleton of the bank standing on a wide clearing covered by a thicket of summer grass. Pavements were badly in need of repair. Trees which lined the street and in the shade of which I used to walk were gone. They had also been burned down or, perhaps, been cut down for fuel. Several people were still living in the air-raid shelters dug in the gardens of their homes.

The industrial district had suffered even worse than the metropolitan area. Huge plants, demolished by direct hits of bombs and swept by fire, stood, like deformed monsters, roofless, windowless, deserted, and rusty. From a hilltop commanding a view over the industrial belt northwest of Tokyo, I could see a vast stretch of the wrecks of factories and plants and hundreds of half-fallen or tilted chimneys. No smoke arose; no siren blasted. Now contaminated neither by smoke nor by soot, the clean, clear sky extended endlessly far and high over the heart-breaking devastation caused by the foolish war.

The destruction, economic dislocation, inflationary spiral, and acute shortage of foodstuff—all these had brewed and stirred an unprecedented wave of crimes, immorality, and social disorder in Tokyo. Burglar mobs with trucks, whom the weakened police could hardly stop, were rampant. Blackmarket profiteering was an open business, aggravating the daily livelihood of the law-abiding and decent but powerless small citizens. People, particularly women, did not dare stay out after dark. At subway stations there were loafers, old and young, who might turn thieves any moment. Even ordinary citizens on the street, clad shabbily and looking haggard, were smileless, moody, and

selfish. I realized, with depressing gloom, that Tokyo had worn out with the war in mind as well as in body.

After four years, the rehabilitation of Tokyo has now progressed remarkably. With new shops and houses, although mostly wooden barracks of temporary nature, lining the streets in a wide part of Tokyo, and with industry coming to life again, Tokyo is rapidly recovering its healthy gaiety. However, the hopeless Tokyo which I saw in the summer of 1946 and which will never fade in my memory keeps me reminded of the fearful destructiveness of modern warfare which must be averted by all means for the sake of happiness and even the existence of the human being.

## In the Gale

LESSING SILVER

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 7*

I PUSHED MY WAY THROUGH THE SWAYING CROWD IN the companionway. Faces flashed past me. I stopped, braced myself, and grasped a tottering passenger as the ship began another roll. I saw more faces, strange, unfamiliar faces, all staring at me, all with the same expression—sick. Now and then I was able to pick out a few more familiar ones: the truck driver who came aboard with a huge cigar and grin to match; the elderly couple who had previously tormented me with all kinds of questions, and the wide-eyed boy I remembered seeing racing up and down the deck.

The truck driver's cigar was out now as was his grin, and he was holding his head between his hands. The elderly couple's lips were drawn tight, held there in a sorrowful expression. The little boy sat huddled in his mother's lap. The lake had turned rough, violently rough, and everyone was sick.

The blaring beat of the juke-box was splitting my head. Almost desperately I pushed past a few people who were too drunk to be sick, past a hardy couple attempting to dance on the rolling floor, pushing, shoving, until I reached the ladder to the second deck. On the second deck I could still hear the juke-box play and smell the stench rising from the sawdust covered spots left by those who didn't quite make it to the rail. I raced up, grabbing the rail for support as the ship lurched and rolled. Finally I reached the Lido deck, just behind the ship's bridge.

Here in the black night the full force of the gale hit me. The wind tore at my clothes and roared past my ears. Ahead of me I could see the bow rising and plunging with the swells. Waves cracked against the ship's side. She rolled and she plunged. This was living! The wind was cold; I shivered but did not mind it. Gone were the sick expressions, foul stench, and drunk couples. Here there were only the ship, the elements, and I. Here time stopped and worry ceased. Enveloped in the black night and rolling sea, I could not imagine men causing a world of chaos and confusion; for here, in the midst of turbulence, was peace.

# I Disagree With Sentimentality In Writing

TED SCHREYER

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 8*

ANY DISCUSSION OF SENTIMENTALITY AS FOUND IN writing must necessarily include a correct interpretation of sentiment and sentimentality. Strictly speaking, *sentiment* means personal feeling; susceptibility to emotional reference; a mental attitude. *Sentimentality*, as it will be used in this theme, means the quality or state of being sentimental, especially to excess; of being guided by feeling rather than reason.

Sentimentality in writing may show itself as simply gushiness or as emotional sensitiveness. To apply the term *sentimentality* to a piece of writing would mean that the author, instead of portraying the story with frankness, has introduced his own emotional reactions and has thus tried to persuade the reader of the emotional qualities of the story. If the situation is really such that emotion or sentiment should be felt by the reader, then the author should not have to write in his own emotional or sentimental reactions.

The theme "Sentiment Rears Its Ugly Head," by Charles Broughton, discusses sentimentality in writing and its appearance elsewhere. Mr. Broughton believes that sentimentality is necessary in some kinds of writing. He also points out that sentiment "is a fundamental human quality—nothing to be ashamed of." I will certainly agree that to be sentimental is to be human, but I disagree that sentimentality need be found in writing. Certainly, if people are sentimental by nature the author need not force emotion upon the reader. The emotional response should come genuinely from the situation which is presented by the author.

Mr. Broughton suggests a new ballet, *Interplay*, as illustrating the American character and its inherent sentimentality. However, the ballet in itself is a perfect example of a highly emotional presentation, and it is without the sentimentality of overdone writing. The music and dance must be suggestive of emotion, but the emotional situations must be interpreted by the audience.

Mr. Broughton uses a passage from Bret Harte's writing to show how sentimentality may be used effectively, or so he would have us believe. However sentimental Mr. Broughton may think the description of the death of these two women, he has misinterpreted the criticism of sentimentality as applied to this writing. The criticism lies in the fact that Harte has the emotion already written into the scene. It is gushing out; he is not content to present the story and let the reader respond with legitimate sentiment.

Despite my criticism of Mr. Broughton's ideas of sentimentality, I must agree with him wholeheartedly on his stand against suppression of sentiment.

It seems to me that this mechanical world needs much more sentiment and refined emotion than it now has. The American peoples still have the ability to appreciate sentiment, and it should not be denied them.

Sympathy, tenderness, and sensitivity are to be regarded as emotions of high order, and the author who wishes to bring forth those emotions within the reader must do so subtly in order that the effect produced is genuine.

## Bus-Stop

DONNA CORYDON

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 1*

"**B**EEEN WAITING LONG?" AS I SPOKE, THE SLIGHT, DARK-haired girl with large, questioning brown eyes looked up. It seemed an effort for her to summon her thoughts to present reality and to fix them, like her gaze, on me.

"Not too long," she said, and slowly smiled.

"This *is* the stop for the bus that runs between Fort McCaulay and the town, isn't it?" I asked this hastily, sensing her intent to lapse into silence again.

"Yes. They run non-stop between Littleville and the base at 7 and 11 in the morning and 4 and 8 at night. That's on week days. On Saturdays there's an extra bus running at 2 a.m. And on Sundays there's just a single bus at 7 a.m. because most of the townspeople are at home or at church."

The length of her reply surprised me. From its detail I inferred that she was a local girl, whereas my first supposition had been that she was a stranger like me, and a rather reticent, uneasy one. Somehow, she seemed out of place to me. She stood by the rusted bus-stop sign at the otherwise deserted rural intersection, and all around were vast fields of tall yellow corn and great brown trees enameled with strong orange sunlight. The countryside was simple and rugged, and so were most of its inhabitants. But this girl was different. She had a fragile beauty, a quiet refinement, and an intense and almost aloof manner.

Since there was a fifteen-minute wait ahead, I risked being considered forward or inquisitive and asked, "Are you going to visit someone at the base?"

"No," she replied, "I'm meeting someone here."

"Oh, someone from camp?"

There was a moment's hesitation. "Yes, my fiance."

As she spoke, her face virtually glowed with pride and anticipation.

To draw her into conversation I questioned and commented gently, cautiously, and she responded. It was as if she had been looking for someone to be trusted and confided in.



Her story was a heart-warming one, one that might be told again and again in America's small towns in war-time. Rick Kramer, her soldier, came into Littleville one weekend to have some off-duty fun. They met at Clyde's delicatessen Saturday morning when she was buying some groceries and he was indulging in a fifty-cent banana split. He sat at the counter in his khaki uniform and smiled at her while she paid the cashier. Apparently she appealed to him more than his ice cream because he left it half-eaten to follow her out of the store.

Of course, "pick-ups" were generally frowned upon in town, but Rick seemed sincere and clean-cut—and lonesome. His home, she soon discovered, was northern Oregon, and during his six weeks with the Army at Fort McCaulay he had had little chance to see the midwest or to become acquainted with its people.

That day was the most exciting of her life. Rick helped her carry her bundles home, and he stayed for lunch. Her mother, too, realized what a fine boy he was and urged her to put on a good dress and go with him to a movie.

After the show they strolled hand in hand down Main Street, looking in shop windows, though she was not anxious at first to have him see the town. Suddenly, strangely the place acquired new color and beauty as she saw it through his eyes.

Pop and his antique shop were not prosaic; they were unique and full of personality. Mr. DiBlasi was not to be appreciated for his fruit wagon alone, but for his good nature—despite his family troubles—and his good words for America—despite the hard time the country seemed to be giving him. All the little people became big people and all the butcher shops and barber shops, hardware stores and clothing stores were no longer commonplace; they were founded and run on hopes (and credit) and were alive with individuals.

She and Rick had a homecooked dinner in Edith's Diner. Afterwards they went to a carnival on the outskirts of Littleville. They rode the Whip and the Merry-Go-Round and waved to people they had never seen before. They ate sugar-candy and visited every concession and side-show. She was only eighteen, but it had been years since she had acted or felt so wonderfully young. It had been a long time, too, since she had liked a boy so much.

Late that night as they walked the two miles back to town, they talked of their dreams for the future and of their surety that theirs was a true, predestined love. And he boarded the bus to Fort McCaulay at 2 a.m. with a promise that next time he would come on Sunday, so they could be married on the townspeople's favorite day.

At that moment the bus rumbled to a halt in front of us, its doors snapping open. We waited breathlessly, both eager to glimpse the young man. No soldier, in fact no one at all, emerged. The bus driver watched impatiently as I took the girl's hand and said, "He must have missed the bus. Perhaps you should go home and wait."

"No," she insisted, "there's one more tonight. I'll wait here."

"All right," I smiled. "I do wish you two every good fortune and happiness. Good-by." She nodded in response, her eyes barely reflecting the disappointment she must have felt.

After the driver took my fare, I settled down beside a large, jovial and voluble woman. It took only five minutes of conversation for me to identify her as the town gossip. Thinking she might furnish some interesting details about my new friend, I casually mentioned my long and intriguing discussion with the young lady at the bus stop.

"Why," she exclaimed in amazement, "you're surely the first person she has spoken to for a good length of time. How did you ever manage to get a word out of her?"

"It was quite simple," I replied amusedly. "Actually all I said was, 'Have you been waiting long?'"

"Long!" my companion burst in harshly. "It will be two years tomorrow!"

## On Writing a High School Play

CHARLES REAM

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 3*

AFTER HAVING PLODDED THROUGH ONE SEMESTER OF rhetoric here at the University, I am glad that I still retain the memory of once having achieved fleeting distinction as a high school playwright to comfort me. The caustic comments of a thousand rhetoric instructors could never dull the memory of those moments I spent, chumming around with Shaw, Williams, and the Bard.

Of course, from an aesthetic viewpoint, the play was strictly a "dog," and I must confess that the brainwork involved in writing it didn't create enough cerebral heat to warm my hat band. Yet, since classes were dismissed for the performance, the students hailed the play as a histrionic masterpiece. Realizing that anyone who caused them to be excused from classes was, to them, a paragon of greatness, I received their praise with the well-known grain of salt.

During the performance I behaved in the best traditional playwright manner. I paced the floor like a man expecting a letter from his draft board. Every burst of laughter was like a god's giggle to my ears, and every dead line made me wince as from a toothache. Finally, when the play was over, and the students, who had expected a longer reprieve from their studies, strolled reluctantly back to their classes, I settled down to wait for the "reviews," as we playwrights called the written opinions of the local drama critics. Since the only school paper was a bi-weekly, I had quite a wait; but, after ten days, the review finally came out. It commented rather cryptically on both my writing and the small role I played in the play. The review, which I don't yet know how to take, read "Charles Ream writes as good as he acts."

# Alexandra

MARY FAHRNKOPF

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 9*

GLADYS SCHMITT, ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR AMERICAN novelists of our day, has again proved her ability to write an unusually interesting and stimulating novel. In *Alexandra* she has surpassed her other two famous novels, *The Gates of Aulis* and *David the King*.

*Alexandra* is the intimate story of a great actress who rose from the depths of poverty and obscurity to the highest pinnacles of success obtainable in the theater and then suddenly turned away and rejected everything that she had lived for—fame, success, and glory.

Although the novel was written primarily for entertainment, it is a source for much thought and consideration, for it is a deep and searching story about people. It is an account of people and their weaknesses and their struggles toward a goal. It is a story of people against people and people against human nature and inheritance. It does not show the glamorous side of success and fame but exhibits the hardships and obstacles blocking the way to glory.

Gladys Schmitt has written a very personal story, using only a minimum of characters and being careful not to distract the reader with unimportant subplots.

There is Sophie, a warm-hearted Jewess, who tries to help and guide Alexandra throughout her difficult life. It is around Sophie's desire to know what had happened during the last three days of Alexandra's life that the story is built. There is Emmanuel, Alexandra's first love, who finds himself incapable of leaving his mother and the bounds of his race to live his own life. There is Kenneth Ellery, a talented actor whose brilliant career was destroyed by infantile paralysis, who becomes absorbed in Alexandra's career, ". . . knowing that here was the one in whom he could ripen the green greatness that soured his own spirit. . . ." However, his selfishness and bitterness eventually become two of the main causes of Alexandra's defeat in her attempt to be happy and satisfied.

The reader is constantly aware that this is Alexandra's story; her life, her loves, her decisions and failures. Much attention is given to the details which make Alexandra seem more like a real person. A good example of the effective use of details is this paragraph which describes Alexandra when she was a girl: ". . . I thought of her as a precocious alien from another room, a pale, silky-haired girl with narrow hands and feet, so slight and unassertive in her chair that, when she stood up to recite, she amazed you by being taller than

yourself. If I try to see her face as it was in those early days, I see it always isolated from other faces—alone and white and startled in front of the black-board, alone and dark-eyed and solemn in the four o'clock dusk, in the school-yard, near the Indian Toby tree."

Alexandra seems to me to be a representative of our civilization, so that in her happiness, sorrows, achievements, and failures we all find something of ourselves. As a little girl she had the burning ambition to become a great actress. We see her climb the long road from a high school platform to Broadway and fame. We see the changes that occur, even in her physical appearance. "... she could feel her happiness moving like a nourishing liquid through her body. It warmed her and took away forever the cold that had always lain, only half-realized, at the marrow of her bones. Joy had made her prettier than she had ever hoped to be; the eyes of others told her so."

She had developed new philosophies through hardship and disappointment. Once she said: "It isn't good, it isn't safe to let anybody see what you really think, to let anybody know what you're like inside."

Perhaps the secret of Alexandra's dream and undeniable need to become famous is found in these two statements: "I thought that people would love you if you were famous. That's what I worked for all these years" and, "... when you are an artist, when you act on the stage or sing like Caruso or paint a picture, then you are somehow fixed at the very crest of a great arc of merging light; you stand at exactly that point where the light of the sun and the reflected light of the moon touch upon each other; you are illumined from both sides by earthly and celestial love. There nothing can touch you, nothing can wound you."

The reasons for her failures are partially given in this paragraph in which she said: "I was cursed from my childhood with an oversupply of those things which are acceptable only in properly limited quantities. I had too much faith, too much desire for perfection, too much devotion to truth, and above all, too great a capacity for love."

The success of this book lies in the style of writing employed. It is of a personal, reminiscent air with a definite sense of reality. The author continuously repeats certain descriptions, phrases, and impressions in many cleverly hidden ways, so that the mood and true nature of the characters are never forgotten. There is little attempt by the author to give elaborate explanations for all the actions of the characters and the reasons behind these actions. The reader is left to make his own conclusions and deductions from the material supplied. He is put into the questioning mood that Sophie was experiencing when she asked herself whether or not things might have been different if she had put forth just a little more effort to help Alexandra.



# Animal Farm

MARY ANN KULA

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 9*

COMMUNIST TROOPS PUSH BACK UNITED NATIONS forces in Korea; more than half the world suffers under Communist domination; millions of people are kept without any contact with the world outside the Iron Curtain. These conditions, needless to say, are terrible. The present world situation is critical. But how did all this start? Were these people always intent on destruction? Just what is their basic philosophy?

These are a few of the questions George Orwell attempts to answer in his political satire, *Animal Farm*. In his story of the animals' revolt, he draws a picture of the Communist revolt, of its first aims, and of the gradual warping and changing of these ideals. The novel traces the story of the animals' revolt from its idealistic beginning, as a rebellion against the unjust conditions under Mr. Jones, the farmer, up to the time when the pigs of the farm, in complete control, introduce a slavery more encompassing and far worse than life under Mr. Jones ever was.

Napoleon, the pig leader, is a symbol of the Communist leader, ruthless and cunning, working his way into leadership and stomping down all who would defy him. Slowly and skillfully he takes away more rights and privileges of his workers, giving, in return, only more work and a few empty celebrations. The Marxian theory of Communism, wherein man is all, is gradually turned into an extreme form of Socialism, wherein government is all and man is nothing but a machine, doing the biddings of those few on top.

George Orwell, an English writer who is at his best as a critic, compares the animals of the farm with the masses and Mr. Jones and the other humans with the upper classes of the country. In simple but effective manner, he sketches the character of the sincere but misguided party member in the form of Boxer, the work horse who is deluded into working night and day for the cause, and who is finally turned upon.

*Animal Farm* seems to have served as a basis for another of Orwell's novels, *1984*, inasmuch as both deal with the same problem. The author, who died very recently, brings out the horror of the Communist political system in both these novels, the difference in the two lying in the fact that *Animal Farm* deals with the past and present of the political system, while *1984* treats the not too unbelievable future.

Mr. Orwell did not attempt to moralize; we who see the causes and results realize the moral ourselves. The seeds of Communism lie in oppression and persecution. The only way that we shall be able to combat this weed is to remove the seeds so that it cannot continue its growth.

# The Legend of John

CAROL ANN HODGES

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 8*

WHEN JOHN WAS A LITTLE BOY HE PLAYED COWBOYS just like other little boys his age and said that when he grew up, he was going to be a real cowboy. However, he kept on saying that even when he was high school age, and people began to wonder if it wasn't about time he outgrew that stage. They particularly began to wonder when he had a saddle mounted on his bicycle and began to ride standing up on the saddle. This was all the more spectacular because John was a gangling six foot four and looked decidedly top-heavy in this position. Also, he would come to a stop by slamming on the brakes and rearing the bike on its hind wheel like an angry horse.

People were beginning to regard him with suspicion and say he was even more odd than his father, "Empty," had been at that age.

But when the war came and John went to the Navy, folks said confidently that the Navy would take it out of him. One fellow told me John had to pitch six new pairs of cowboy boots overboard because the sea water rotted them, and no doubt that would be the end of his cowboy fling.

And when he came home, it seemed to be true. He no longer thought he was a cowboy. Instead, he had grown a magnificent beard, and it was, like his hair, a screaming orange. (This was a bit unusual, since when he went away, his hair had been a rather uninteresting reddish brown.) The beard and hair alone would have caused comment, but in addition, he had his ears pierced and a silver chain run from one lobe to the other. Under his chin a silver medallion hung from this chain, shimmering against its orange background. It seemed that for the time being he had forgotten about cowboys and was now playing the pirate. He carried a long, wicked looking knife with a carved ivory handle in a sheath between his shoulder blades; and, when he was sure people were looking, he'd pull it out and pick his teeth with it, sneering as he did so at the quaking landlubbers.

When John got out of the Navy, he came back to farm with his father, but this of course was not very exciting and he ran off with a rodeo.

When he came back that fall during the Homecoming celebration, jaws began dropping all over town. The orange hair had subdued to a glowing auburn and was now almost shoulder length and rolled under on the nape of his neck. The beard had divided into long sideburns and a well trimmed moustache. He rode out to the high school on a palamino with a two-hundred dollar tail. He swaggered into the school and offered to let them build their carnival around him and his bull whip cracking act, and to prove his point he uncoiled the whip from his shoulder and took a crack at the superintendent

who had just said no. The superintendent had admirable courage, however, and kept on saying no, so John went to find the president of our senior class. He offered to get us a stage coach and six horses for our float and furthermore to drive it himself. We said no, too, and thought that was that. But on that day of the parade there was John, dressed all in black from his Stetson to his boots, except for the red satin sash at his waist; and he announced that he was leading the parade on his palamino horse and he had his whip, knife, and six guns (in black holsters, of course) to prove it. Undoubtedly if anyone had called his bluff, it would have turned out to be just that, but there was no intrepid soul amongst us, and so John was given an opportunity to display himself before the awestruck citizens.

There are many legends about John, each one a little more fantastic than the last, and most of them built around his desire for show and his actual cowardice and bluff. One of these is pretty well accepted as the truth, however. That is the story about John and his friend, Lloyd, who was about the same caliber. They went squirrel hunting one afternoon and got into an argument. Finally John said, "We'll settle this with a duel." And they agreed to stand back to back, take ten paces, turn and fire. They began counting. On nine, Lloyd fired his rifle in the air, and when he turned around, John was gone. It's said John didn't stop running till he hit the city limits, and I imagine that's just about so.

## Mr. Blank

CAROLINE CRAMER

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 4*

HE WAITED ON THE CORNER FOR THE BUS FOR SOME ten or fifteen minutes with his hands thrust deeply into the pockets of the grey covert overcoat which he wore. His hat was set on his head rather crookedly, giving the impression of carelessness and hurry rather than of jauntiness, and his brows were knit in that peculiar expression which waiting persons assume as a blind for the diverse thoughts which meander through their minds.

The bus came presently, and the man was able to find a seat by a window. He stared vacantly out, his expression changing ever so slightly from boredom to pleasure as he saw a tall, well-moulded blonde round a corner; then he hastily covered the pleasure with a fleeting frown, which resolved itself into an aspect of mere passive disgust at his own humanism.

As he strode swiftly past the rows of almost-identical houses between the bus stop and home, he came upon a child working hard at tightening a screw on a battered roller-skate. The man started to step around the child; then he turned quickly and gave the needed assistance. His ill-humor having made

this concession, he walked on more breezily, and declared to his wife upon entering his house that the smell of her beef stew had set his mouth watering a block away. She smiled wanly, thus indicating both her "hello" and "thank you". The man scanned the sports page of the local newspaper until dinner, tapping his foot against the leg of a table in preoccupation.

The meal was eaten quietly, with little conversation; the man was absorbed in listening to "Big Town."

With a martyred look shadowing his lucid eyes, the husband insisted on helping his wife with the dishes. As he removed his coat in favor of an apron, a parchment certificate fell from his pocket. His wife stooped, scooped it up, and read, "Awarded to Mr. Blank, Brown and Kuhl's Personality Prize of the Year."

## Divorce—An American Pastime

HARRY KARIHER

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 1*

**D**URING THE TURBULENT WAR YEARS, BOTH THE AMERICAN marriage rate and the divorce rate increased to gigantic proportions. These accelerated marriages were looked upon with favor by the majority of the public, but the subsequent divorce rate appalled the citizenry. It is still appalling.

It was the general opinion that the divorce rate would level off following the war, as our economy and existence began to be re-stabilized. This, however, has not been the case. Reno, as well as other points of facile divorces, continues to be jammed to the bursting point.

The separations are a fine barometer of the social, emotional, and economic unrest in the country today. The fast pace of living, coupled with an almost nation-wide desire for security, will produce a marriage today and a separation tomorrow in one out of three instances. To a social expert, this means that the American people are all too close to a national nervous breakdown.

The aftermaths of divorce are for the present its most detrimental factors. Confused children, disgusted and dismayed parents, and split economics can contribute little to the public welfare. In many cases, the actual support of divorce-struck children will fall on society. Juvenile delinquency and crime draw direct sustenance from the divorce courts.

As long as ten-minute engagements are possible in America, divorce lawyers will coin money. As long as a husband or wife can journey to Reno for mercurial separation proceedings, homes will be broken. As long as people continue to treat marriage as lightly as in the past, divorce will remain the great American pastime. Yet with the proper legislation and popular combat, there is hope that large-scale "liberations" will become as extinct as the dodo bird.



# Soap Opera-The Housewife's Bible

ALICE JEAN COHN

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 9*

THE PLACE IS CHICAGO. THE YEAR IS 1928. SEVERAL radio men have migrated to the "Windy City" from New York and Hollywood, weary from their unsuccessful attempts to promote themselves.<sup>1</sup> Our story opens as the explorers of soapland, taking advantage of the simple facilities available, begin to develop radio serials and sell them to advertisers as "soap operas."

The idea of the daytime radio program was to entertain the housewife and to sell her a bill of goods at the same time. Though the soap opera originated in Chicago, its headquarters are now in New York. There was a wait of approximately fifteen years before serious research was done on this subject, and during that time there were few competent critics. None of the serial writers ever saved their scripts. If the more than 4,000 scripts (8,000,000 words) of "Just Plain Bill," the oldest serial now on the air, had been saved, they would fill 20 trunks, and the entire wordage of soap operas to date, roughly 275,000,000 words, would fill a good sized library."<sup>2</sup>

During the four years following the birth of the soap opera, dozens of people attempted to take the old art of story-telling and adapt it to radio. The principal figures were Mrs. Gertrude Berg, Mrs. Elaine Carrington, Irma Phillips, Paul Rhymar, Frank and Anne Hummert, and Robert D. Andrews. However, the progress of these serial pioneers was extremely slow because of certain handicaps involving the wariness of advertisers and the thin resources of talent in the Middle West. Their efforts were indefatigable. They studied "Amos and Andy," a sequential story, as a model in the field of radio narrative. The many listeners devoted to this program proved the American desire for a continued story on the air.

Mrs. Gertrude Berg, a New York woman, did her early writing in Chicago. She was one of the first to have a popular and durable soap opera, "The Goldbergs." This program began as a nightly show twenty-two years ago and transferred to daytime a few years later. The show ran until 1945 when Proctor and Gamble dropped it; however, the show has recently been continued. When the show was first dropped, life became bewildering to Mrs. Berg who, portraying Molly Goldberg, had ripened many worthwhile friendships. Since it was an impossibility for her to give up the Goldbergs, she brought them back to the stage in a production called "Me and Molly." This showed the critics who saw no art or significance in her play why the

<sup>1</sup> James Thurber, "Soapland," *New Yorker*, XXIV (May 15, 1948), 34.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

beloved family could not die. It transferred to the stage simplicity, honesty, and the warm belief in humanity which distinguished her serial.<sup>3</sup>

The woman who has been crowned queen of the soap opera is Elaine Carrington of New York. "When a Girl Marries," "Pepper Young's Family," and "Rosemary" are three better than average serials through which Mrs. Carrington may make her claim for fame.<sup>4</sup> Her salary for such work may be as high as \$3500 per week. Elaine Carrington began her career by writing short stories for magazines, but during the years of depression she turned to writing for radio. In 1932 NBC sponsored Miss Carrington's "Red Adams," a half-hour evening show, broadcast once a week. Three months later Beechnut sponsored the program as a daytime serial three times a week. However, the Beechnut company offered to sponsor the show only under the condition that the name be changed. Adams represented to them the name of their rival; thus, the show was changed from "Red Adams" to "Red Davis." In 1936 Procter and Gamble offered Elaine Carrington twice as much money as she had been receiving if she would write five scripts per week. It was at this time that the name of the program became "Pepper Young's Family." Mrs. Carrington is one of the few soap opera writers who has been wise and firm in retaining ownership of literary properties.<sup>5</sup> She leases broadcasting rights to sponsors and specifies that her name be mentioned before and after each show. Most dialoguers receive credit only once a week.

Among other pioneers prominent in soap operas are Anne and Frank Hummert, the manufacturers of fifteen serials in the soap opera factory. Frank Hummert was formerly a St. Louis newspaperman who switched to radio as the copy chief for Blackett and Sample advertising agency in Chicago. His wife, the former Anne Askenhurst, became his assistant and together they worked out their first daytime serial, "Betty and Bob." This soap opera lasted approximately eleven years before it was taken off the air. For its plot, the story depended upon the unsteady, jealous relationship between the name characters. The serial reached its climax at the birth of a baby but ended as a failure because the listeners would not accept the old relationship in a married couple with a child.<sup>6</sup> Through experience the Hummerts found that three problems were inherent in soap opera writing: finding names for the hundreds of characters, keeping the dialogue fresh, and preventing the endless story from ending.<sup>7</sup> The last difficulty is the greatest.

There has not been another woman writer of soap operas who has written as many words or made as much money as Irma Phillips.<sup>8</sup> This soap opera

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 35.

<sup>4</sup> "Soap Opera," *Reader's Digest*, XLVIII (July, 1946), 97.

<sup>5</sup> Thurber, *op. cit.*, p. 35.

<sup>6</sup> "Hummerts' Super Soaps," *Newsweek*, XXIII (January 10, 1944), 81.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 80.

<sup>8</sup> Thurber, *op. cit.*, p. 36.

pioneer became studio-struck after her graduation from the University of Illinois. Following some years of teaching and writing, Miss Phillips was asked by WGN to write a serial which she called "Painted Dreams." Writing serials involving the family was reasonably simple to her as she was one of ten children. Her subsequent soap operas included "Woman in White," "Right to Happiness," "Road to Life," and "Lonely Women." All of these programs are still being broadcast except "Lonely Women."

Sandra Michael's serial dramas seldom fall in the uncomfortable category as do many soap operas.<sup>9</sup> Her most notable work, "Against the Storm," made its debut in 1939 with extensive praise and many blue ribbons. In 1943 the serial was given the Peabody Award for dramatic presentation. Radio editors favored its literary quality, war-conscious continuity, and occasional personal casting of such notables as John Masefield and Edgar Lee Masters.<sup>10</sup> However, "Against the Storm" didn't appeal to the housewives and went off the air in December, 1942.

Although earlier soap operas were broadcast in the evening, the accepted definition of today's soaper is: "a patronizing term loosely applied to popular daytime dramatic serial programs because the early sponsors of these programs were soap manufacturers."<sup>11</sup> The story is continuous, concerning the same set of characters all of the way through the series with additions and subtractions in less important roles in the story. It is intended for an adult audience.<sup>12</sup> Generally, the same actors play the same parts. The same director handles the show, the same sound man and engineer are assigned, and the show is always broadcast in the same studio. The element of continuity touches many factors in the program.

The serial production directors and writers are all constants. The director has less to do with the script because the writer is usually a highly skilled craftsman who knows the medium intimately. Because most of the programs are agency-produced, the radio executives in the agency have gone over the scripts carefully in advance. Thus, most of the editing necessary for other programs is eliminated. The main concern of soap opera producers is time.

The problem of talent arises due to one of two circumstances. First, the client or agency becomes dissatisfied with the way a part is being played or with an actor's behavior; then it is necessary to recast. This seldom happens, but when it does it is a major operation. The prominent role is the subject of hearings and auditions for a week before the decision is made. Recasting is done with a thoroughness involving the account executive of the advertising agency and the sponsor. Secondly, minor casting problems arise with the new characters and the use of dramatized commercials.

Staff needs, studio needs, and studio layouts are constant. Teamwork in

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<sup>9</sup> "Scented Soap," *Newsweek*, XXII (July 5, 1943), 110.

<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>11</sup> *Radio Alphabet*, New York, 1946, p. 67.

<sup>12</sup> "Soap Opera," *op. cit.*, p. 95.

this field brings simplicity. There are few special effects. Sound is held to a minimum and music usually appears only as the opening and closing theme.

There is a simplicity of movement, structure, and sound in the soap opera because the housewives constitute the majority of the audience.<sup>13</sup> Housewives have work to do; therefore, the serial cannot have a complicated, fast moving plot requiring undivided attention that would distract women from their work.

The actual playing time of the dialogue in soap operas is nine or ten minutes; the rest of the program's time is required for the announcer, commercials, and music.<sup>14</sup> In the procedure for rehearsals, the script is first read through by the cast for content and general daily development and then re-read for notation of further corrections. Good timing is achieved in this manner. If there is relaxation on the part of the director in timing the show, the result shows a definite sloppiness in the actual broadcast.

In scoring soapland locales results showed that small towns outnumbered big cities two to one; five actual cities in the United States are mentioned, but names of small towns such as Hartville, Rushville Center and Great Falls are misty and unreal.<sup>15</sup> After listening to many serials, one may note that "Our Gal Sunday" is set in Virginia, but that no states are mentioned for towns in other serials.

Differences between small town people and big city people are exaggerated and over-simplified by most writers. Distinctions between good and evil are most easily made in the old-fashioned terms of moral and immoral towns.

Soap opera time manages to coincide with mortal time in the case of holidays. For example, Memorial Day in Hartville is Memorial Day in New York. Every year on that day Bill Davidson, Hartville's leading citizen, makes a Memorial Day address—a simple arrangement of words in praise of God and the Republic.<sup>16</sup>

"Soapland is a peaceful world, a political and economic Utopia, free of international unrest, the menace of fission, the threat of inflation, depression, general unemployment, the infiltration of Communists and the problem of racism."<sup>17</sup> There are no colored people in the world of soap except for minor servant parts. David, in "Life Can be Beautiful" is the only Jew since "The Goldbergs" was discontinued as a soap opera. Lynn Stone and Addy Richton, soap opera writers, were once told by a sponsor's representative to eliminate a Jewish woman from their show. The reason given for such action was not to antagonize anti-Semites.<sup>18</sup>

Though formerly the sexual aspect of daytime morality burned up and down the dial, there has been a profound cooling off. Now the question of sex is handled with care. Nothing is shown but coy and impregnable chastity

<sup>13</sup> Albert R. Crews, *Radio Production Directing*, Boston, 1944, p. 470.

<sup>14</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 471.

<sup>15</sup> Thurber, *op. cit.* (May 29, 1948), p. 30.

<sup>16</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 31.

<sup>17</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>18</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 32.



in women. Helen Trent is soap opera's number one tormenter of men, all in the virtuous name of indecision.<sup>19</sup> Suitors in soapland are usually weak. Miss Trent's frustration of them is aimed to gratify listening housewives, brought up in the fine American tradition of female domination.

People of soapland are subject to a set of special ills. Temporary blindness, preceded by dizzy spells and headaches, is a common affliction of soapland people. There are also many amnesia cases. Children of soap towns are subject to pneumonia and strange fevers, or killed by autos. Infantile paralysis and cancer are never mentioned in serials.<sup>20</sup>

Outside of physical ills, the most common misfortune in the world of soap is false accusation of murder. At least two-thirds of the good male characters have been indicted and tried for murder since the beginning of soap operas.<sup>21</sup>

The soap opera is rarely discussed without passion. Many are heartily in favor of its existence while others are violently in opposition. Defenders of the daily serial believe that it relieves the tedium of the housewife and teaches valuable lessons in living. However, innumerable critics say, "At its best, the soap opera is a tedious bilge and at its worst, is revolting morbidity."<sup>22</sup> It rationalizes frustration and provides an unhealthy escape from reality. This is evident by the pretense of an economic and political Utopia. Also, many soap operas may be considered money-saving because expenses are lessened on talent.

Educators, social scientists and psychiatrists deplore the soap opera's influence.<sup>23</sup> Dr. Louis Berg, a New York psychiatrist stated that the relapse of his patients was due to listening to soap operas. He listened and found the soapers full of jealousy, pain, rage, frustration and insincerity. "Truly the authors have screened the emotional sewers for their material."<sup>24</sup>

Both NBC and CBS were worried by Dr. Berg's accusations because of their profitable association with soap operas. Therefore, NBC delegated a committee to investigate the serials. The committee found that there was a tendency of all dramas studied toward ethical solutions and that their effect tended toward helpfulness.<sup>25</sup> The soap opera's shortcomings seemed to be outweighed by its virtues.

CBS made a study to find out whether women who listen to daily serials are substantially different from those who do not. A tabulation showed that the percentage of listeners varied with the educational, not economical level. Forty-one percent of soap opera listeners have graduated from high school and may have had some college education; fifty-nine per cent are not high school or, possibly, grammar school graduates.<sup>26</sup> The CBS committee, composed of well-known educators and psychologists, devised a recommendation for the

<sup>19</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 35.

<sup>20</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 37.

<sup>21</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>22</sup> "Soap Opera," *op. cit.*, p. 95.

<sup>23</sup> Lloyd Morris, *Not So Long Ago*, New York, 1949, p. 472.

<sup>24</sup> "Soap Opera," *op. cit.*, p. 98.

<sup>25</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 99.

<sup>26</sup> *Ibid.*

improvement of serial programs and offered these eight definite suggestions for writers:

1. Make characters motivate the plot.
2. Develop the social and economic structure of characters more fully.
3. Play on wider themes.
4. Let the motives be plausible.
5. Use more logic, less contrived accident and coincidence in the story.
6. Use less narration, more live action.
7. Set higher standards of production.
8. Be sure that the total outlook of each serial is socially desirable rather than socially harmless.<sup>27</sup>

Major networks devote 79% of their daytime commercial hours to soap operas.<sup>28</sup> In 1945 NBC had a total of \$30,000,000 in time charges.<sup>29</sup> From this, one can easily see why networks investigate accusations made against soap operas.

Due to the continuity of the soap opera, it becomes habit-forming. Thus, the housewife after months of conditioning becomes extremely devoted to the involved characters. One woman who was a faithful listener to "Pepper Young's Family" continually heard Mr. and Mrs. Young's nightly discussion in bed. When the part of Mr. Young was recast, the listener ceased to listen to the program because she could not bear to think of Mrs. Young in bed with another man.<sup>30</sup>

The question of banning soap operas from the air is a topic for heated discussion. In many soap operas a permanent question of inner struggle, doubt or indecision is implied every day by the serial narrator. And so that I may leave the reader with the soapland environment, I, too, shall ask the question in closing, "Will the housewife continue to leave her cakes burning in the oven and her children dying from malnutrition?" Tune in some fifty years in the future and hear the thrilling climax!!

<sup>27</sup> G. T. Buswell, "Radio's Daytime Serials," *Elementary School Journal*, XLVI (January, 1946), 251.

<sup>28</sup> "Question of Soap," *Time*, XLI (June 7, 1943), 66.

<sup>29</sup> "Soap Opera," *op. cit.*, p. 95.

<sup>30</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 96.

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# And Into the Pan

JIM BRAY

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 5*

THOSE VACATION PICTURES OF THE JUBILANT FISHERMAN stepping out of his boat and holding aloft a large pike or perch always bring exclamations from the women and whistles of admiration from the men. Then the questions start. "How much did he weigh?" "Did he put up a good battle?" "What did you use to get him?" The picture under discussion is not laid aside until everybody knows every detail of the capture of the fish.

I never bring my vacation pictures to a group of this type because all of my photos show me with a few panfish that don't weigh over two pounds in all. Panfish are the smaller varieties of fish which don't get much larger than a foot, are usually much smaller, and are a mess of bones. As far as I am concerned, the fisherman with his big fish has not just stepped out of the boat; he has missed it completely. He may have the admiration of all the men and women, but I'm the fisherman who gets to sit down to a dinner table that is heaped with the best tasting fish in Wisconsin, the panfish. And they aren't as easy to catch as some people think.

The average fisherman would gaze in horror at the fishing equipment I use to get my fish. I don't have forty or fifty pounds of equipment that cost several hundred dollars. All of my equipment but my rod fits into a two-pound candy box. Ten fishhooks (size 1), one stringer, five lead weights, and fifty feet of line on my reel will provide me with equipment enough for any situation which I will encounter while fishing. The only one of these terms which may not be clear to the reader is the stringer. It is a cord that is inserted through the gill of the fish and out through the mouth in order to retain control of the fish. My reel is a very inexpensive one and is not absolutely needed in order to catch fish. One of my major expenses is a five-dollar fishing license which legally enables me to fish in the lakes of Wisconsin.

Although I have never seen another person fish from a canoe, there is nothing that is better adapted for this purpose. The advantages of the canoe over the highly lauded rowboat include maneuverability, comfort, and accessibility to the various equipment. When I have a canoe, I don't always need to be putting in and taking out wet oars. My paddle may be laid across the canoe so that its drippings will fall into the water. The canoe is usually drier than the rowboat because people seem to take good care of something that is fragile, while they tend to mistreat the supposedly sturdy rowboat until it leaks freely. Furthermore, my paddle, anchor, and all my fishing equipment may be put within arm's reach in the canoe; a rowboat must be rowed and anchored from different fixed positions. A canoe may also be easily carried from lake to lake on top of a car or transported by packing it on the shoulders with a carrying frame.

Although August may not be the best time to catch fish, it is the time

during which I escape the tortures of the August drouth in Illinois. Hoping the weather will be nice and sunny for swimming and hiking, but cold and drizzly for good fishing, a climatic improbability, I usually attempt in August to go fishing on one of the many lakes of Wisconsin.

Since the type of lake on which I fish is largely determined by the location of my cabin, I will consider instead, the ideal conditions. A good lake for fishing will have numerous weed beds and abundant plant life in its waters. A sandy-bottomed lake is not too good, nor is a complete lake of weeds or wild rice. In a lake where there are abundant minnows, the fish will not be too hungry for the fisherman's bait. Therefore, a large lake, two or three miles long, will usually offer the best opportunities for good fishing. Another wise thing to know is the type of fish which is most abundant in a particular lake. Tourist literature will give many hints about this information.

It is very important to know what type of floor the lake has. Some lakes have been improved by dumping brush into them to provide better protection from the larger fish for the fingerlings that will some day be of legal size.

When a suitable lake has been found, the exact spot where the fish are located must be discovered. It will usually be about twenty feet off shore on a weed bed and will be about ten feet deep. Lily pads almost always offer good spots for perch and bluegill. Although the type of fish which a lake contains does not readily change, the best fishing spots do. As a result, the fisherman can only hope he is in the right place.

After anchoring myself in what I hope will be a good "fishing hole," I put a hook on the line and place a lead weight above it so that the bait will not float. The hook must not be so big that the fish will be unable to take it into their mouths, nor should it be so small as to encourage minnows. Whether to use worms or minnows is still uncertain in my mind. For this reason, I use the cheaper worms, which are threaded down their centers onto the hook.

I lower my line into the lake until the bait touches bottom and then reel it in until it is about a foot off the floor, or where I hope that the fish will be. I attempt to attract them by bobbing my bait up and down with short jerks on my line. If a fish jerks back, I give another quick tug which I hope will pull the hook through the mouth of the fish and thus secure him on my line. The panfish is not large enough to cause any further trouble, so that I can reel him in, put him on my stringer, and then put him back into the lake so he will not die before I get him back to shore with what I hope will be enough for a meal.

A good hard blow on the top of the head will kill a panfish. Cutting off his head, taking off his scales and fins, and taking out his innards will ready the fish for the skillet. The fish should now be dipped in corn meal batter and slowly fried in a small amount of fat. Panfish taste best if eaten immediately after being cooked. For this reason, it is best to eat them as they are fried, instead of cooking them all at once and keeping them warm in an oven. One should watch for the small bones. A larger fish won't have them, but neither will it have the sweet, juicy flavor of the panfish.



# Controlled Destruction

JOHN KRUPKA

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 1*

AN AMERICAN FIELD-ARTILLERY PIECE IS THROWING death and destruction. The first shells explode on first contact with the target, spreading their deadly concussion over a wide area. Then arrives an order to knock out a concrete blockhouse. Instantaneous detonation of shells against the outside of this target would be useless. Therefore, the gunner gives a small screw on the next shell a quick quarter turn. This shell strikes the blockhouse, and its speed carries it through the concrete. Then, inside, it explodes with devastating effect. It is a perfect hit on the first shot. Excitement runs high in the gun crew. Eager to get off another shot, one of the ammunition-passers stumbles. A shell, exactly like those which had slain enemy troops and knocked out concrete fortifications, slips from his hands. Its sensitive nose rams into the steel base of the cannon with sledge-hammer force. Nothing happens. White-faced, shaken, but unhurt, the crew continues its work.

The accurately timed explosion of the shells on or in the target but their refusal to detonate by accident are the result of a very fine piece of mechanism known as the fuse and booster assembly.

A small pellet of very sensitive mercury-fulminate mounted in the nose of the shell explodes at the first shock of striking the target. This explosion flashes through the fuse and ignites the booster which fires the shell. This pellet no doubt exploded when the soldier dropped the shell, but two small pins blocking the passage to the booster saved the lives of the gun crew. When a shell is fired from the gun, these pins are drawn back by centrifugal force due to the shell's spinning motion. This leaves the passage open during the shell's flight but tightly closed before it is fired.

To delay the detonation of the shell to allow it to penetrate a wall, the gunner turns a screw that locks these centrifugal pins permanently. By blocking the instantaneous flash, these pins allow another part of the fuse to function. On impact, the shell is suddenly slowed down by contact with the target. Inertia causes a small cylinder of brass inside the fuse to slide forward against a spring, driving a pin into a second pellet of explosive. The flash from this explosion must thread its way through a baffle before it can reach the booster. This delays the detonation of the shell for a vital fraction of a second. The operation of this mechanism is resisted by a spring, and the relatively light impact of dropping the shell will not affect it.

The light, quick flash of the fuse is not, however, strong enough to detonate the T.N.T. bursting charge of the shell. This small flash must be amplified by a mechanism already referred to, the booster.

The booster also contains a complex safety device. A small pin must be

first drawn back by the inertia caused by the firing of the shell from the gun. This releases another pin which is drawn back by centrifugal force. This, in turn, releases a circular metal plate or rotor which pivots to bring a small explosive charge into position to receive the flash from the fuse. This charge is set off by the fuse and fires a larger, more powerful pellet which, in turn, detonates the shell.

This mechanism, the fuse and booster assembly, serves as an indication of the great value we Americans place on the lives of our men. The fuse and booster are made with the utmost care and precision. They are comparable, in quality and cost, with a fine watch, yet they are standard equipment on each of the millions of artillery shells used by the armed forces. Their sole purpose is to protect our men without loss of effectiveness against the enemy. This is just one of the many ways in which American mechanical skill provides the weapons to win the war.

## The Competitors

FRED M. COOPER

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 1*

IT WAS THE NIGHT OF MY SCHOOL'S ANNUAL BASKET-ball game with her traditional rival, Edgewood High. The whole town of Swissvale was screaming for blood—Edgewood's. I was mixed up; in fact, I had been terribly confused all day. I respected the whole Edgewood team, especially Larry Harms, who was the star and captain of this fighting aggregation. Yet I hated them, mainly because I felt that I must hate them to win the approval of my teammates and local fans. To add to my confusion, the coach appointed me captain for this game. It was in this particular game that I actually realized that competition should produce friendships, not bitter rivalry.

The usual pre-game ritual failed to fully relieve my tension. I began to realize, however, that we should try to win the game in a civilized way, without displaying such undesirable emotions as hatred and extreme anger.

The whole team was inspired. We heartily cheered the junior varsity as they struggled for victory in their preliminary battle. We taunted our opponents, and they, in return, belittled us. I watched Larry—quiet, at ease, and apparently disgusted by his teammates' aggressive attitude. I was certain that he felt the same as I. I resolved to control myself at all times throughout the game.

Tension mounted higher and higher as the junior varsity game progressed, and then the third quarter ended. It was time to dress. Both crowds broke into frenzied roars as their respective teams went into their locker rooms. I wanted to nod and smile at Larry, but I dared not; instead I pretended to look at the scoreboard and walked directly past him.

Once inside the dressing room, we all broke into school pep cheers as we opened our lockers and proceeded to put on our uniforms. I looked carefully at my outfit, number eleven. It had been my faithful companion for three basketball seasons. With it on, I felt more confident, and my tightened muscles seemed to ease somewhat. I glanced up at my teammates. Glenn, my best friend, who played center, winked at me and took a deep breath. I was rather frightened, because Glenn had a terrific temper which could easily be aroused in the course of a hotly contested game. I winked back.

Suddenly the whole dressing room became silent—dead silent. It was G-Hour, and for the first time in my life before a game I prayed.

The next few minutes were vague in my mind. I remember running through warm-up drills amidst the tumult of shouts and cheers. I could faintly hear the coach giving us our last instructions, and then I found myself shaking hands with Larry as the referees reviewed the court rules with us.

We lined up for the tip-off. The centers were eager to tap the ball. My job was to guard Larry, and I was determined to do it in a sportsmanlike manner. The ball shot into the air, and Glenn managed to outjump his opponent and get the tip-off. We raced down the floor, the ball zipping around from man to man. Suddenly I caught a short quick pass and had the ball under the basket. I rose and shot blindly. Two points! Now my mind began to clear as I fell back on defense—too late—Larry had two points!

First one team was ahead, then the other, throughout the first half. At halftime we were leading by a margin of two points. Noise and confusion filled the whole gym. Larry and I had not even spoken to one another.

Soon the second half was under way. Edgewood slowly pulled away from us, and we became frantic. We had to get the ball and score. In the excitement, I knocked Larry over. I helped him up and he promptly made a free throw. Not a word was said.

We now had possession of the ball with one minute left to play. As I dribbled toward an opening in the defense, something struck me hard and sent me sprawling. Jumping up, half-angry, I saw that it was Larry. I grinned at him and proceeded to make two free throws. Still we said nothing.

Edgewood was two points ahead, and, before the ball could be put in play again, the game was over. I cursed the buzzer and started to stalk off the floor with tears in my eyes.

As I reached the steps, something compelled me to turn, and I recognized Larry as he stood and received the congratulations bestowed upon him by his hometown fans. I walked toward him, smiled, and shook hands. Almost simultaneously we said "Nice game, fella!"

Since then I have had the pleasure of becoming a good friend of Larry's. It is only natural, therefore, for me to believe that competition should not breed serious rivalry but should blend the lives of the competitors into a pattern of friendship.

# Rhet as Writ

"The sign said, 'Ten beautiful girls inside, plus beer and whiskey,' so I began to enter this den of satin."

\* \* \*

Engineers are people even though they don't know where to put comas or how to spel.

\* \* \*

The two main streets in my home town run north and south and east and west.

\* \* \*

After his first months of strangeness the new student settles down and is resigned to become better educated.

\* \* \*

Although many people disagree, I believe that having puppies and training them is a problem.

\* \* \*

The type of girl that I think is ideal may be quite different from some men.

\* \* \*

England was the chief navel power for three centuries.

\* \* \*

When he became sick, he went into a comma. I don't know where he went but when he came out of it, he was a changed man.



## Honorable Mention

*Arlene Arenberg*

*Rolf Cederwall*

*Fred L. Creager*

*Earl Doty*

*George Fearheiley*

*Arlei Fender*

*Eugene Fenton*

*Don Herrington*

*Eugene Priesto*

*Curtis Robinson*

*Pat Ryan*

*Arnold M. Tatar*

## The Contributors

*Ann Lankford*—Champaign

*Russell Stackhouse*—Tuscola

*Ryozo Sunobe*—Tokyo Imperial University

*Lessing Silver*—Hyde Park

*Ted Schreyer*—Main Township

*Donna Corydon*—North Park Academy

*Charles Ream*—Feitschans

*Mary Fahrnkopf*—Champaign

*Mary A. Kula*—Resurrection, Chicago

*Carol A. Hodges*—Girard

*Caroline Cramer*—Casey Community

*Harry Kariher*—Champaign

*Alice J. Cohn*—Hyde Park

*James Bray*—University High

*John Krupka*—Niles Township

*Fred M. Cooper*—Williamsville

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# THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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# Parachute Jump

ROBERT DORAN

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 12*

I HAD JUST SPENT THREE WEEKS OF THE HARDEST WORK in my whole life at the parachutist's school at Fort Benning, Georgia. During that time I had received intensive training in parachute packing and in every phase of parachute jumping. I was all ready for the fourth week of training in which I would make five parachute jumps.

At the time I attended the school, every step of the instruction, every piece of training equipment, and every action during a parachute jump had been developed to the greatest possible efficiency by the thousands of men who had gone before me.

When I volunteered for the paratroops, I hadn't thought of fear. I had thought of the fifty dollars a month extra pay, and I had thought of the excitement and prestige of being a paratrooper.

During my final week of training, I wasn't afraid—I was merely miserable. I had just finished Infantry Basic training, and I had thought I was in good physical condition. Somehow I survived that week, but my bones and muscles still ache when I remember the calisthenics and forced marches—an hour of calisthenics and two hours of marching every day. I had to drive myself to the very limit of physical endurance to keep up.

Besides the physical conditioning program, I was taught how to fall. I learned how to hit the ground and take up the impact with my legs and body without being hurt, but I collected a crop of bruises in the process.

The second week was somewhat easier. Calisthenics continued, but I was used to them by then. I learned how to control a parachute during descent. I also learned all the steps in leaving an airplane from full-size models of a C-47 fuselage. I can go back in my memory and hear the sergeant barking, "Stand up! Hook up! Stand to the door! Ready—go!"

The command "Hook up!" meant to fasten the safety catch on the end of the static line to an overhead cable that ran the length of the fuselage. The static line is a twenty-five foot piece of heavy canvas webbing attached to the back of a parachute pack. When a paratrooper jumps from a plane, the static line opens the parachute pack and pulls out the parachute. The plane is too close to the ground for a paratrooper to use a rip-cord and pilot chute such as are used on standard parachutes.

During the second week I also started classes in parachute packing. I had to pack my own parachute for the five training jumps I would make. I began to wonder, as the fatal day crept closer, but I wasn't too worried because that day was still somewhere in the future.

The third week was rough. On Monday morning I was introduced to a new torture device. It was a thirty-five foot wooden tower with a ladder

going up one side and a door on the other side. Parallel to the door-side was a cable attached to two poles about sixty feet apart. One end of the cable was higher than the door, and the other end sloped down, passing over a big pile of sawdust. Attached to the cable was a pulley with a cross bar beneath it to which was connected two long pieces of canvas webbing with iron rings on their lower ends.

All a student had to do was put on a standard parachute harness, with safety catches where the parachute shroud lines would normally be attached, climb the ladder to the top of the tower, clip the catches in the rings at the ends of the webbing coming down from the pulley, and step out the door.

The platoon lined up. I was the fifth man in line. The first man in line climbed the ladder. He walked over to the door and hooked up. He hesitated a moment when he received the command to go and then jumped. He fell halfway to the ground before the cable stopped him. He then coasted down the inclined cable and landed in the sawdust pile. The rip was brought back and the next man hooked up.

"That looks like fun," I said to myself.

Then it was my turn. I buckled on the harness and climbed the ladder. When I got to the top, I looked around. "It's funny," I thought, "but this tower didn't look this high when I was on the ground."

The rig came back. I moved briskly over to the door and hooked up. I received the command to go. I tensed my muscles—and froze. Fear hit me like a fist in the stomach. Again I received the command to go. I started forward and froze again. The third time I received the command. Desperately I closed my eyes and jumped. I felt myself falling, and then I felt a nasty jolt. I opened my eyes just in time to meet the sawdust pile.

During that day and the next I jumped from the tower thirty times. Those jumps were never fun. I could never rid myself of a twinge of fear just before I left that door.

Thursday, the class went to the parachute tower. This tower was two hundred fifty feet high with four cross arms at its top. Five steel cables dropped from each cross arm terminating in an iron ring twenty feet in diameter. Above the ring was a hook with a release mechanism. The apex of a special parachute was clipped to the hook, and a steel ring held the parachute out like a partially open umbrella.

My turn came to go up. I buckled on the regulation parachute harness. At a signal from the sergeant to the operator I started to rise. I reached the top of the tower, dangling beneath the parachute and wishing myself someplace on the ground. I looked down at the ground. That was too much for my nerves. I closed my eyes and prayed.

I felt myself being lifted several more feet, and then I heard the click of the release mechanism. For several seconds there was a sickening sensation of falling and then the parachute filled. I drifted down and away from the tower. I hit the ground easily, unbuckled my harness where I lay, got up, and helped carry the parachute back to the tower.

All during the third week I continued parachute packing classes. Friday afternoon, the equipment I would use the next week was issued to me: parachute and harness, reserve parachute, and a football helmet. I inspected both parachutes carefully for damage and then packed them just as carefully as possible. I was really worried by then.

I don't remember much about that week-end except that I was miserable. No matter how hard I tried to banish thoughts of fear and worry from my mind, they kept popping into my consciousness.

Monday morning—the big day had come at last—the day that I had been looking forward to with mingled feelings of dread and anticipation. I was going to make my final parachute jump.

The morning was beautiful. All the bright colors of spring seemed brighter and clearer than ever before. I had never seen the sky look so blue nor the trees and grass so green. The air was still. It was a perfect day for a parachute jump—and I wished it were raining. I was scared stiff.

I had breakfast with the rest of the fellows. None of us ate very much. We were far too nervous. Shortly after breakfast the whistle blew, and we formed ranks and marched down to the airport.

At the airport the jump-master took over. He was a master-sergeant who would be in charge of our group of twenty-four men during our little trip that day.

The sergeant gave us our final instructions. "You will make your first jumps in sticks of twelve men. You will jump on individual command. When each man moves into position in the door, I'll holler 'go' and give him a slap on the back. When you get that slap, take off. You'll be jumping from twelve-hundred feet. There's no ground wind and only a ten mile breeze upstairs. You're lucky. When I give the word, you'll pick up your 'chuter and get into them. You'll move out to the plane on command, climb in, take your seats, and fasten the safety belt. There'll be no smoking in the plane till after take off. Any questions?

"All right. We've got about a half-hour to wait. At rest. You can sit if you want to and smoke. But stay put." He walked away.

We sat and talked a little and smoked a lot. In what seemed like five minutes the sergeant was back. "All right, men, on your feet. Attention! Left face! Forward march."

We marched into the hanger. "Fall out and get your 'chutes." I picked up my parachute, climbed into the harness and buckled it up, put on the football helmet, and got back in rank.

The segeant came down the line checking each man's harness to see that it was properly adjusted. He made me readjust mine. When I buckled it back up, I felt as if I were in a strait jacket.

The airplanes, battered looking C-47 transports, were standing in line on the concrete apron in front of the hanger, their motors barely ticking over. At the command, we filed out and climbed into the plane, took our seats, and



fastened the safety belts. The sergeant climbed in and went forward to the pilot's compartment. We saw the plane on our left pull out, and then with a growl of plane motors we began to move, taxiing to the runway.

At the beginning of the runway, the pilot locked the plane's brakes and revved up the engines. The sound of the engines changed from a growl to a deafening roar, and the plane quivered and rocked. The engines subsided to a growl and then quickly rose to a louder and sharper growl. We were moving. I could feel the jolt as the plane's wheels crossed each joint in the concrete runway—bump, bump, bump, faster and faster.

Then the bumps stopped, and I twisted in my seat and looked out the window just in time to see the ground fall rapidly away. The plane went into a climbing turn, and the ground tilted to an impossible angle.

The plane leveled. The sergeant came back from up front. "O. K.," he said, "You can unfasten the safety belts and light up." I'd just finished my cigarette when the sergeant said, "Butts out. First stick stand by." I wasn't lucky; I was in the second stick.

The plane's motors lessened their roar. We were down to jump speed—one hundred miles an hour. "First stick, stand up! Hook up! Stand to the door!" Twelve times the slap on the back and the shout, "Ready—go!"

As I watched each man disappear through that door, leaving only the fluttering static lines behind, fear clamped tighter and tighter on my insides.

The first stick was gone. The plane picked up speed and began to circle for the next run over the jump field. During the circling I held out my hand before me. To my surprise it was steady; I had expected it to match my quivering nerves.

Again the plane's motors lowered their roar. We were slowing down. "Second stick, stand up! Hook up! Stand to the door!" I remembered that I was supposed to count, one thousand, two thousand, three thousand, when I left the door. If my parachute didn't open at the end of the three seconds taken by the count, I was to pull the rip cord on my reserve parachute and hope that it would open in time.

"Ready—go!" The first man vanished. "Ready—go!" The second man vanished. I was standing in the door. I heard the shout, "Ready—go!" in my ear and felt the slap on my back. I jumped, turning to the left and tucking my head down against my chest.

As I left the door, I started screaming my count with all the power of my lungs. "One thousand, two thousand, three thou . . ." A terrific shock almost tore me apart, and my parachute was open.

I looked up to check my parachute. Everything O. K. I looked around. In front and below me I could see the open parachutes of the two men who had jumped before me. To my left and right, some distance away, I could see other open parachutes drifting down in step formation.

I looked down and watched the ground rise to meet me. As I came close to the ground, I reached up and grasped the risers, four canvass webbing



straps going up from my shoulders to the parachute liner. I bent my knees and forced my body to relax. I closed my eyes so I wouldn't watch the ground and stiffen my legs.

There was a quick, hard jar, and I was lying on my back with my parachute settling over me. I'd made it. I was a paratrooper.

Still lying on the ground, I unbuckled my harness and crawled out from under the parachute. I stood up on shaking legs, rolled up my parachute and stuffed it into the bag I had brought for it.

Carrying the bag, I walked quickly to the edge of the field and to the truck that would carry me back to the barracks. It was ten o'clock in the morning, and I was very, very tired.

## Terror!

OLGA EGGER

*Rhetoric 101, Theme B*

IT WAS ON JULY 13, 1944. FOUR OF US; HERTA, HEDI, HANSI, and I were returning home for a vacation from a camp where we had spent the summer of that year. We were on a train going from Bad Toelz to Munich, chattering as only girls can chatter.

Suddenly that innocent pleasure was rudely interrupted by the humming of airplanes overhead and the sounding of the warning siren. Never had this happened to us before, and at first we were dreadfully confused in our actions. Soon, however, we remembered instructions given to us by our parents for cases of such emergencies. We left the train which had come to a standstill and found ourselves in a huge meadow bordered in the distance by woods; for those woods we headed. But our twelve-year-old legs could not carry us fast enough, and soon the enemy airplanes were upon us, bombing the train and shooting at us with machine guns.

People yelled, mothers shrieked and cuddled their babies closer; then I saw the first bodies falling. Not touched by that scene too much, however, for I had seen dozens of bodies lying in the streets of Munich after an air raid, I ran on and on, stumbling, falling, and praying. Hansi and Hedi were before me, Herta behind.

Then Hansi fell. In my panic I did not realize what I was doing and tried to drag her along with me. Then I saw the bloody mass of her head and the blood streaming from her throat. I dropped her, scrambled on, but soon, exhausted, fell for the last time and lay there.

After hours of crouching in the grass and watching the enemy airplanes bomb and shoot, I went back to Hansi. But it was too late, for Hansi was dead.

I shall not describe the terror of the following events. I shall not even describe Hansi's funeral. I shall only say that I will never forget July 13, 1944.

# Mr. Wilder and Our Teeth

KARL W. FUSS  
*Rhetoric 101, Theme 6*

**T**HORNTON WILDER PRESENTED TO THE FIRST-NIGHT-ers at New York's Plymouth Theatre a three-act comedy that nearly scandalized the theatrical world of 1942. Mr. Wilder, who had previously written *The Merchant of Yonkers*, a brilliant, standard comedy, and the Pulitzer Prize winning *Our Town*, had written a play summarizing the history of mankind. This play, a comedy named *The Skin of Our Teeth*, eventually won for him another Pulitzer Prize.

Mankind is represented in the play as the Antrobus family: George and Maggie; their children, Henry and Gladys; and their maid, Sabina. By showing how man has survived three great disasters; the ice age, the great flood, and a world war (the first, second, and third acts respectively), Mr. Wilder pays tribute to the indestructibility of the human race.

It is the manner in which this tribute is presented rather than the idea itself that scandalized the first audience. The manner of presentation, however, is the direct cause of the play's charm, originality, and greatness. The stage, during most of the production, is a bedlam. Actors get sick, sets fall down, and the star, Sabina, has a disconcerting habit of stopping proceedings whenever she feels like it. All these interruptions, besides having an hilarious effect, serve to emphasize the fact that the real play, the struggles of the Antrobuses, must not be taken seriously, for, after all, it is only life.

Mr. Wilder also uses the play as a vehicle for some biting jibes at people who take themselves too seriously. The theater itself is satirized by the slipshod production the play is apparently given. Throughout the play, there are many stinging lines such as this one of Sabina's in the last act. "He (Mr. Antrobus) says that now that war's over we'll all have to settle down and be perfect."

The author plays upon all the emotions during the course of the allegory, but the scenes are as perfectly balanced and organized as those of Shakespeare. The audience has hardly got into the riotous exuberance of the opening scene of the second act (on the board-walk in Atlantic City), when it is plunged into an atmosphere of mystery and gloom by the appearance of the fortune-teller. These contrasts completely fill the structure of the play, but only in the last act does Mr. Wilder relinquish his good humor. In the last act Henry and his father have a terrifying fight. This fight symbolizes the fight between peace and war that mankind is always waging.

Despite this touch of seriousness, the play sums itself up in all its good-naturedness in Sabina's final speech: "This is where you came in. We have to go on for ages and ages yet. You go home. The end of this play isn't written yet. Mr. and Mrs. Antrobus? Their heads are full of plans and they're as confident as the day they first began,—and they told me to tell you: good night."

# The Re-creation of a Historic Period

PATRICIA MALONE

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 8*

ESTHER FORBES IS AN AUTHORITY ON HISTORIC NEW England. This was demonstrated in her earlier novels, and her scholarly treatment of this period is very evident in *Paul Revere and the World He Lived In*. This is not only a biography of an artisan of the revolutionary day; but it is a re-creation of the environment in which he lived, and an authentic picture of his community, his country, and his contemporaries.

The author has produced a historically accurate book, well annotated and documented, and established, in so doing, her reputation as an excellent historian. But this is not the dry bones of history. She has drawn her characters as carefully as a novelist, yet this characterization is always based on accurate knowledge of the people as we find it in the diaries, letters, and records kept by this remarkably articulate generation. These people became, not the stilted figures of history, forever signing the Declaration or riding a black horse down the lanes toward Concord, but humanized and real. We finish the book with a genuine liking for most of the founding fathers to whom it introduces us.

The years before the American Revolution, as we know, were important years. In this book Esther Forbes traces the growing discontent which grew into a final fury, the American Revolution. And, through this mounting tension, moves the steady, tireless, and patriotic figure of Paul Revere who is, I believe, recognized for the first time as the man who directed the anti-British activity of the workingmen of Boston. But he never becomes the demi-god which we are prone to make of our heroes. With a never-failing humor and an attitude of personal liking for the man about whom she writes, Forbes presents him just as he must have been: a slightly stolid, calm, and tireless worker for something in which he believed. In all the sound and fury of this restless time, he stands out as the very essence of that rocklike strength which must underlie any successful upheaval of an existing social order.

In this book we find much more than the biography of a great American. Here is the whole kaleidoscopic picture of a brightly-colored period. The customs and habits of our ancestors are vividly and humorously reported by Esther Forbes. She demonstrates that she is an authority on the dress, customs, families, architecture, and society of this era. We meet the leading figures: the Hutchinsons, the Hancocks, and "that brace of Adamses."

There is evidence in this book of a great amount of historical research.

While Paul Revere is, of course, the central figure, a vast amount of detail is told of his relations with other famous men of the time. We are presented with minute and authentic sketches of James Otis, Joseph Warren, and Robert Newman, who hung the lanterns, and many, many more familiar people, who in this book become real to the reader.

All of this makes a very vivid and memorable four hundred and sixty-four pages of reading. Here is history at its most enjoyable—a perfect blend of storytelling and authenticity.

## Thought and Imagination

LOUIS THEOFILOS

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 11*

ART HAS BEEN RIDICULED AND DISCOURAGED BY MAN since the beginning of time. This abuse was due, not merely to man's ignorance of art, but to the challenge it offered him. In general, he has been content with the shell of prejudice he has built around himself. He has been opposed to anything that would penetrate this shell and disturb his way of living.

Renaissance art, which was modern in its time, was not accepted by the masses who were contented with their tempo of living. It was accepted by the nobility and the clergy, for whom the artists painted, and was eventually forced upon the masses. Impressionism, the first real break from the traditional imitation of nature, met with the same fate. There were only a few people who accepted this new approach to art. Unfortunately, they did not have the power to force it upon the masses, who rejected Impressionism because it penetrated their shell and forced them to think. Impressionism, then, acted only as a base for abstract art; it was too weak in character and vitality to last.

Cubism, which began in 1908, possessed the vitality, energy, and inspiration that was lacking in Impressionism. The Cubist tried successfully to paint an object, not simply as it existed, but as he saw it. He broke down form into its basic elements in search for balance, measure, and spatial value in terms of the cube, cone, sphere, and cylinder. By so doing the Cubist has made Cubism the first conscientious movement toward abstraction.

Many artists have influenced the various movements in modern art. There were several outstanding artists in each movement. Among them were Seurat and Cezanne, Impressionists; and Picasso and Braque, Cubists. In my opinion these four pioneers contributed more than anyone else to modern art.

Seurat, who was influenced by the Impressionists, was the founder of Neo-Impressionism. He perfected the technique of the "spotty brush-stroke"



and "fine broken colors" of the Impressionists. In perfecting his technique, he used the six primary colors in light and dark tones and applied them as a series of dots. Seurat, who died in 1891, painted a half-dozen masterpieces. One of his most criticized paintings is *The Side Show*, which was finished in 1889. In this painting, Seurat, through the use of color, intersecting planes, and a simple scene, has captured the beauty, the excitement, and the warmth of the circus. He has used vivid figures and a well organized canvas to bring about the mood he wished to create. The actual interpretation of the action of *The Side Show* is left to the observer.

Cezanne, who was born in 1839, is considered by many as the greatest of all modern artists. His paintings have had a great influence in the style and technique used by the Cubist. His perception of geometrical and angular forms, his abandonment of perspective, and his fusing of foreground and background into an "active curtain of color" have been controversial issues among all modern painters. He has mastered the art of thinking in terms of abstraction. Almost all of his paintings are considered masterpieces. However, I feel that *Pines and Rocks*, one of his later paintings, is by far his greatest work of art. One can sense the decline of each pine tree behind the masses of rock. This depth was achieved, not through the use of perspective, but through the molding of masses.

Picasso, one of the greatest contemporary painters, has mastered the use of the cube, cone, sphere, and cylinder. He was born in Spain, but most of his creative work has been accomplished in Paris. His career is a thirty years' war in which the opposing forces of classical formalism and romantic feeling and of geometry and sentiment are alternately victorious, but always to the greater enrichment of the age in which we live. Picasso's work, which many would-be artists have tried to copy without success, has appeared in almost every modern art exhibit since the beginning of Cubism. Almost every one of his paintings is a masterpiece. His early work was influenced by Negro-sculpture and the work of Cezanne. His paintings have since progressed through various stages of Cubism. Today, his objects are so abstract as to seem nearer geometry than representation. One of his most interesting paintings is called *Violin*. At first glance, the observer will have a difficult time visualizing even the presence of a violin, but after careful study the subject becomes apparent. Picasso has broken *Violin* into rectangles and cubes and has woven a pattern of mystery and intrigue around the bare elements of the violin. The effect obtained is superb and fascinating.

The work of Seurat, Cezanne, and Picasso acted, not only as a stimulant for the advancement of modern art, but as a stimulant for the advancement of mankind. The work of these artists has affected the lives of their contemporaries. At one time art was considered "dead" by many people. They claimed that everything that could be done had been done. This theory was disproved by the modern artists. They refused to accept it, and, as a result, a door to a new world was opened. To illustrate that art is not dead,

let us examine the work of two artists. One imitates what he sees; the other paints what he feels. The scene of the two paintings is the "Battle of Dunkirk." The first artist, leaving nothing to the imagination, has painted photographically. In the lower right hand corner there are swarms of British troops waiting to be evacuated. In the foreground are ships departing for England, and in the background is a haze of black smoke. One can hardly tell from looking at this painting that it represents one of the crucial moments of the war. The second artist did not imitate a single scene from the battle; however, his painting captures the significance of "Dunkirk." One can feel the suffering and the agony that the people went through, yet no real figures appear in the painting. The artist has used an ancient symbol of torture and pain, the ball and chain, to bring about this effect. He has shown heaps of metal and wreckage thrown on top of the mangled bodies of people.

The tendency of modern art, merely to hint to the observer and force him to think in order to interpret the message contained in each painting, is one of the important contributions of art to progress. Man can advance only through thinking.

Modern art has influenced the surroundings of the people of this decade. The artist's search for a "new conception of space" has been responsible for the hidden feelings behind contemporary architecture. If one examines contemporary architecture with a critical eye, he will find traces of the ideas conveyed by the modern artist. The breaking up of mass, the repetition of vertical and horizontal planes, and the horizontal rows of windows, all of which prevail in modern architecture, have been evident in contemporary art since its inauguration.

Modern art is still in its infancy. The artist of today has barely scratched the surface of an art that has already contributed a quality of beauty and a new attitude toward reality to this world. The next fifty years offer a challenge to the artist and to the public who must accept any art before it can become meaningful.

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As soon as the light changes, a great horde of traffic surges eagerly forward to fill the street with streetcars, roaring busses, and honking automobiles. On an adjacent corner an accumulated pool of people spills over the curb to cross the street and dissolve on the other side into a steady stream of a million lives. The incessant shuffle and babble of the crowd generates a feeling of excitement which is echoed and reflected by impatient horns and flashing neon signs. Sheer walls and awesome grey heights of towering buildings add a sense of grandeur to the scene and distinguish it as a part of a strange and wonderful world of constant commotion.

—CARL JOHNSON, 102.

# The Barbershop

ELMER R. SWITZER

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 6*

WITH MY HAND ON THE DOOR LATCH OF THE BARBERSHOP, I hesitated. I needed a haircut for Thanksgiving Day, but the temperature was near zero, and a cold wind was blowing flurries of snow across the deserted sidewalk. I thought of my bare ears in this howling wind. Surely this was no weather in which to be getting a haircut. Still, I had needed one for the past week and was beginning to look rather shaggy about the ears. The warm cheerful appearance of the shop drew me inside.

The barber interrupted his conversation long enough to tell me hello. He was a large bald man who wore thick spectacles. He smiled easily and often, but he was not smiling now. He was talking about his son in Korea. I listened as I took off my coat and found a seat by the stove. On the preceding day the barber had received a letter from his son. The son was all right but was very tired of Korea and anxious to come home.

Two men were sitting near the stove waiting their turn for the barber chair. The stove was very hot, and I moved away from it.

The customers were all silent while the barber talked about his son. Later the talk shifted to football. The man in the barber chair and another customer began arguing about the outcome of the Indiana-Purdue game that was scheduled for the coming week end. These men must have been good friends, for they said bitter things to one another yet were not angry.

After a while the argument became less heated, and the barber changed the subject by asking another waiting customer something about an accident. I soon learned that it was an automobile accident in which the customer had been involved. The customer said the accident had been the fault of the other driver although the police had not agreed with him. This man and the barber talked for several minutes about insurance companies, garages, hospitals, and policemen, and we all listened. I did not understand all that the customer said. Although he spoke slowly, he had difficulty enunciating certain words. Later he explained that he had bitten his tongue in the automobile collision, and several stitches had been required to close the wound.

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a man and woman into the shop. The man had come to get a haircut and had brought his wife along. The conversation in the shop was not resumed. The barber greeted them both very politely, and the seated man glanced around nervously to see that they had seats together. The barbershop became very quiet. The snip of the barber's scissors and the ticking of a battered old alarm clock were the only sounds heard in the room.

The lady was reading a magazine. She was quite unaware that she had invaded a male stronghold; however, the men in the shop were well aware of her presence. The free and easy conversation was gone. There was no further talk of football, soldiers, Korea, or automobile accidents. Men said only what they had to say and were very careful of their language. When the barber had finished cutting my hair, I paid him and departed. The barber-shop did not seem so bright and cheerful as it had when I had entered. I did not notice the cold wind for a moment. I was wondering if there would ever be a soprano in a barbershop quartet.

## Over the Hills and Through The Woods

CAROLINE CRAMER  
*Rhetoric 101, Theme 6*

AFTER MY FATHER'S FAMILY HAD INCREASED FROM ONE bouncing baby boy to two husky, red-headed, freckled future football tackles and two equally husky, red-headed, and freckled daughters, all of whose stamina and inexplicable ability to get into difficulties was the marvel of the town, dad and mother decided that only on a quiet, secluded farm would they stand the remotest chance of raising their brood without seriously affecting their own emotional stability.

My father chose our farm wisely, for, though its wooded hills and winding creeks are admittedly more charming than practical, we children loved every useless foot of it. Mother must have, too, because every time dad suggested cutting any of the towering, graceful sycamores or oaks to make more farm land, my mother tossed her head in disdain and scathingly observed that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever". Father never cared to argue the point, and the trees still provide beauty for our souls rather than bounty for our pockets.

We moved to the farm one fall, and when spring came, we all declared that everything we had heard about the quiet, the peace, the beauty of the country was true. At that point, however, an ostensibly innocuous development which was to become the bane of our lives showed itself; our relatives, both far and near, *also* learned of the quiet, the peace, and the beauty of our farm. They were not slow in taking advantage of so splendid an opportunity, and, from Chicago and Ft. Worth, from California and New York, they converged upon us that summer to "enjoy our vacation with you adorable people" (which meant, of course, to enjoy our vacation on your *adorable* farm). And, of course, they brought their children, all of them.

I don't know how the legend got started, but there seems to be a standard list of pleasures which every true city lad or lassie feels is *The Thing* as far as country children go, and which must, therefore, be *The Thing* with him when he is on a farm. Our exuberant little guests were determined to con-



form to this myth to the letter, and my brothers, my sister, and I fell in line with the plan of events rather than expose our ignorance concerning the ingenious activities which our kinfolk firmly believed made up the greater part of our daily lives. We found ourselves getting up with the chickens to start a long, grueling day of riding bareback on horses which were quite obviously meant for pulling log wagons, chasing up and down through the woods in search of trails and treasures that we knew darned well weren't there, and "riding down" hickory saplings until both we and the trees were in shreds; and all of these endurance tests were interspersed liberally with that chief delight of the city visitor—egg-gathering. All the cousins who charmed us with their visits seemed possessed by a mania for gathering eggs, and my brothers' and my valiant attempts to cure them of it were in vain. Even the radical treatment of inducing them to stick a nail into a rotten egg left them, after the odor had cleared away, quite as egg-loving as ever. What could we do in the face of such perseverance? After this failure, we didn't even try to discourage them from milking although the cows would have loved us dearly, I am sure, had we succeeded in doing it.

The thing which left us absolutely cold, however, was my cousins' insisting, in defiance of the warm bathroom and tub which waited invitingly in the house, that when one is on a farm one always bathes in the creek. Dutiful to the end, we went along with even this trial, but our very souls rebelled, and I shiver now to think of it.

Summer after summer of these gala, refreshing visits were beginning to leave their mark on our once carefree family. Then, with the purchase of a lovely new car a year ago, my mother announced triumphantly that she saw revenge—now *we* could visit *them*! The family rejoiced, and plans for a trip that very fall were gleefully begun. Our joy, however, died an early death; the next mail brought an announcement that the very family we had planned to descend upon had been granted an extra week of vacation. "So," the letter read, "since farmers are always home, we aren't even asking you! We're just coming up this fall for a lovely week of quail-hunting on your farm! Hope you don't mind." We didn't, of course—not at all!

\* \* \*

From the first moment, I knew it was going to be one of the "singing" days. The early sun, streaming through half-open windows, fell in geometric patterns across Grandmother's best Rose of Sharon quilt. In the garden below, Grandmother was already picking beans; the wings of her faded sun-bonnet rhythmically flapped and swayed as she moved up and down the rows. The chickens in the yard beyond were busily scratching and clucking while sounds of whistling and briskly-slammed doors drifted across from the barn.

Eager not to miss any part of the day, I skipped down the steep, dark stairwell and burst into the kitchen. No other place ever held the magic of Grandmother's kitchen, so bright and cheerful, filled with tantalizing fragrances. What better place for a taffy pull or puffy, homemade doughnuts? Who could estimate the number of meals that had come out of the enormous old cookstove or the families of chickens fostered between the chimney and the woodpile?

MARY ALICE ROSER, 102.

# Fields Open For Chemical Engineers

BEN WATSON

*Rhetoric 100, Theme 6*

THE USEFULNESS OF CHEMICAL ENGINEERS IS BECOMING more obvious with each new discovery in the realm of chemical research. The chemical engineer is finding that his profession is of a highly practical value to humanity. A miracle drug is worthless to the public unless a process for manufacturing it cheaply is developed. It is the task of the chemical engineer to reduce the prohibitive cost of laboratory curiosities to a level that permits their use by ordinary individuals.

Because of the intense research now being carried on in regard to synthesizing the highly complex and, so far, elusive protein molecule, a vast new field will be opened to chemical engineers in the near future. Once a process for forming a synthetic protein has been discovered, the entire field of vitamin research and therapy will be greatly advanced; to meet this rapid advance, chemical engineers must be able to develop new methods for manufacturing these compounds. Because chemists readily admit the existence of many hitherto undiscovered vitamins and because doctors are inclined to believe that their discovery will enable vitamin therapy to be expanded, chemical engineers will be faced with the responsibility of manufacturing vitamins in quantities sufficient to meet all medical demands.

Within the last ten years, the manufacturing of antibiotics has become a major part of the business of pharmaceutical concerns. The discovery of the anti-histamines has created a demand for mass production on a quantitative level. Such companies as Abbott Laboratories and Chas. Pfinger and Co. have expanded their facilities to include the recent advances made in the field of bactericidal agents. Every such expansion has of necessity provided more and more jobs for chemical engineers. Along with bactericidal agents, most firms usually produce fungicides in order to keep up with the ever-increasing demands made by our armed forces.

The DuPonts of Delaware have been pioneers in the development and subsequent mass production of synthetics of all types. During the war their chemical engineers were largely responsible for providing synthetic rubber at a time when the need of it was critical. And, of course, it is a well-known fact that nylon (the material used in parachutes and stocking) was discovered by the DuPonts. And before they gave us nylon, we had already become accustomed to rayon. The possibilities in the field of synthetics are unlimited.

The young and energetic chemical engineer can find a score of other fields in which to test his capabilities. The dye industry, water sanitation, electroplating, dehydration of food products, and, of course, atomic energy, are but a few of the vast territories which lie open to improvement by men in this profession.

# From the Past

ANN LANKFORD

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 11*

IT IS STRANGE HOW THE MIND CAN MOVE BACKWARD into time and brush aside the curtain of the past just long enough to catch a glimpse of people and events left far behind. Life and body can go only forward, but the mind, less hampered by the inevitable rules of existence, can creep back for a little space to relive what can never actually be relived again. The past is dead, yet it exists always in a body of memories which lie on the mind and grow heavier with the years, commanding more and more attention as the future dwindles before it. Old people are burdened heavily with these memories, but even the young sometimes slip back into the far past, their memories like planets of dim light in a dark universe of forgotten things.

I remember my mother by a series of incidents, hazy and dim, as if they were seen through a cloudy mirror, yet strangely vivid somehow, slipping one into the next, like movie slides in a dark room.

Sometimes the few memories a person has of his earliest years are among his most vivid, for a young, pliable mind is easiest to impress. Because my mother died when I was eight, my only memories of her are in these first, impressionable years. I don't remember her clearly; I did not know then that I would have to depend on memories to know her. I remember only a gentleness that enveloped and protected me in my first eight years and a presence that made home a place of security and warmth. I also remember a face bending over me one night as my mother tucked me into bed—a face containing something which I couldn't understand but which impressed me deeply. And I recall my own voice saying seriously, "You know, Mother, you aren't pretty, but I love you very much." I can still see the surprise in her eyes, and I was suddenly afraid for I had meant to say something quite different, and it hadn't come out right at all. Then she laughed and, dropping the covers, ran out into the living room to tell my father with wry humor "what this child of mine said about me." But I just lay there stunned, for I hadn't meant to hurt her, and I couldn't understand what had made me blurt out such a thing. I know now that the something in her face that had puzzled me was pain and a little weariness, for she was ill even then. I hadn't known enough to recognize it as such and so had thought its unnaturalness was ugliness.

This growing, nagging illness of my mother's finally culminated in her going to the hospital for an operation. I had been carefully prepared ahead of time for her absence, but as she stood in the doorway in her hat and coat,



I was suddenly stricken with a sense of fear and loneliness. I burst loudly into hot, wet tears, and my mother came over quickly and held me, answering my pleas that she mustn't go by saying that she would be home in time for my birthday. This comforted me a little until I caught, in an unguarded moment, a glimpse of something like uncertainty in her eyes. Doubt and fear overwhelmed me again, and my parents finally had to leave me to end my rain of tears on the knees of the housekeeper.

But children, sometimes in unconscious thoughtlessness, easily forget, and the next few days passed quickly as I played with my friends and was reassured by my father's remarks as he came home each day from the hospital. Then came the day of the operation, and my father didn't come home at noon as usual. Late in the afternoon, as I sat on the front sidewalk with the kindergarten set of the neighborhood, my father drove into the driveway and got out of the car. I started to call to him and then stopped abruptly, for there was a look on his face I'd never seen there before. His mouth was compressed into a thin line, and his eyes were wells of blindness. He passed swiftly into the house with me stumbling after him. The next I remember was his voice telling me that "my mother was gone," and I recall my bewilderment at the simple phrase, for I didn't know what he meant. When I finally understood, there was even more bewilderment and a bottomless disbelief, as if to accept the truth would be to fall down into darkness. I looked around in my daze of unreality to find something familiar at which to grasp, and I saw, pressed against the screen door, the faces of my playmates, looking in—wide-eyed and staring—like idiots, I thought. They sickened me and I hated them as intruders, and I turned my back on them in my hate. Then I saw the housekeeper standing by helplessly, but I did not hate her; for I saw understanding in her eyes, and I knew she pitied us.

This saving sense of unreality did not leave me for a long time; it stayed as a fragile veil between me and the people coming and going in the house at all hours. It stayed until right before the funeral when the whole family was standing in the hall at home, ready to leave for church. As we waited there, my nine-year-old cousin with whom I had always quarreled, turned and looked at me with pity and almost tenderness, and said with awful simplicity, "Oh, Ann, now you have no mother!" Suddenly, the world seemed to drop from under me, and there was only a whirl of light and sound and a numb feeling of too much pain.

Of the funeral itself, I remember only the terrible grief of my family and the rows of staring faces as we walked slowly up the endless aisle of the church. There were eyes on all sides, curious, staring eyes, intruding in the private grief of my family, looking at my father and grandfather and the pitifulness of their men's tears. I remember too the outward strength of my grandmother and aunt, a strength which made the grief of the men even more terrible.



Long afterward, I can remember coming in from my play and seeing my grandfather crying in great, racking sobs that horrified me with their intensity. Although most outward signs of grief were carefully hidden from me, the inward grief of my family hung over us always like a dark cloud. This sorrow was all the more shocking to me, because, either through a child's lack of understanding or his strange wisdom, I accepted my mother's death calmly. I was lonely and hurt and insecure, but still, somehow, I could accept what had happened without frenzy or resentment. Perhaps it was because in death, my mother seemed to me as peaceful and as gentle as in life.

Gradually, though, and painfully, I have seen my family come out from under the shadow of my mother's death. This is perhaps the last of my memories connected with my mother, and together, they all form one great, searing memory of the event that split my life in two at that point. My mother's death gave me a feeling of insecurity and loneliness, two emotions which I had never felt before but which I have felt many times since. But it left me also a remembrance, lovely and delicate in its gentleness and peacefulness—the memory of my mother.

## Pretty Baby

JEAN CROWLEY

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 11*

I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN FOND OF DOGS, AND I WAS CERTAINLY crazy about Jap. Even when the baby came I spent more time with Jap than I did helping my mother. I didn't want a brother anyway, and besides, what can you play with a baby? Maybe I felt left out when people came to admire him and say what a pretty child he was. But there was one good thing; Jap didn't really like him either. The dog never even counted him. Jap had a habit of looking for everyone before going to sleep at night, and if someone wasn't around he stayed in the front hall until that someone came home. Jap never looked for the baby. He didn't count.

It happened when my brother was about six months old and just crawling around on the floor; Jap saw him there and jumped at him. Mother pulled Jap off but not until he had bitten my brother. The blood trickled out of the tiny tooth marks and seemed to cover the child's entire face.

I guess Jap understood what he had done for he slumped off to hide. And I went with him. Jap had bitten my brother, but I had the strangest feeling that I might have done it myself.

It's funny, but I never could play with Jap in the same way after that day.

# The V-Mail Letter

EMIL MALAVOLTI

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 1*

**H**UGE GUNS, HUGE SHIPS, HUGE PLANES—THESE AND a hundred more clanking, groaning monsters exemplify modern warfare. By contrast, let us consider the tiny V-mail letter.

The need for an improvement in the handling of mail was apparent immediately after our entry into World War II. The volume of mail reached staggering heights even before our troops were sent overseas. With the advent of global warfare and the dispatch of our troops to every corner of the world, the number of letters increased to incredible proportions.

For conquering the vast distances involved in global warfare, the ordinary steamship was hopelessly inadequate. Inherently slow, the steamship was further handicapped by the convoy system, which reduced the speed of all ships to that of the slowest. Under these conditions an average of two hundred miles a day was considered excellent speed. An ancient clipper ship, given a fair wind, could beat that average by fifty percent!

Much mail was lost because of the vulnerability of the surface ship to underwater attack. Fast enemy submarines took an appalling toll of ships before the undersea menace was controlled.

Confronted by the triple evils of vast distances, of slow transportation, and of the enormous amount of mail being delivered to Davy Jones's locker, the military postal service applied the newly developed art of microphotography to letters. The result was V-mail.

In this process, letters were written on a sheet of special paper in the form of a self-sealing envelope. These letters were then taken to a convenient local military base where they were opened and speedily microphotographed on sixteen millimeter film. A few special techniques had to be mastered but essentially the procedure was simple. A conveyor brought the opened letters under the camera to be photographed, the film was developed and wound on reels, and in this form the letters were ready for shipment.

Since eighty-five thousand letters, weighing about a ton, could be processed on twenty pounds of film, the transportation problem simply disappeared. A single transport plane could easily carry the equivalent of several million letters and effect delivery with phenomenal speed. Loss of mail was avoided because the original letters were not destroyed until certification of delivery of the photo copies was received by the transmitting station.

Upon delivery to a receiving station, either in the States or near an active front, the process was reversed. Letter size enlargements were mailed in envelopes, differing in this respect from the original letter which was written on the inside of a self-sealing envelope.

The effect of V-mail upon the men in service was inestimable. Gone were the days when a letter from a loved one arrived six months late as was so often the case with ordinary mail. Because of V-mail, news from home was regular and on time.

## My First Semester at the U. of I.

DOROTHY A. OLSON

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 1*

EVER SINCE MY SISTER GRADUATED FROM THE UNIVERSITY some six years ago, I have had definite plans concerning my future on the campus. Although my father did not agree that the U. of I. was the best school for me, he consented to let me come to Champaign-Urbana last fall for a trial run.

I cannot truthfully say that I have retained my high opinion of my home-state university through the course of the past five months. Repeated disillusionments have forced me into the admission that mass-production cannot be successfully employed in the field of education.

The emphasis placed upon grades at this school transforms most students into back-biting politicians, striving to out-cheat their fellow students. A freshman soon learns the futility of attempting to write an honest term paper when his must compete with those copied directly from reference books. Perhaps this condition exists because of the generally defeatist attitude among the instructors. I haven't had a teacher this semester who appeared to be honestly interested in the future of those sitting before him in the classroom. The majority of college teachers seem to agree that it is a thankless profession, particularly so in a state university when the state capital holds the purse strings.

I imagine there are many students who come to the U. of I. with high ambitions and hopes and leave in a semester or two with all their youthful vigor and integrity shattered. There is so little personal interest displayed by any instructor in the individual, it is small wonder that one feels lost in a world of man-eat-man competitiveness.

Several times during the past few months I have desired to talk to someone about some small happenings—a book, or lecture that interested me. Outside of a few close friends in my residence on campus, I have acquired no new friends with whom I would care to discuss the time of day. Perhaps this is my fault; perhaps I haven't looked in the right places for the personal side of college life. At any rate I will always feel as though I had wasted a fairly important five months of my college career here at the U. of I. I am looking forward to attending a small school next semester. I only hope I won't regret the step. Possibly I haven't given Illinois a fair trial, but I am afraid to remain and acquire the intellectual immaturity which flourishes in this campus atmosphere.

# Long Hours

CARL KRUMHARDT

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 11*

IT WAS RAINING, AND THE DARKNESS AND RAIN MADE the station seemed isolated, a small island of light piercing the gloom of the highway. Because it was late, traffic was limited to single cars which whirled by with a glare of lights and a great scattering of water. Objects near the road became uniformly splashed with mud. The garage building itself looked dreary and rain-soaked.

Inside, Kelly leaned heavily on the window ledge and stared at the darkness. There was a little light in the room and Kelly's form blended into the shadows. The same grime that spotted his clothing was thick on the floor and on other objects about the room. There was always grease. He would scrape it from his garage uniform and hands, only to become quickly covered with the stuff again. He could feel it now, coating his fingers, thick under his nails. He hated it with a dull, unspecific hatred that took in all his surroundings and the boredom of his work. He sighed wearily, his breath immediately condensing on the rain-streaked glass. He turned his back to the window.

Across the room, warming thin hands over the radiator, was a man in a dripping raincoat. A soggy bowling ball case stood at his feet. He spoke—"Shouldn't have stopped here, Kelly; the wife is waiting for me. But I was so cold, I just had to." His voice droned on, thin and nasal. "I bowled a good game tonight. Almost 160. Fella down at the office told me I could'a been a pro if I'd wanted to. You ever go bowling, Kelly?"

Kelly disregarded the question and said vindictively, "You're lucky, George. You're lucky you don't have to work nights like me."

George stirred uncomfortably. Kelly had a reputation for unloading his troubles on anyone who would listen. George did not feel like listening to troubles. He had forgotten his overshoes that morning, and his feet were cold and wet. There was a long moment of silence. Then he spoke, somewhat hesitantly—"I suppose the time does go slow here at night," aware that this would lead Kelly on but unable to think of anything else to say.

Kelly snapped it up. "You're damn right it goes slow. Workin' nights, the hours seem twice as long as workin' days. Why . . ."

"Yeah, well listen, Kelly, I gotta get home. The wife is waiting for me. I'll see you soon."

George pulled his collar up and stepped out into the rain. Kelly watched him hurry through the bright circle of light and disappear. He thought of George going home to a warm house and became more acutely conscious of his own wetness. He shivered violently, making the cups on his boots



jingle. His body gratefully settled deep into the chair. He looked up at the clock and sighed again. One o'clock. Seven more hours to go.

"This is a lousy place to work," he mused aloud. His voice sounded dull and empty in the lonely room. Other little noises accentuated the stillness rather than disturbed it. The radiator clanked and hissed and gave off feeble heat. The electric clock made a small droning sound, a reminder of the slow passage of time. Outside, water from a broken gutter splashed on the window ledge. He looked away quickly. It was not good to look too often at the clock.

He had talked to the boss and had told him that his hours were too long. The boss had reacted as Kelly might have expected, sucking on his cigar for an uncomfortable moment before answering acidly, covering viciousness with a thin smile, "You don't do much work around here after I go home, so why should you get tired?" Kelly had been very angry, but he could do nothing but smile back weakly. The boss made Kelly feel insignificant and stupid.

Gradually, Kelly's mind wandered to other less disturbing things. Soon his head nodded to his chest, and he fell into a shallow sleep.

It was almost an hour later when a huge truck slid ponderously out of the darkness and stopped before the station. Its driver was exhausted. As soon as motion ceased, he slumped forward on the wheel and closed his eyes. His arms and hands ached from his long vigil at the wheel. He sat motionless for several minutes before the vibrations moving along the steering column reminded him that the motor was still running. He reached out and switched it off, sitting up in the same movement. He looked toward the station, realizing that no one had come to service his truck in the several minutes he had been there. Irritation flared in him. "I'll bet that bastard is asleep again." He reached for the cord that controls the air horn and jerked it savagely. The shrill blast tore at the driver's nerves as well as snapping Kelly into startled wakefulness.

Kelly rushed out of the station in such haste that he forgot his coat. The rain began to soak into his uniform. He turned back to get his coat but was stopped by the truck driver's weary voice, a tired voice, yet containing a note of sharpness and anger.

"Put some gas in my truck, you sleepin' moron."

"Wait'll I get my coat."

"Coat hell, put some gas in my truck." This spoken in unreasoning anger. "Put some gas in my truck or I'll go someplace else."

Kelly hesitated, torn between resentment of the driver's demands and the fear of the boss' anger at the loss of a customer. He gave in to resentment and went in for his coat. He was putting it on, his back to the window, when he heard the truck start with a roar. He spun around to see the huge vehicle move with increasing speed off the driveway, onto the road, and beyond

into the darkness of the highway. He could hear it for a time after he could no longer see it. The engine would build up speed until it sang with a high pitched whine and then cut suddenly as it dropped into a higher gear. Finally it was no longer audible. The little room lapsed back into its silence.

Kelly stood for a time at the window before sitting down again. He drew a cigarette from his crumpled pack, lit it, and puffed it slowly. The new wet that seeped to his shoulders and back met an inner coldness that said with a turbulent voice—what will the boss say—what will the boss say.

Kelly listened to the voice and the drone of the clock and the water splashing from the broken gutter. He slumped back in his chair. It was still a long time until morning.

## The School

CAROL ANN HODGES

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 12*

ANNIE'S MOTHER SHOOED HER OUT OF THE DOOR AT 7:30 in the morning to start the mile walk to school. It was one of the warm sweet days in early May, and so she wore no wraps except a little navy blue sweater and high buckle galoshes that reached half way to her bony, band-aided knees. One hand lugged a black metal lunch bucket, heavy with its burden of sandwiches and fruit, cookies and milk.

She walked on the wooden planks, laid like bridges through the back yard puddles, around to the fresh green grass in front. Annie picked the grassy places to walk. The heavy boots retarded her steps enough when they were clean; when loaded with clay they could bring her to a standstill. She followed the bank of the road with its cover of new green sprouts creeping up beside the stiff, tan stubble of last fall. And then came the slope, the Dog-Tooth Violet Hill she'd named it, with the small, hand-high lilies nodding on juicy stalks. She squatted down and began picking them. A bee crawled out of one near by, his legs heavy with pollen. Annie watched as he balanced on the edge of a petal and then launched himself into the air and zigzagged away. She imagined she too was no bigger than that as she gazed into the center of the flower, pretending that in reality she was walking around in there.

After a while she got up, picked up her bucket and went on down the hill. At the bottom was a little creek, not more than a foot deep, and she began wading in very carefully so as not to muddy up the water. Then she noticed how new and shiny her boots looked when they got wet, so she waded in deeper, trying to get them wet all over. Once or twice the water ran over the tops, but the results had been obtained, and she stepped out on the other bank and admired the glossy finish.

Then Annie saw the turtle. He was plodding his way up the side of the hill. She ran up after him. Putting down the lunch pail and the flowers, she began to crawl along beside the turtle, stroking his back with a stubby finger. This made the turtle pull in his parts. She waited. Out came a beak, then the left foot, then the right, quickly followed by the hind feet. Last of all came the tail. Annie tried to take hold of it. She thought it was a very cute little tail, pointy and slender, but every time she touched it he swung it sidewise and under the edge of his shell. She turned him over. "Now you can't run away, turtle," she said. But much to her surprise he put his head out very far and pushed it hard against the ground, hard enough to rock himself back and forth and finally to flip right over. "Well," she said, "Charlie wasn't right. He said turtles drowned if you left them upside down in the rain cause they couldn't turn over." She turned the turtle on his back again and watched him repeat his performance. She would have to take him to school and show Charlie. She put the flowers in the lunch bucket and, picking up the turtle, started off again.

When she came to the big creek, she had to slide down off the bank and into the road to cross on the bridge. The ruts had turned into miniature rivers, winding slowly in places, quickening as they split on either side of clods, making islands, falling in muddy cascades. She stood and daydreamed, straddling one of the ruts. She imagined she was a giant and this was a huge river. She dammed the river with her foot, and the water eddied and swirled into the hole it left. She crossed the bridge, stomping the clay off her boots.

Turning onto the oiled road leading up to the school house, she found a toad that had been run over by a car and pressed flat as a paper doll. She took a stick and poked at a front foot. It was like a little hand with five fingers. The long back legs were stretched out behind, half again as long as his body. She felt very sorry for the poor toad and thought people should honk or something so that toads could get out of the way. But then she saw her turtle crawling away, so she jumped up and caught it and went on to school.

There was no one in the yard when she got theré, but when she went into the hall she could hear someone reading aloud in the classroom. She kicked off her boots and put her bucket on the shelf. Then she decided to put the turtle out by the steps. He couldn't go too far away before recess. She quietly tip-toed into the classroom, but the teacher saw her.

"You're a little late today aren't you?" asked the teacher. "Were you playing on the way again?"

"No, Ma'm."

"Well, you missed your reading lesson. You'd better study it now, and I'll listen to you read at recess."

Annie sat down to read, but her eyes saw far beyond the reading lesson. Mentally she scolded herself; this wasn't the way to learn anything. You learned out of books.

# Rhet as Writ

"When hunting, the gun was accurate enough to shoot crows, and light enough to follow a rabbit."

\* \* \*

"She was in love with the leader of the mountain gorillas."

\* \* \*

"The plot . . . reminds me of some of the stories told me by the gorillas in the Philippine Islands."

\* \* \*

"In this plant he makes ice cream from the milk of his own cattle and a few picked dairymen."

\* \* \*

"A girl applying for a job should be cool, calm, and collective."

\* \* \*

"Apollo angered by the way Chryse was treated descended and reeked havoc among the Greeks."

\* \* \*

"Without having to think very hard, I turned and started for the nearest exit, only to catch my big toe in my left pajama leg, falling flat on my face and ripping it up to my knee."

\* \* \*

"A person shouldn't hug or kiss when meeting, a friendly handshake—that is nearly as effective."

\* \* \*

"This little tail has caused me no end of embarrassment."

\* \* \*

"During this period the lovers found refuse in the newly built movie houses."

\* \* \*

"The cornfields mentioned in the title came in after the food was eaten."



## Honorable Mention

*Lynn Clausen*

*Ashley Craig*

*Richard Hardy*

*Barbara Jessen*

*Mary Ann Kula*

*Rae Sachse*

*Carol Seibert*

*Suzanne Shepard*

*William Shewchuk*

*Harold Weber*

## The Contributors

*Robert Doran*—Lakewood, New Jersey

*Olga Egger*—Urbana

*Carl W. Fuss*—Mattoon

*Patricia Malone*—Chrisman

*Louis Theofilos*—Industrial Art, N.Y.C.

*Elmer R. Switzer*—Indianapolis Manual

*Caroline Cramer*—Casey Community

*Ben Watson*—Farmersburg Public School

*Ann Lankford*—Champaign

*Jean Crowley*—New Trier

*Emil Malavolti*—Toluca Community

*Dorothy A. Olson*—Mallineckrodt

*Carl Krumhardt*—Lane Tech.

*Carol Ann Hodges*—Girard Twp.

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# THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing

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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

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# "The Lady or the Tiger?"

CAROL SEIBERT  
*Rhetoric 102, Theme 2*

IN NOVEMBER, 1882, A STORY APPEARED IN THE *CENTURY Magazine* that aroused debates throughout the nation. Literary critics published innumerable columns expounding upon and debating the questions raised by the story. The author, a gentle, whimsical man, was besieged with letters demanding an explanation of his curious story. But if Frank Stockton had any interpretation of the writing, he did not disclose it.

"The Lady or the Tiger?" has continued to create suspense in the minds of its readers throughout the past half-century. The puzzling and wholly unconventional ending will probably baffle readers in years to come, for it presents a problem which has no answer except in the interpretation or individual desires of each reader.

The aim of "The Lady or the Tiger?" is to create unrelieved suspense in the mind of each reader. The theme of the story, whether the barbaric nature of a princess in semi-savage times is dominant over the soft, lovable nature inherent in all women, is developed to an intense climax in a brief four or five pages. The basic question is presented vividly and unmistakably to the reader: is the character of the princess as barbaric as the times in which she lived? The riddle is left unanswered in the story; the reader himself must decide—if he can.

The author has skillfully molded this theme into a story in which no word is wasted and in which motives of love, hate, and preservation of life are exemplified. By the use of very realistic language, he relates a tale set in a picturesque and unreal background. The plot is fantastic and striking because of its characterizations and its dramatic climax. Here is a legend of a barbaric king whose custom it is to try all accused men by placing them in an arena onto which opens two doors. Behind one door crouches a savage tiger; behind the other awaits a lovely girl. The accused must open one door; if he chooses the former, he succumbs to the jaws of the beast, but if he selects the other he immediately marries the girl. In the particular trial of this story, the victim is the lover of the princess. Unseen by the attending crowds, she indicates the door which he is to open, and he immediately follows her directions. Here the actual narration abruptly ends, and the reader is never told the fate of the young man. The author has developed his theme by cleverly describing the character of the princess. In one sentence he tells of her fierce, jealous temperament, of her fury at the thought of her lover in the arms of another woman; in the next, however, the author describes the princess's horror at the mental picture of her loved one being torn to pieces in such a bloody fashion. The two sides of the girl's nature are contrasted with such vividness and equal emphasis that the mind of the reader is in a turmoil at the termination of the story.

The first half of the story is devoted to setting the scene; it is descriptive and slow-moving. The pace, however, gathers speed with the introduction of the specific problem and moves rapidly to the end. The author could not have profitably omitted any episodes; they all contribute toward the presentation of his theme: Was the princess more a barbarian than she was a woman?

Stockton's intention in writing this story was probably a desire to create this very perplexity. The title "The Lady or the Tiger?" is significant. The author never actually admitted his intention in writing the story except for a few comments in *The Ladies Home Journal*, November, 1893. Entitled "How I wrote 'The Lady or the Tiger?'" this article was written to appease the public demands for an explanation. In the article, he repeated his desire to puzzle the reader, reaffirmed the opinion that the outcome was totally one of choice and revealed the fact that Robert Browning had decided "such a princess under such circumstances would direct her lover to the tiger's door." Frank Stockton, whom biographers describe as possessing a daring, quaint, and fanciful mind, might also have desired to create a sensational story that would startle the placid literary minds of his time.

The author employs narration in the development of his plot, and he also draws upon description to produce characterizations and the setting of the scene. The story opens with a series of descriptions of the barbaric king, his fanciful whims of ruling, his unique system of administering justice, his beautiful semi-savage daughter, her handsome young lover, and their startling love affair. From this point, narration is instrumental in the unfolding of the theme. Exposition is used to a small degree at the end where the author addresses the reader from an entirely new viewpoint, though here again description dominates. The story displays no argumentation; it is expository in the manner in which it presents both sides of the question and allows the reader to take his choice. The writing is unbiased; though an endless argument could evolve from its various interpretations, no argumentative discourse is used for its actual content.

The need for decisions like the one placed on the shoulders of the nameless princess has been abundant throughout history. How often have people had to choose between sacrifice and selfish interests? How many times have they been faced with the need for conscientious thinking? Those who profess true love have often been guilty of selfish love in which they sacrifice their loved ones for their own peace of mind. It is an interesting situation from a psychological point of view.

Frank Stockton has written in "The Lady or the Tiger?" a story which is unforgettable, not so much for its literary perfection as for its startling originality and curious individuality. If the story had been any longer, I might have felt cheated by its unsatisfactory ending. Now I am eager to read more of his writings, perhaps not as a steady diet but as a refreshing change from the usual trend of short stories. In fact, my curiosity has been so whetted that the next short story I shall read will undoubtedly be "The Discourager of Hesitancy," a sequel to this tale.

# Movie Villains--New Style

RICHARD SEID  
*Rhetoric 101, Theme 9*

GONE ARE THE DAYS OF THE NICKELODEON. THOSE days of the moustached villain and the inevitable hissing are a thing of the past. Gone are the Cagneys and the Bogarts of the thirties. There are no more unshaven gangsters who make their last stand against the police in some deserted cabin or dark cave in Connecticut. Edward G. Robinson in a 1951 movie role would more likely be a quiet, law-abiding citizen instead of the likes of "Little Caesar." No, Hollywood has created a new type of movie villain; he is a hollow-cheeked, glassy-eyed fiend who invariably is good looking.

This criminal is usually a sadist. He is a psychopath whose mental illness can be traced back to his early childhood. He has a spine curdling laugh and a perpetual scowl on his lips. One recent movie had as its main character a young tough known as Tommy. Tommy represented the real beginning of the now stereotyped movie villain that has stepped into the limelight of the movie underworld. Seeking to "get even" with another of his kind who had "squealed" on him, Tommy did just what any modern "bad guy" would have done; he pushed the "squealer's" wheel-chaired mother down a flight of stairs. The audience loved this shocking scene, and they made Richard Widmark, alias Tommy, a star overnight. Another movie introduced a young hoodlum named Chester. He was not quite as violent as Tommy, but he still had the same basic characteristics. This thug took delight in cracking the butt of his automatic on people's heads and then swiftly kicking the floored unfortunates in the kidneys. He did this while laughing in his own inimitable way.

The modern villain is appealing to the audience. He makes the moviegoers feel sorry for him and afraid for him. Nevertheless, he is inhuman and unbelievably cruel. Typical of the dialogue which might be heard in any such movie as the afore-mentioned would be, "So you think you're a big man, eh Nick?" (He kicks Nick in the ribs.) "You ain't such a big guy, are you Nick?" (He stamps on Nick's kidneys.) "No, you ain't so big, Nick!" (He laughs fiendishly.)

\* \* \*

Perhaps the reason they walked into the smoke-filled room arm in arm was that they needed each other's support. Thus they entered, two men in khaki, far from home, with only the jazz music and the faces of their buddies to remind them of what they had left and would probably never see again.

There was a crap game in one corner of the room, and they walked over to watch and to play. What use was money if one couldn't be certain of life beyond tomorrow.

The bones rattled and the music played in time with the shaking. It was a silent game for high stakes.

The shorter of the two G. I.'s walked over to the beat-up bar and returned with a couple of beers. He stared at the bottle, perhaps wondering if he'd be able to look at an American beer label again.—DONALD KLUGMAN, 102



# The Fabulous Oscar

RAYMOND YOCKEY  
*Rhetoric 102, Theme 7*

THE ACADEMY AWARD TROPHY, THE OSCAR, IS THE most highly prized award presented in the motion picture industry. Throughout the year many movie stars are honored with more pretentious gifts, but none of these equals the significance that has become attached to the Oscar. High esteem is held for this trophy since the Oscar represents superior work as defined by the motion picture people themselves.

The life story of the Oscar begins twenty-four years ago when some two-hundred members of the film industry founded the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the purpose of elevating the cultural tone of the screen.<sup>1</sup> At that time movies were considered more of a business than an art. At one of the academy's meetings it was proposed that annual awards be given for outstanding work in the motion picture industry. This proposal was readily accepted; however, Cedric Gibbons, art director of M-G-M, was quick to veto the idea of giving a plaque or scroll. It was his impression that these awards lacked significance. As the discussion continued, Gibbons sketched an outline of a figure on the tablecloth. The figure, holding a two-edged sword and standing atop a reel of film, quickly won the approval of those present, and thus, Oscar was born.

Three years later Oscar was christened. Mrs. Margaret Gledhill, now the executive secretary of the academy, was visiting the academy offices for the first time. Upon seeing one of the statuettes, she made the casual remark, "Why, he's like Uncle Oscar."<sup>2</sup> Her comment was a joke around the academy for several years. Then Sidney Skolsky, a movie columnist, connected the naming of Oscar with the lips of Bette Davis to give it class.<sup>3</sup> Immediately the name became popular, and now it remains the commonly accepted title of the Academy Award trophy.

The gold statuette, which is worshipped throughout movieland, is ten inches high, weighs seven pounds, and is made of bronze covered with two layers of gold plate. It is commonly believed that the Oscar is made of solid gold, but this is a false impression. Actually, on the open market, the Oscar would be valued at about forty dollars, a small price for such a treasured prize. Incidentally, winners of the award do not have to declare its value on their income tax because it is a gift for achievement rather than for services rendered.

<sup>1</sup> F. M. Stanley, "Oscar: His Life and Times," *New York Times Magazine* (March 18, 1945), p. 18.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> Thomas Wood, "Oscar Is Worth \$40, But Film Folk Prize Him Highly," *Chicago Sun Times* (March 25, 1951), sec. 2, p. 2.



During the last war, when metals were scarce, the academy gave out token Oscars made of gilded plaster. However, after the surrender of Japan, these substitutes were called in and replaced with real ones.

The Oscar is awarded by the motion picture academy for many distinct achievements—from the year's best picture to the best job of "special effects" with sound. Because the members of the academy are interested in a fair and accurate selection of winners, the process is complicated. Although the final selections for all Oscars are made by secret vote of the 1,981 members of the academy, the nominations are made by the entire membership of the guilds and unions representing the various classifications.

This year the best actress award was won by Judy Holliday. Miss Holliday was first nominated by the 5,900 members of the Screen Actors Guild. Then she won the popular majority of the votes cast by the 1,981 members of the academy to win over her highly favored competitors.

The selection of the year's best picture is also accomplished in a democratic manner. Each studio nominates films produced by its organization which it thinks most worthy of the award. These nominations are put on a mail ballot which is sent to about 8,000 eligible voters. From this ballot the top five films are voted upon by the members of the academy and by the members of the following guilds: The Screen Actors Guild, Screen Writers Guild, and the Screen Directors Guild. The film receiving the popular majority is consequently designated the "best film of the year."

Among the films which have received this award are such all-time favorites as: "All Quiet on the Western Front," "Gone with the Wind," "Mrs. Miniver," "Going My Way," "How Green Was My Valley," "The Lost Weekend," and "The Best Years of Our Lives."<sup>4</sup>

Special awards, voted upon by a separate committee from the academy, are presented each year along with the more coveted Oscars. Some special awards presented in the past were the juvenile-sized Oscars for Shirley Temple, Deanna Durbin, Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, and a wooden Oscar with an oversized mouth for Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy. In 1932, Walt Disney was also honored with an award for creating Mickey Mouse. A few years later Walt Disney was again honored, this time by one full-sized Oscar and seven pint-sized ones, for "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."

Among the actors and actresses who have won best actor and actress awards are many of the well-known stars of Hollywood. A few of the more popular winners include Lionel Barrymore, Katharine Hepburn, Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert, Gary Cooper, Greer Garson, Bing Crosby, Ray Milland, Joan Crawford, Loretta Young, Barry Fitzgerald, Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, Fredric March, and Spencer Tracy.<sup>5</sup> The last four persons men-

<sup>4</sup> Bennett Cerf, "Trade Winds," *Saturday Review of Literature*, XXVIII (May 26, 1945), 20.

<sup>5</sup> "Academy of Motion Pictures," *World Almanac and Book of Facts* (New York: World Telegram, 1951), pp. 613-614.

tioned deserve special recognition, for they are two-time winners of the Academy Award.

Despite the earnest efforts to make the Academy Awards democratic, there are frequently charges that the selections are not representative and that "politics" plays too great a role. It is only natural that studios make efforts to draw attention to their candidates, for the Oscar means valuable prestige to both the winner and his studio. For example, after Claudette Colbert won her Oscar in 1935, her salary was upped from \$35,000 a picture to \$150,000.<sup>6</sup>

Annually there are fourteen-hundred full columns of newsprint devoted to the presentation of the Academy Award, not including the numerous magazine feature stories used to draw attention to the likely candidates. Also, even though the voting is done in secret, the studios urge their employees to vote the "right way." But even with these weak points in the selection of Academy Award winners, the method remains fairly democratic and the trophy remains the most highly prized.

The Oscars are awarded at the annual Academy Award banquet which takes place during the latter part of March. Prior to 1942, this event was a very formal function noted for its ceremony. It was usually held in hotel ballrooms with the dinner costing twenty-five dollars a plate. The function was always noted for its "gigantic bouts of oratory and tears."<sup>7</sup> Charles Curtis, former Vice-President of the United States, holds the record for the longest Awards dinner address, as he once clocked off forty-five minutes and put to sleep a fellow speaker seated at the main table.

Since the war, these functions have lost a great deal of the glamour of previous years. Now the dinners are much more informal, and the national broadcast of the event is played up. In 1948, the presentation event was very undersized compared to earlier performances of Hollywood's most profitable yearly publicity stunt. Only two searchlights cut into the overcast outside the Academy Award Theater, while but a half dozen blocks away three Hollywood searchlights blazed gaudily for the opening of a new self-service gas station.<sup>8</sup>

The annual Academy Award presentation is a very exclusive event, and only the aristocrats of filmland have the opportunity to attend. Mr. and Mrs. Average American must be content to stand in line outside the Academy Theater or to listen patiently to the radio broadcast of the event.

In all his greatness, Oscar has proved to be a problem child to the academy. Constant efforts must be made to maintain the dignity of the trophy. The academy is very insistent that none of the Oscars fall into unauthorized hands. When Sid Grauman died last year, his Oscar sold at public auction with his estate. The academy immediately raised an emergency

<sup>6</sup> Stanley, p. 19.

<sup>7</sup> Gordon Kahn, "The Omnipotent Oscar," *Atlantic Monthly*, CLXXVII (April, 1946), 141.

<sup>8</sup> "The Oscars," *Time*, LIII (April 4, 1949), 98.

fund and purchased the trophy for \$450 to prevent it from falling into the hands of private collectors. The winners this year were asked to sign a pledge promising that should they wish to dispose of the award, they would give the academy first option on its purchase.

On authorized uses of the Oscar, however, the academy is the symbol of co-operation. When the statuette appears as a prop in a film, one may feel assured that he is seeing a genuine award which has been loaned to the company by the academy. It is only when the dignity and integrity of the Oscar is threatened that the academy challenges the violators.

Considering the fact that in the twenty-two years of its existence more than six-hundred Oscars have been given out, it is remarkable that there are none on the open market. Occasionally, stray Oscars have been reported in bars, pawnshops, and ashcans, but none of these stories has ever been verified.

The fate of the Oscar is generally a pleasant one. The trophy is usually found in a glass showcase in the home of its winner where it may be admired by all visitors. And in a few cases, the Oscar has found novel uses in the home. Some of the trophies have had their heads reamed out and have become candlesticks. Others have been put to use as doorstops and one is known to be used as a nutmeat pounder.

Some people regard the Oscar as being too little and too late. Many critic groups publish their selections of the year's "best" long before the academy makes its decision. Thus, the Oscar is left bringing up the rear. But the academy is unperturbed with this criticism. Its feelings are adequately summed up in the following statement made by one of its presidents: "Every newspaper picks its own All-America football team. But there is only one each year which is the real official All-America team. The academy's selections are just that—the sterling mark of celluloid."<sup>9</sup>

The Oscar has become an idol to the people of filmland. Every year it wins greater respect and recognition as it plays its role by inspiring the writers, the actors, the directors, and every one connected with the production of a motion picture. As long as the Oscar serves this purpose, it is bound to maintain its high esteem as the greatest prize in the film world.

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<sup>9</sup> Stanley, p. 19.

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# The Airplane Graveyard

ELMER SWITZER

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 10*

THREE AIRFIELDS AND THEIR NETWORK OF CONNECTING runways were still in use on the Island of Biak in 1948. The members of the Netherlands Indies Air Force, who operated the B-25 flying school, periodically chopped at the vines and creepers which attempted to encircle their installations. Their runways, taxi strips, and parking areas were neat and orderly.

However, a trip to the far parts of the island revealed washed-out bridges, unkept roads, and makeshift paths that taxed even the energy of our ambitious little jeep. When the Americans left the island at the war's end, the jungle had begun to reclaim its lost territory.

At the end of a particularly washed out and crumbled runway, we came upon a curious mixture of jungle and B-24 aircraft. The tails and wing tips of the forgotten giants peeked through the brush and trees as though they had grown there but were being crowded out by some process of evolution.

After climbing up on a wing of one of the abandoned planes, we could survey the entire scene. Row after row of four-engine bombers stretched through the jungle. Most of the propellers had been removed, and the engine housings had been smashed by a sledge hammer. The landing gears were crushed and broken, and the jagged ends of struts were pushing into the coral. Here and there was evidence of a long forgotten crash landing. Some faithful old bucket of bolts with a gaudy blonde painted on the nose had been shot up over Rabaul or Wewak but had lived long enough to limp home on two engines and pile her grateful crew on the hard coral runway. Then a bulldozer had pushed her to this final resting place at the end of the island.

Nestled close to the bombers lay the wreckages of P-47 and P-38 fighter planes. In death, they were near the big brothers they had guarded in life. Many of their wing panels were still there. It was not hard to imagine these plucky little fighters flying high cover to ward off the Zeros. Even in death they looked as though the shark teeth painted on the nose might bite.

It is good that Biak is so far away. I would not want to be present if the men who flew these planes were to return and view the graveyard.

\* \* \*

South Hotel Street, Honolulu. . . . Open door. . . . Gomma ti yi yi ya. . . . Rainbow bar and blue lights. A small table in the corner and a girl with a far-away look. . . . comma ti yi yi ya. . . . comma ti yipee yi ya. . . . A solid row of backs along the bar. . . . Aloha skirts and khaki pants, and in the center of the blue-fogged room, a honky-tonk five piece band, featuring the usual peroxide blonde and slit skirt. . . . comma ti yi yi ya. . . . Comma ti yippee yi ya. . . . An empty space at the bar and the small table in the corner is vacated. . . . Comma ti yi yi ya. . . . comma ti yippie yi ya!—  
TED BELL, 102



# It Was Not Meant to Be

EDWARD JENISON  
*Rhetoric 102, Theme 11*

ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL AND TRAGIC OF THE MANY ventures recorded in American railroading annals occurred where one would least suspect—on the Atlantic Ocean.

In the mid 1920's, near the end of a great period of railroad expansion throughout the United States, a daring plan was proposed by a corporation of Florida rail enthusiasts. At that time the only connection between Key West, a flourishing fishing community at the tip of the Florida keys and the mainland, was by boat. Although looked upon as lunatics by most of the southern citizenry, these people proposed to run a rail line between Miami and Key West, crossing islands and open sea. An underwater survey revealed that, for the most part, water depth averaged around twenty feet, and the plan was to drive pilings for a right-of-way roadbed.

Financed by eastern backers, the Miami-Key West railroad grew rapidly despite severe storms which halted construction at times. The tropical calm of the everglades was rent by steam engine and man. Brilliantly plumed birds shrieked defiance, alligators growled their warning, giant sea tortoises snapped at pilings, but still the oversea railroad stretched on.

Silent Seminoles, seeing their ancestral homeland thus invaded, refused to work on the line or in any way to aid its construction. Leather-faced men in swamp boats drifted along side pile drivers and muttered, "It was not meant to be . . . aie-oh! The gods of life will never permit it . . . the great shark, the great alligator, the great tortoise—they will destroy it. aie-oh!" But the work continued; ties and rails were set down; and soon the last over-water stretch, seven miles in length, had been completed. The "impossible" was done.

It was in the fall of the year, just at the beginning of the annual tourist season, that the first test train rolled by wildly cheering crowds of Key West. Gone was the skepticism of scoffers who voiced long and loud that the line never could be built. People fought for the honor of riding on the world's first ocean-going railroad. All but the Indians—their chant never changed. "It was not meant to be; wait and see."

Several months later the railroad company announced, with appropriate fanfare, that an official dedication of the new line would take place shortly, with a special excursion train leaving for a day on the Keys. Complimentary tickets were sent to Florida's greatest men—the Governor, state and national legislators, and famous winter residents. Four coaches of this special were quickly filled.

A chamber-of-commerce type morning greeted these dedicators meeting in Miami that fateful autumn day. Following due honors at the northern ter-

minus, this festive group rolled down the famous route, saluting fishing boats and pleasure yachts. From train crew to the company president, all breathed in an air of gaiety.

Late that afternoon, after the dedicators had been royally entertained by Key West with more speeches, food, and drink than was possibly prudent, the train pulled out on its way back to the mainland. For several hours skies had become overcast, but wind and sea remained calm. As no storms were reported in the vicinity, those aboard the special felt no anxiety for their return trip. Shortly a strong, rolling swell was noticed. The light became diffused, gray, as if seen through oiled paper. Then gusts of wind sprung up, forming water spouts where they bent down to touch the ocean.

Stopping to refuel on one of the mid-point keys, they held a short conference as to whether to remain or chance a possible approaching rain squall. Against the advice of a section master who had been a fisherman and long resident of the keys, it was decided to run for shelter. Mainland was less than an hour's time away. The five-car train moved again and approached the remarkable seven-mile sea bridge.

By this time seas were steeper and beginning to crest. Patches of foaming water dotted the ocean and royal palms moaned in the rising wind. Another conference was held, and again, against the wishes of the train crew, it was decided to proceed. The train started across the swaying causeway.

Seminoles call it a "witch wind"; key residents say hurricane. Whatever its name, this most terrifying of nature's rampages had, unknown to the excursion train, slowly been building up off the islands of Cuba. Whirling, surging on and up, gaining new strength and velocity with each island slashed into wreckage, the hurricane swept up the Florida keys, destroying all in its path. Rails twisted like hairpins; ties and pilings were thrown like thin, brittle toothpicks. Northward the train ran, but the express of destruction roaring behind could not be out-raced. The train surrendered at Point Two Mile, on the last bridge.

The following day broke warm and gentle. Everglades were once again quiet, save for the constant chattering of tropical wildlife. The sea serenely washed Florida keys, but keys no longer strung together by man's lacing of steel rails. The rails, the ties, the gaily decorated excursion train and many of its passengers lay far below, where sunlight could not reach. And in silent columns, leaning crazily at various angles like headstones in an ancient graveyard, pilings of the Miami-Key West railroad marched through the ocean. The Indian fishermen saw, nodded, and said nothing. "It was not meant to be."

\* \* \*

His hands were rough and red. Almost always they were grasping and groping as if inactivity were a sin. The veins were raised so high that one could almost count the rhythmical pulsations of the blood. They might well have been the hands of a butcher or a farmer had they not the skill and touch of an unrefined, yet unexcelled artist.—*ARLIE FENDER, 102*

# Should Knitting Be Allowed In the Classroom?

MARY J. SHINN

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 2*

DURING THE PAST FEW YEARS, IT HAS BECOME A rather common belief that the human being has the ability to concentrate on several matters at the same time. This belief has been put into actual practice. People read books, listen to radios, and carry on conversations simultaneously. These people, however, do not, or will not, realize that they have received nothing from any of their various projects. Their reading is not progressing; their radio program is not entertaining; their conversation is certainly not brilliant. The principle of concentration can be demonstrated by drinking a glass of water and talking at the same time. It is an utter impossibility to do more than one thing at a time and do this task well.

Yet many students in the University insist upon dividing their attention between lectures and knitting. They believe that knitting needs no concentration; they knit automatically. The students, however, realize that there are stitches to be counted and to be dropped, rows to be counted, and heels to be turned. The most experienced knitter has to concentrate on these.

Knitting should not be allowed in the classroom. To the instructor who has spent years, even a lifetime, in acquiring the knowledge that he is imparting to them, these students who persist in knitting are being very disrespectful. If his material were not important, he would not be before the class. These students present themselves as ill-bred, thoughtless little children with no regard for their rudeness to the instructor.

The student, furthermore, is a charity case. The public is paying her way through college. The public wants to be rewarded for its money by a well-informed citizen, not one well-informed on the number of stitches in a row. The student who knits in classes is stealing the public's money.

The student who claims that knitting is the only thing that keeps her awake in class is fooling herself. By taking detailed notes she will not only stay awake but will also absorb some of the information handed her. When the time comes for concentrated study, she has heard the lecture material and has written it down where it can easily be reviewed.

Knitting should not be allowed in the classroom. Aside from being extremely rude to the instructor, the student deprives herself of the valuable material that is being presented.

# Television

MARGOT TIBBITS

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 4*

A WIRE CONTRAPTION IS ADDED TO THE ROOF OF YOUR neighbor's house. It isn't a device for sending secrets to Russia, but an announcement to all that your neighbor has television. So, you visit your neighbor.

For future wrestlers and students of the puppet theatre, television is educational. Most of the programs are frankly to amuse. If you can be amused watching a little whippersnapper lacking any real talent tap dance or sing, or an ancient class "B" western, or two muscular, partly clothed men try to beat each other into unconsciousness, watch television. If you enjoy apache dances, third-rate night club entertainers, and people staring blankly out at nothing while they awkwardly try to find something to do with their hands, watch television.

As a guest, you have no choice. It is generally assumed that your social call was only to see television. To turn off the set and sit up straight and converse beyond monosyllabic words is unthinkable.

After you put your coat on a dining room chair or the front hall table, your hosts will point at an overstuffed chair for you to slouch in. "Want some?" they whisper, pointing to some gummy, noiseless food in a dish on the table, and any polite comments on your part about the wonders of modern science, the war, or the neighbor who had her baby six months after she was married, are all met with glances of extreme disapproval. Conversation must be attempted, if at all, during commercials.

Commercial time is also time to refill the food dish, see that dinner is not burning on the stove, let the dog in or out, tell the children not to forget their homework, and do what picking up and dusting gets done in the house. You are not encouraged to attempt conversation when everyone gets up and leaves the room. This is the time for you to notice that your neighbor's bookcase is blocked by chairs, his phonograph is turned to the wall and used as a table for the television set, and magazines and newspapers are only opened to the section on TV.

At the sound of the tone signal, everyone is back in his poor-posture position in the semi-darkened room to see what little thrill the telecasting company has to offer. Your opportunity for conversation is gone, the program adds nothing to your wit, store of knowledge, or memory. At the next commercial you go home.



# A Summer Experience

BEN WATSON  
*Rhetoric 101, Theme 1*

I STRADDLED THE NARROW COCKPIT, BRACING MY LEGS against the short, sharp pitching motion of the deck. Behind me in the cockpit, Murphy shifted his bulk in the fishing chair, heaved himself from it, and handed the big rod to me. "Here, you take it a while. I gotta stretch my legs." So, I sat down and fitted the butt of the rod into the socket of his fishing belt. I tested the drag and reset it, but I didn't really expect anything.

Unexpectedly the rod tip jerked. I waited cautiously, then set it hard and began to reel. The line sang out, wheeling, screaming, looping freely across the lake. The big one had hit! Tightening up on the drag, I began to get a little line back between lunges by raising the rod tip and reeling fast as I let it down again. Each time it was like lifting a horse. Suddenly, the line started coming up, leveling off. Not more than twenty or thirty yards behind the boat, the big fish surfaced. A barracuda doesn't jump much; instead it mostly stays down and pulls like a mule, but this one jumped. He shot straight up out of the water, tall and solid, in a shower of spray. In the split second he stood there, I could see him trying to spit the lure, his gill plates standing out like elephant ears.

The three in the cockpit held their breaths, waiting for the big, viciously-barbed jig to come slamming back into the boat, but the hooks held. The barracuda hit the water with a sound like the crack of a pistol. He dived deeply and swam straight for the boat. Reeling as fast as I could, I struggled to my feet and moved to the gunwale. Please, God, I was thinking, don't let him foul up the line. Please let it be all right.

And it was all right, and Diego, our boatman, was there with a gaff and got the big fish in the cockpit. With a short lead pipe, Diego tapped the barracuda twice at the base of the skull. Then he disengaged the hooks from between the needle-studded jaws. Murphy tossed his dead cigarette into the water and nudged me with his elbow. "Gimme a hand with this tiger. I'll show you how to clean 'em."

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As the slight breeze from the door struck the dusty chandeliers, it tinkled the glass piece and sounded like the gay laughter of the people who had once gathered there. The dim light from the half-opened door which played on the white sheets covering the chairs made them seem almost ghost-like in appearance against the somber grey background. At the far end of the room, over a huge marble fireplace, hung a portrait of a young man in the uniform of the Confederate Army. His eyes had the look of a man who had, like the room, known gaiety and laughter. The room had generally the appearance of a rose that when still in full bloom was pressed between the pages of a book and then forgotten.—COLLEEN CODY, 102

# Culture - Custom and Tradition

RICHARD GIER

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 6*

THE WORD "CULTURE" ITSELF WAS ADOPTED BY OUR language during the Middle English period from the Old French word "couture," which had in turn been taken from the Latin word "cultura," meaning tending or cultivation. From the time it was incorporated in the English language until about 1776, the word "culture" was used in the same sense in which it first made its appearance. During this century the word was used to mean the raising of certain animals or natural products such as silk. Culture took on several meanings along this general line while still retaining its original sense. In the Sixteenth Century the word was used to mean the development of the mind by education and the refinement of manners by training. In the Nineteenth Century the word came to mean the intellectual side of civilization. The particular form of the word that I am interested in came into use in the Seventeenth Century. During that time the word came to signify a particular form or type of intellectual development.

Culture as I will attempt to write about it is not the word which means tending tilled ground; it is that meaning of the word which implies all the advances made by man during his period on earth.

Man is an animal, but, because of his lack of body structures for protection and competition, he is not suited for a life in nature. His physical stature does not permit him to compete with other animals who have the same needs. Man could not long exist if he were given the brain of even the most highly developed anthropoid and then placed in an environment in which he would have to defeat other animals in order to survive. A well-developed brain and a pair of opposed thumbs are all that man has with which to protect himself from the fate of extinction.

Early in the life of mankind these limitations of size were realized, and man began to band together with others for the common good. He began to use the well-developed brain to manipulate the opposed thumbs, and was thus able to overcome his anatomical shortcomings and successfully meet his environment. With his hands, man was able to harness physical objects and become master of them. His brain saw the possibilities for using sticks and stones, and his hands carried out the biddings of the brain. Sticks became rods for threshing wild grain and clubs for thrashing wild beasts. Stones found their way into primitive mills and their way out of primitive slings. Man was using his brain to fashion a set of artifacts.

This accumulation of materials made it necessary for man to use his brain to invent symbols for their designations. The members of the group

had to have a set of spoken symbols to use in describing what artifact was needed. Thus, the crude material possessions of man have been a deciding factor in the development of understandable sounds. The value of words lies in what they achieve by causing concerted action. The spoken word is important because it makes easier the handling of the environment.

The primitive groups of early man began to form as families banded together for greater protection. Each group brought its own set of artifacts and its own verbal symbols for them. Thus, the society began its life with a well-supplied stock of materials, but the problem arose of deciding which words to use to identify the various material goods that it had. This problem was solved as the society evolved new words, agreeable and understandable to all the components of the group. Larger and larger groups had to be invented to meet these demands, and these languages were necessarily passed on to the succeeding generations.

Man has always held in awe the workings of nature. From earliest man to the present, natural phenomena have always been held in respect and dread. This fear of the unknown resulted in the foundation of explanations. Religion and magic were set up to explain the workings of Nature in terms that man could understand. To explain these occurrences, man originated tales of the supernatural beings which he believed to inhabit the earth. Each group had its own explanations for natural phenomena, and when groups gathered together, the society incorporated these legends as its own. These, too, were passed from generation to generation.

The animal nature of man exhibits itself in various ways, the most important being the sex drive. When mankind became aggregated, it became apparent that these basic drives would have to be channeled to prevent disintegration of the unit. As a means of doing this, the society established certain patterns of behavior which had to be followed. The penalty for failing to conform to these patterns was social disapproval. As the individuals became more and more adjusted to sublimating their desires, these cultural patterns became fixed customs. Customs then were broken down into the mores which are patterns pertaining to basic drives and folkways pertaining to minor human needs. These behavior patterns became established and were passed along through the years along with the artifacts, the religion, and the spoken and written language.

As societies became more firmly established and their behavior patterns became more entrenched, the individual became less and less a separate unit. His entire life, from birth to death, was prescribed for him. All his movements had a social precedent. Certain patterns of behavior were not questioned but were considered as the only thing to do under the circumstances.

This is culture—the artifacts, the language, the social customs, the moral laws, the religion—everything that has its established basis in society and is passed from generation to generation until it becomes the guide to correct living for its particular society.

# Just One Bomb

HOWARD BALSON  
*Rhetoric 102, Theme 5*

NOTHING SEEMED UNUSUAL OR OUT OF PLACE TO THE average Japanese citizen of Hiroshima as he rose from his bed on a dreary, humid August morning in the year 1945. The day would be like so many days that had gone before. He would eat an early breakfast, report to the munitions factory for a full day's work, return home and dine on fish and rice, listen to the government-censored news broadcast if he was lucky enough to own a radio, and then go to sleep. It would be just an average day.

Even the wail of the air-raid siren and the steady drone of American bombing planes failed to worry him greatly, for he was used to an occasional air-raid. A raid, at the most, caused nothing but inconvenience. A bomb or two would cause him no trouble. Little did he know that one bomb would be enough.

As he huddled in the underground air-raid shelter, he noted with satisfaction the complacent expressions on the faces of his fellow workers. The Japanese didn't worry about war. They'd been told that they would be victorious in just a few more months. They knew that there wouldn't be many more raids on Hiroshima. They were right.

As the soft thump of the anti-aircraft guns began to blend in with the moan of the siren, the Japanese began to wonder just how serious the raid would be. There weren't more than two planes. It couldn't last long, and it certainly couldn't be serious. The first part was correct; it didn't last long at all.

He was suddenly shocked into semi-unconsciousness by a deafening explosion. He was thrown hard against the side of the shelter, and the trembling of the earth made it nearly impossible for him to regain his balance. The tremendous roar seemed to last for hours, though in reality it lasted but a few seconds. The Japanese wondered if what was happening might not be some horrible dream.

As he struggled out of the shelter, he stared unbelievably at the sight before him. The devastation was beyond even his wildest imagination. It seemed as though every building had been leveled. The trees, once bleached white by a strong summer sun, were now alive with red and yellow flames. It seemed as though Hell had erupted.

His gaze swung down to the bodies littering the streets. There were bodies everywhere. Some he recognized; others he was unsure of because they were mutilated.

He was then suddenly seized with a severe pain which seemed to penetrate through his skin and sear his insides. He fell to the ground and lay still.



# An Autopsy

DONALD McWARD  
*Rhetoric 100, Theme 6*

THE MEDICAL TERM AUTOPSY COMES FROM A GREEK word, *autopsia*, which means "seen by oneself." The English derivation means personal observation, inspection, and partial dissection of a dead body to learn the cause of death and the nature and extent of the disease.

This is a condensed statement of what really occurs in a post mortem examination. Actually, performing an autopsy is sometimes as difficult as operating on a live person, and it certainly requires as skillful a surgeon and doctor to reach good results. The doctor who is trained and skilled in performing an autopsy and in diagnosing the morbid tissue changes of organs due to disease is known as a pathologist.

The pathologist begins his examination by cutting through the skin down to the organs in three lines: one from each shoulder diagonally to the breastplate and one from the place where these two lines meet straight down the abdomen to expose the organs of the abdominal and pelvic cavities. He then removes the chest plate, which consists mainly of the ribs, by sawing through the bones. This exposes the organs of the chest cavity.

There are two ways of continuing the dissection. One is the Virchow method in which each organ is removed separately, examined, and diagnosed. The other way is the Rokitansky method in which all of the organs are removed from the body in one piece at one time. They are then placed in the position they occupy in the body, dissected one at a time, and separately diagnosed.

In either method, each organ of the trunk of the body is dissected and examined. If no diseased condition exists in any of these organs, the brain is then examined. In adults the brain is reached by sawing the entire skull cap off and removing it to expose the brain. In post mortems on babies, only one incision is made in the skull because the bones are not completely joined and there is danger of not preserving the shape of the head for burial.

After the pathologist has examined the body and reached his diagnosis, he returns the organs to the body, sometimes keeping some that he wishes to study and dissect further. He then proceeds to sew up the incisions he has made. Doctors generally use baseball sutures which leave no trace of an incision when used on the scalp. If the embalming has not taken place before the post mortem, it is done afterward. However, both the pathologist and the mortician desire that it be done before.

An autopsy permits medicine to approach an exact science more closely. It is highly desirable that the correctness of a diagnosis be proved or disproved in every case that ends fatally. This, of course, would probably be

impossible, but post mortem examinations are made when the members of the surviving family desire it, when the deceased has requested one in his will, and whenever there is a suspicion of criminal activities.

There are certain arguments in favor of post mortems: (1) if the correctness or incorrectness of diagnosis is proved in a given case, the medical attendants in this case will be more capable of rendering assistance when another patient presents the same type of symptoms; (2) conditions or diseases that are of importance to surviving relations are discovered, or surviving relatives may be comforted by finding that some disease they thought the deceased to have was not present; (3) every person who has an autopsy done on his body, even in death, makes a contribution to science, to surviving relatives, and to those who live in the future; (4) rare or new diseases are often discovered; and (5) the autopsy gives important medical statistics and aids in the study of hereditary characteristics of disease.

Some people object to post mortem examinations because they feel that they are ghastly and mutilating procedures to which one should hesitate to subject a member of his family. In reply, it should be said that those who constantly deal with death develop a respect for the dead body which probably is not possessed by those who do not have that training, and an autopsy performed by a capable pathologist leaves no more visible mutilation than an ordinary operation performed by a capable surgeon. After an autopsy has been performed, the body may be so completely restored that those viewing the body will fail to recognize that an autopsy has been done.

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A funeral service is for a body they know by name, for a bit of prospective dust they hold dear. No single thing abides. The body is not their beloved one; it is the thing which they have named and called their loved one. And yet, without a soul it was dust; until a soul was given it, it might have been a rose. And now, again without its soul, it cannot forever remain the single thing, that of their loved one. It must disunite and once again be lost in the sunshine and rain.

JIM BRAY, 101.

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It was late in the afternoon. The careless sky seemed streaked with the wind, which moved petulantly this way and that like a great rag shaken by a puppy. With a strange, compelling eagerness, the girl half stumbled, half floated over the grassy ground. A few old trees, having shrugged off their last leaves, swung tall and carefree in the wind. She walked breathlessly through a wide, gateless opening in the corner of the orchard between a weathered fence and a low hedge. On the other side, the hedge, grown high, sheltered a large garden which lay resigned and empty after the summer yield. Peach trees straggled along the fence, their pendant leaves capricious in the wind. From the garden the uneven fields sprawled into the distance. The girl swayed slightly from the small limb of a peach tree. She looked into the great windy sky and an irresistible idea swept through her: life was good, and nothing mattered, nothing in all the world.—JEAN ALVERSON, 102

# Government Control Of Radio Broadcasting

ANDREW TURYN  
*Rhetoric 102, Theme 7*

THE RADIO INDUSTRY SINCE ITS INFANCY HAS BEEN confronted with the problem of governmental control. This control of the industry began at the time of Marconi's first experiments in the year of 1895 and will probably continue forever. While the different experimenters proceeded to adapt Marconi's system, which was that of wireless transmission of the Morse Code, to the voice, governments recognized the importance of this type of transmission to their countries' defenses. This war interest caused them to bring all wireless transmission under their control. In England this was done as early as 1904 through the Wireless Telegraphy Act which gave the controlling power over wireless to the Post Office Department.<sup>1</sup> Surprising as it may seem to most Americans, the Post Office in most countries has control over radio. In all countries which did not possess control over radio, such control was legislated in the nineteen-twenties.

This power of control over radio broadcasting was granted originally for one or more of the following three reasons: the importance of wireless communication to the armed forces, the desire of the government to pre-empt, wholly or partially, the field for itself, and the need to allocate the wave lengths granted the given country by international agreements. The first reason turned out to be the one with the least significance and became incorporated into the third one. The other two reasons are of equal importance to radio broadcasting, even though at times the third one influences the second. The importance of the allocation of wave-lengths was stressed by the Director-General of the British Broadcasting Company, Sir William Haley, when, in explaining the reason for the fact that the Third Programme can be heard by only 50% of the people, he said, "The problem is one of wavelengths. Broadcasting in Europe is starved of wavelengths."<sup>2</sup>

Since I shall discuss the pre-emption of the field later on in discussing the different types of broadcasting systems, I shall now touch upon the problem of the allocation of wavelengths—a problem which makes it fairly certain that there will always be some governmental control over radio. Briefly, the nations of the world have allocated a certain band of the frequencies to AM broadcasting with which we are concerned here. This band can accommodate only a limited number of stations in a given area. Those stations

<sup>1</sup> R. H. Coase, *British Broadcasting* (Cambridge, Harvard University Press, 1950), p. 4.

<sup>2</sup> *BBC Yearbook*, The British Broadcasting Corporation (London, The Hallen Street Press Ltd., 1947), p. 9.



must be equitably divided among the different countries in the area. It is also necessary to limit the power of the different stations to prevent interference between stations on the same frequency. Both these conditions have caused many quarrels and much bitterness in the radio world. This crowding of the radio spectrum does not cause as much trouble in North America as it does in Europe, where England is limited to two frequencies.<sup>3</sup> This situation, as I mentioned, has a profound influence on the type of broadcasting system used by a given country and will play a part in my recommendations for a change in the system used in this country.

In general, though, public policy plays the most important role in the type and amount of political control of broadcasting employed by the different countries. The range of types, all adapted to the political philosophy of the given country, is extremely wide, ranging from an organ of propaganda directed by the highest authority, as in Russia, to a completely commercial system as in the United States. In between, we find modifications of the above types, and the four most interesting ones will be described below. These four are discussed in accordance with the amount of governmental control present in them.

The first type is that in which the government not only owns all the broadcasting stations, but also directs their day-to-day operations just as it directs any other department of the government. This type is best exemplified by the Russian radio system which is supervised by the propaganda branch of the Party. This branch is mainly concerned with molding the people's minds instead of entertaining them. This combination of slanted news, party-line music, plays, and sports makes the Soviet radio the duller listening in the world. The other government owned and operated systems outside the Iron Curtain have the advantage to the listener of a minimum amount of propaganda, but, in general, are badly programmed.

The next type, that of a broadcasting system owned by the government but operated by a completely independent board, is well represented by the British system. It is important to remember that while the British Broadcasting Corporation, best known as BBC, is government owned, its control is vested in a governing board, composed at the present of seven members.<sup>4</sup> This board has full powers to run the Corporation as it pleases, but it must always remember, as Sir William Haley points out in his report, "The duty laid upon it in its Charter is to be a medium of information and education as well as of entertainment."<sup>5</sup>

This duty has brought about the fact that the most interesting and controversial facet of BBC's operations is its programming policy. It offers three different program services: The Light, Home, and Third Programmes. The Light Programme's broadcasts are very much like those on any American

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<sup>3</sup> Charles A. Siepmann, *Radio, Television, and Society* (New York, Oxford University Press, 1950), p. 122.

<sup>4</sup> *BBC Yearbook*, p. 135.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 10.



network. The Home Programme brings to its listeners a higher type of broadcasts, comparable to those of WILL. The Third Programme, on the other hand, is unlike any other one carried by any network or station in the world. The listening fare on this program is so high-brow that Mr. Charles Siepmann, well-known critic of commercial radio, has said, and I am forced to agree with him, that it "is caviar to the general public."<sup>6</sup> This program carries plays and operas lasting without interruption for almost three hours, thereby disregarding the well known fact that "all listeners are subject to the strain of 'listening blind.'" <sup>7</sup> In general, the BBC is the best radio system in the world, but it has faults which could be eliminated very easily.

The third type of a broadcasting system, that in which government and private ownership exist side by side, can be best described by a discussion of Canadian radio. "Broadcasting in Canada constitutes a compromise, a hybrid version of British and American radio practices."<sup>8</sup> In Canada there is a handful of government owned and operated stations combined with the privately owned ones to form a network. This network, the CBC, is divided into three separate networks to bring different services to the country. These networks also transmit commercial programs from America. When not carrying network transmissions, the commercial stations broadcast local programs which are usually commercial. The main fault with this system is that "CBC is not only a broadcasting system but a regulatory agency, having powers similar to those of our FCC."<sup>9</sup> In other words, the CBC regulates the stations with which it competes. This is not good for either side.

The last type of a broadcasting system I shall touch upon is that of the United States. This is a completely commercialized system, except for a few university and municipal stations, with the stations privately owned. The only government control in this type, the Federal Communications Commission, is concerned with frequency allocations, keeping the commercials down, and seeing to it that the stations do not slant news. There seems no need to discuss American radio in detail since most people are familiar with it.

There have been many proposals to change the system of radio broadcasting used in this country. All the persons making those proposals recognize the truth of the statement made in the report by Sir William Haley, that "Broadcasting is the most powerful device yet conceived to serve the end of bringing about an informed democracy."<sup>10</sup> This means that most of them are against day-to-day governmental control of radio. All the proposals seem to argue either for complete government ownership, like BBC, or, for an even freer commercial system than in the United States. Strangely enough, the most vocal of the reform groups is the one which wants fewer controls than there are at the present time. This group is led by Brigadier General Sarnoff,

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<sup>6</sup> Siepmann, p. 135.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 136.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 157.

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 161.

<sup>10</sup> *BBC Yearbook*, p. 10.

chairman of the RCA, who in so doing has reversed completely the position he held twenty-eight years ago. As he envisaged it then, radio broadcasting would be insolvent for a long time, being supported in the meanwhile by an endowment, and would, therefore, be a public service.<sup>11</sup> As he sees things now, the FCC is interfering too much. A much smaller, and less vocal, group advocates that the government take over the operations and ownership of radio broadcasting immediately.

I do not completely agree with any of these different systems. My proposal is made feasible only by the fact that the United States has a large area. I would leave part of the stations in the hands of private owners and have the rest owned by the government. The government stations would be owned by a public corporation, on the TVA model, which would be financed from the general government funds. I would leave the FCC as it is without impairing or restricting its functions which would not cause it to have a split personality like the CBC. This broadcasting system would have two basic, nationwide networks and several regional networks. One of these networks would carry programs like those on BBC's Home Programme. The other nation-wide network would transmit something like the Third Programme because it "is designed not for the few but for the many who are in the mood for serious listening."<sup>12</sup> The regional networks would carry programs of local interest and would encourage local talent. This system would have both commercial and government stations working independently side-by-side and would, I believe, satisfy most people.

<sup>11</sup> Siepmann, pp. 8-9.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 37.

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## Modern Residential Architecture

ROBERT POGGI

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 11*

MODERN RESIDENTIAL ARCHITECTURE JUSTIFIES ITS drastic changes from conventional styles by two facts: first of all, radical changes in modes of living require equally radical changes in house planning; and secondly, the ever-increasing inventions of this highly industrial age make possible radical changes in the modes of construction.

These factors, which receive little attention in recent homes of traditional type, become primary in the new architecture.

Although the designers of traditionally styled homes may use the products of recent invention such as equipment, prefabricated parts, and new materials, these tend to be mere accessories, leaving the standardized form almost unchanged. To modern architects, however, each of these offers opportunity for new expression. The mode of use may translate the characteristic of the material in question. The materials and fixtures derived from modern technology lose value when enclosed in traditional forms. Modernists consider it absurd that concrete should be made to look like natural stone, or electric light fixtures like candlesticks. Each in its use may honestly reveal its peculiar nature and purpose. The new materials make possible thinner walls, lighter construction, new proportions, and new textures. Again and in quite another sense, it is seen that "form follows function."

Modern architects, then, seek not style but substance, not ornament but simplicity, not standardized plans but proficiency in exposition, not fitting the family to the house but the house to the family, not imitation but creation. Ideally, they strive to give a fresh approach to the problem of design by the study of the latest findings concerning the nature of man and of social trends. They seek fresh achievement in construction by thorough understanding and mastery of new materials and processes and their potentials. They study intensively the client and the members of the household, the site and its neighborhood, the available local organizations and materials for construction. In short, they attempt to develop a home to fit the purpose. The result is a house, not a machine for living. The products of machines, however, facilitate and even inspire each process of daily living for each member of the family.

It is characteristic of good residential architecture that it should provide for man's six fundamental housing needs: health, safety, convenience, comfort, privacy, beauty, and each of these with reference to economy. Modern architects have, however, made a fresh analysis of these needs and have not been forced into the compromise so frequently dictated by other architectural forms. Since they are free to develop their plans from a close study of the interest of each member of the household, instead of first considering what architectural style to apply, the plan may become the logical solution of the family's needs. Just as plants develop from seed, modern architecture seeks to be the organic expression of the interests of the family for which the house is to be built. The house develops outwardly from the core or center of the family life.

Specifically, needs may run the gamut of work and play, domestic life and social life, chores and hobbies, love and worship, and the obvious routines of sleeping, eating, bathing, and dressing. Thus, consideration is given to areas of family life under such groupings as service areas, sleeping areas, living areas and recreation areas. Each of these, though requiring many subdivisions, is planned as an operative unit for its specific purpose and is care-

fully interrelated with the other areas within the house. This is a wide departure from earlier types of planning in which each room tended to serve one purpose alone. Though there are obvious needs for efficiency in all household operations, there remains a greater requirement, that the home should as far as possible unite or coordinate the lives of the people within.

Peculiarly characteristic of modern architecture is the adoption of both the house and the lot to the man. Attention is paid to the orientation of the warming rays of winter sunshine and for protection against the intense rays of the summer. Windows, doors, decks, and terraces are placed to take advantage of the things which nature offers while protecting the family from the curiosity or intrusion of neighbors and passersby. In warm and temperate climates there has also been a high development of the "indoor-outdoor house"; the indoor space is "enlarged" by the view of the outside offered by large glazed areas which can be thrown open. The sense of confinement is all but eliminated.

Thus does architecture seek to fulfill the goal of housing, which is not mere shelter, but the opportunity for unhampered and gracious living.

## Gamblers for Black Gold

MARY ALICE ROSER

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 10*

FEW THINGS COULD BE SO FASCINATING, SUCH A GAM-ble financially and physically, and still be a hard-working, honest business as is the oil industry. It is a business which employs many people; engineers, geologists, fieldmen, roughnecks, electricians, scouts, claim adjustors, clerks, secretaries, receptionists, pbx operators—all of whom play their part in seeing that the business of drilling and producing goes as smoothly as possible.

Many of these men are quiet, soft-spoken men with homes and families, men who are making down payments on cars and putting their children through school. The oil operator, however, is a class unto himself. Here is a man who must have a great amount of imagination, cunning, and the urge to gamble. Fortunes in his field are made at the turn of a valve. They may be lost with even greater rapidity and ease. An average well is completed in two weeks. The cost for a single dry-hole is approximately \$18,000.

An independent operator is his own scout, claim adjustor, and landman. He learns to evaluate rumors and to ferret out carefully guarded information. Recognizing the psychology of persuasion in driving a bargain, he soon learns the wisdom of keeping his own counsel. Craftiness and bluffing are tricks of his trade. No matter how aimless or irresponsible an act may seem, it usually has a cold, clear purpose behind it.



Mr. Hill is a typical oil operator. Born in Tulsa, the oil capital of the world, he was practically raised on a rotary table. High cheek bones, dark eyes, and jet-black hair speak of an Indian ancestry. Perhaps this ancestry also accounts for his cunning. His body is hard and browned from many hours spent under a blazing sun. In earlier years, he was caught between two winch trucks and today he moves with an ever perceptible limp.

Mr. Hill's introduction to oil field work was not startling. During summer vacation while in high school, he earned extra money by roustabouting. Perhaps it was on some evening tour, as he stood high on the monkey board and listened to the put-put of the caterpillar engine and the whine of the winches as they sent the long arms of pipe spiralling into the hole, that he decided to study petroleum geology.

Mr. Hill did not complete his geological training but left school to accept a position as scout for a large company. Although scouting was interesting work, chances for advancement in a large company were slow; soon, he chafed under the restrictions placed on him. At the age of twenty-five, he closed his eyes on security and gambled his life savings on his own ingenuity, ability, and instinct.

Geologists and engineers, through careful study, can often predict where deposits of oil lie; however, only through drilling can one be positive. After drilling thirteen dry holes in succession, Mr. Hill's resources were gone and he was deeply in debt. During the drilling of the fourteenth hole, he was forced to tell his crew that he could not pay them. He asked that they help him finish that well without pay and told them that if he lost, they all lost, but should he gain, they all would gain. The well was a producer. He had gambled and won.

From that day forward, Mr. Hill pulled himself upward by his own run tickets. Today, a young man of thirty-nine, he is extremely wealthy and his name is a by-word in the oil world.

There are many others like Mr. Hill, though perhaps not so successful. Through the years, they have learned to be tough where it counts and tender when it matters. A single word in an agreement may mean thousands in the bank for them—or that they lose every penny they have. Competition is strong; they have to be crafty, often ruthless players to stay in the game.

Living a life that is colorful and exciting, these people seem to have a spirit of recklessness moving through their very being. To the uninitiated who do not know of the hours of toil and careful planning, they and their lives may seem very glamorous.

In such a ruthless business, some men must of necessity lose all that they possess. The true oil-man never admits defeat. The tang of oil is too strong in his nostrils. He starts from scratch, fighting until he scrapes together another rig, another prospect, and another lease. He'll never quit as long as the urge to gamble and the lust for oil control his very being.

# Can the Playing of Popular Music Ruin the Classical Musician?

NORMAN EMMERICH

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 4*

**A**MONG MUSICIANS, WHETHER IT IS POSSIBLE TO PLAY popular music and, at the same time, retain the requirements of a classical musician is an extremely controversial subject. Although some musicians claim that flexibility of style can be obtained through conscientious study, I have found that no two styles, such as popular and classical, can be obtained on a wind instrument at the same time. The difference in playing in these styles are basically physical in nature; they tend to oppose each other and, eventually, become fused, leaving the musician with poor styles in both fields.

The most important of these physical styles—which result in musical styles—is embouchure, the shaping of the mouth to produce tone. The embouchure of a classical musician must be firm enough to allow delicate control of the tone, and yet it must be flexible enough to allow the musician to reflect in the tone his deepest feeling and most sincere personality. However, when this same musician begins playing dance jobs, he discovers that he cannot maintain a tense embouchure, since very few dancers listen to the music anyway, and those who do would rather listen to a tone with a carefree vibrato than one reflecting a sincere personality. After the musician's jaw muscles become trained to endure long hours of playing with a vibrato, he cannot completely and successfully coordinate these muscles to the rigid classical requirements.

The second physical property of musicianship is technic, the actual ability to perform on an instrument. The fine classical musician has a smooth, even, precise technic and gives painful attention to the most minute inflections in the music. The popular musician, on the other hand, just sits back and lets himself go, so to speak. If he misses several notes, it makes no difference; if he slurs a passage when it should be tongued, he will probably be praised rather than criticized. A musician cannot be technically sloppy one day and technically precise the next. If a classical musician imitates a popular musician, he will undoubtedly lose his classical technic.

As a result of the physical differences between the playing of popular music and the playing of classical music, it is necessary that the professional musician make his choice of styles and then stick to it. Should he attempt to perform both classical and popular music, he will soon find himself with proficiency in neither field, rather than in both of them, and the musical world has no use for hybrids.

# Why Doesn't Anarchy Answer The World's Problems?

RICHARD L. WRIGHT

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 7*

**D**URING THE PAST FEW CENTURIES, SINCE MAN HAS discovered himself as a citizen of a state or federation, or, more recently, a world, he has been seeking an answer to the problems which necessarily arise when men try to live together. While our distant ancestors were content and able to live in isolated places and search for their own fortunes and livelihood, few matters arose which could not be solved by resisting force with force, applying instinctive ingenuity or by simply packing up food, funds, and family and moving toward happier hunting grounds.

This simple and, in many ways, easier mode of life was revived briefly as settlers came to find peace in the new world. But even at that time, most of the migrants felt a loyalty to some government or people which led them to become involved in various political and military conflicts either to preserve the sovereignty of an old government or to obtain the freedom of a new one.

This feeling of loyalty and pride which prompted them to enter into such conflicts was, as it reached the level of love for the fatherland, called Nationalism.

Nationalism is an emotional force to be ranked with those of self-preservation and race-preservation, and one which has caused much of the dissention and bickering with which we, through the United Nations and earlier through the League of Nations, have become all too familiar. This force is the menace which makes our search for a central world government necessary. This force is, I believe, our major world problem.

There are two possible ways of handling the problem. One is to ignore it completely by leaving the countries of the world to seek their fortunes as the families of the world did so long ago. This would, indeed, be the path of least resistance. It would be analogous to letting a city without a government be exploited by those who happen to be strong. It would be an Anarchy.

Anarchism has long been admired from afar by many idealists as a method of obtaining peace within a nation. That is, they would like to turn everyone loose, guided by his own conscience, to carry on his business without interference of national agencies and law enforcement officers. This would be fine, of course, if the entire population could be guaranteed to possess (per capita) one mind, complete with conscience, in good working order. Past experience has proved such a condition improbable at best, and, therefore, no nation has thus far adopted the plan for any length of time.

The other method of coping with the problem is to set up a central world government which has the backing of the nations of the world and the power to punish any nation showing hyper-nationalistic or imperialistic tendencies.

This is the plan that we are now attempting to follow. Although it has been softened by the member nations' fear that it would become too powerful and perhaps tend to throttle the growth of their own beloved nations beyond their normal bounds, it is, at least, a step in the right direction. Every time a nation makes a concession at the United Nation's council table, another blow is struck against oversensitive nationalism.

If our planet is to avoid another global war, it will be through concession and arbitration and not through Nationalism and Anarchy.

\* \* \*

The college man is both a sneak and a pervert. He crawls stealthily home in the wee hours with a can of beer under his arm and, once he has drunk it, hides the empty can. His eyes burn feverishly at the sight of anything that wears a dress. If the thing is beautiful, he may go raving mad. He is temperamental; he throws dishes during meals. He is antisocial; he spends his nights under the glare of a study lamp and will not speak to anyone. He is juvenile; he throws snowballs and plays in the mud. He is eccentric; he cannot stand the radio or the merest conversation. He is beastly; he cuts fiendishly on dead sharks, cats, and live frogs. He is gross; he curses at the slightest provocation. He is filthy; his hands reek of rotten eggs, fish, and formaldehyde. And all of these symptoms are marks of an education. At any rate, this creature is the Illinois college man.—RALPH BECK, 102

## Rhet as Writ

It is much simpler to spend the day glued to a television screen watching every program, no matter how unsuitable it may be.

\* \* \*

George's father was killed in an accident before his birth.

\* \* \*

She was a clean, upstanding girl, unspoiled in all ways. She became a prostitute to support her younger brothers.

\* \* \*

Often if the bus is ahead of schedule it will stop just to pick some of the wild berries which grow along the road.

\* \* \*

Other dancers gave the movement new life when they jointed Isadora Duncan in 1907.



## Honorable Mention

*Margaret Birtwell*

*Richard Groggins*

*Ernie Levy*

*George Lewis*

*Neal Parmenter*

*Corliss Phillabaum*

*Letus Smith*

*Robert Smith*

## The Contributors

*Carol Seibert*—Riverside-Brookfield

*Richard Seid*—Harvard School for Boys

*Raymond Yockey*—Bement

*Elmer Switzer*—Manual, Indianapolis

*Edward Jenison*—Paris

*Mary J. Shinn*—Proviso Twp.

*Margot Tibbits*—Lyons Twp.

*Ben Watson*—Farmersburg Public School

*Richard Gier*—Topeka

*Howard Balson*—Hirsch

*Donald McWard*—Champaign

*Andrew Turyn*—Ann Arbor

*Robert Poggi*—Ottawa Twp.

*Mary Alice Roser*—Carmi Twp.

*Norman Emmerich*—Springfield

*Richard L. Wright*—Shelbyville

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# THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing

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JAN 30 1952

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

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# The "David"

R. LARRY SLANKER

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 8*

I THINK I WAS FIRST ATTRACTED BY ITS SIZE. I HAD BEEN rather aimlessly wandering through the museum from one exhibit to another when I suddenly came upon an enormous sculptured head. There was a defiant frown on the white immobile face as though I had trespassed where I had no right to be.

For several minutes I stood there in awe. The stern look and massive weight seemed to have some strange power over me. I think for a moment I experienced the same primitive emotion that allowed our ancestors to worship graven images. The godlike features of the face were noble and simple. The carved locks of the hair crowned the head in flamelike profusion. The wrinkled brow revealed a mind intense upon meeting a foe. The tenseness of the lips and eyes hinted that perhaps there was some consternation along with the determination.

At first, I had supposed it to be the bust of some Greek god. It looked familiar to me, but I was unable to identify it in my mind. Upon closer investigation I discovered a photograph of the original in its entirety. I then recognized it as a replica of the head from Michelangelo's marble "David." It was apparent from the picture that the plaster cast suffered in reproduction, but enough of the likeness of the original remained to give me some idea of the mastery of that great sculptor. I had seen this piece of sculpture pictured many times before, but until then I had had no conception of its true proportions. I had previously supposed it to be nearer life-size. It now appeared to me to be more of a Goliath than a David.

However, the size was not the only aspect that troubled my mental image of the Biblical David. I had always thought of him as being a slight romantic youth who, through an act of God, had been able to kill a giant with a mere sling. But here was a young man who visibly had the potential strength to accomplish such a feat without divine aid. The only indications that he had not yet reached full maturity were his somewhat oversized hands and head. The countenance and noble bearing denoted a mind beyond its years. The seemingly relaxed body was betrayed by the tenseness of the face.

This was not the Jewish boy hero of the Bible but that of a more universal picture of youth preparing to meet a challenge. Perhaps the sculptor was saying that youth has the potentialities to overcome problems which seem insurmountable and that youth must have not only faith in God but also the personal strength and force of spirit to win the battle, whether it be physical or moral. The "David" of Michelangelo was such a youth.

# Lucia and Lucy

CORLISS E. PHILLABAUM

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 7*

ONE OF THE BEST-LOVED OF ALL ITALIAN OPERAS IS Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*. This opera is an adaptation of Sir Walter Scott's novel, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, which was based on an incident in Scottish history. A comparison between the two works shows the different forms which the same story can take when it is presented in different art-forms.

Of course, in his novel Scott was really more concerned with his setting than with his plot. The book abounds with minute historical detail, and its characterizations are obviously designed to give an insight into the people of the period rather than to make them participants in the story. In spite of this attention to setting, Scott's characters do work in the story well, with one exception. The character of Caleb Balderstone, servant to Edgar, seems to have intrigued the author and he devotes undue attention to his escapades. This seriously impedes the plot. Significantly, this character does not appear in the opera, a fact which illustrates the necessity of plot simplification in a dramatic presentation of a story.

The important factors in both versions are the motivations of the plot. In both, Lucy and Edgar fall in love, meet insurmountable obstacles to their union, and find death the only solution to their troubles. In a general way, the insurmountable difficulties are the same. However, certain important differences appear. The most obvious of these is the absence of Lucy's parents in the opera, whereas they play a vital role in the novel. Instead, in the opera we find only Lucy's brother. Actually, the reason for this change was the same as the reason for the omission of Caleb. There is much delicate interplay between the parents in the novel which could not be effectively presented on the stage. Thus, the important actions of both characters are given to the one character of the brother. This again shows the need for simplification. The total effect of each method amounts to the same thing: Lucy's family prevents her marriage to Edgar and forces her into the ill-fated marriage with Lord Arthur Bucklaw. In addition to the action being the same for these characters, the motive is the same—ambition. On the stage it is made a little more apparent by having her brother in desperate financial straits, while in the novel it is a case of political ambition on the part of the mother, but the general idea is the same.

Several minor characters, such as Old Alice, Raymond, and Norman hold slightly different positions in the two works, but these positions do not alter the basic plot line or any of its significant details.

The other really obvious difference between the two works lies in the endings. It appears at first glance as though Donizetti had completely changed the ending and thus the whole idea of the story. This, however, is not the case. Despite the fact that he makes Edgar commit suicide after Lucy's death, whereas Scott kills him off in quicksand, the basic ending is the same. A duel is arranged between Edgar and Lucy's brother which is averted by the death of Edgar. The basic cause of death is the same; in the opera he commits suicide on learning of Lucy's death, while in the novel his distraction over the situation causes him to ride blindly into the quicksand. The difference is a purely mechanical one.

Despite its dull excursions with Caleb, Scott's book has somewhat of an edge over the opera in the matter of quality. Parts of *Lucia* are rather superficial or of mediocre value. However, it has the edge on the novel as far as present day popularity goes. Donizetti's work has many beautiful melodies and contains several moments of genuine dramatic quality, and is, therefore, well-loved by opera fans the world over. On the other hand, the greater age of the novel makes it rather dry reading for people today in this age of speed. Nonetheless, each is, in its own way and field, a masterpiece of a great artist.

## You Can't Go Home Again

LEONARD ZAPINSKI  
*Rhetoric 102, Theme 5*

IT STANDS TO REASON THAT ANY WORK OF FICTION MUST have some plot—if nothing more than a figurative hall tree on which to drape the fine clothes of narration, characterization, and moral, among other things. An intricate and fascinating plot adds tremendously to the reading enjoyment of the majority of the various authors' works. However, in entering Thomas Wolfe's hallway of literature, a visitor would scarcely notice the insignificant, perfectly simple hall trees of his plots alone.

It is the sight of the breathtaking raiment which hangs on that tree that attracts the reader of Thomas Wolfe; raiment such as the wonderful display of an extensive literary and vernacular vocabulary which educates in itself; the perfect characterizations which run the gamut from that of a Brooklynese bystander to that of a cultured society couple of fine means; the vivid description of scenes; and lastly, the free flow of narration and mental expression.

These qualities are abundant in any of Wolfe's books, but especially so in *You Can't Go Home Again*, his latest published novel. It has a plot, yes; George Webber, a young writer from North Carolina, acquires a localized notoriety in his home town, owing to his profession and selection of material

for his first book. George Webber visits his home town after a prolonged absence and later decides on a trip abroad.

That is the plot, without complications and not very novel. But after reading only the first three printed pages, I became so profoundly interested that I wrote at the bottom of the page, "This man Wolfe is good! I'm going to enjoy this book immensely."

To separate the author's style, characterization, description, and philosophical tendencies would be impossible. The obvious fact that the book is semi-autobiographical imparts an intimate feeling to the reader; thus, to speak merely of literary style, neglecting the laying bare of the lives in various strata of society, would be sacrilegious. Each chapter is almost a complete short story in itself. One could read a single chapter and have his vocabulary enriched or sharply renewed by more than ten words, and after reading this chapter, this person would indeed wonder if this was the man who invented the adjective and the adverb and their uses in respective dependent clauses.

Of particular worth is Wolfe's characterization of Mrs. Esther Jack, the confident, self-satisfied and capable career woman who admires George Webber; of Foxhall Edwards, a shrewd publishing editor, whose knowledge of human nature and behind-the-scenes insight is a revelation to a staid reader who would pass up a "commonplace" news item; of the German, Helig; the Dutchman, Bendien; the girl, Dorothy; and the hardboiled hatcheck girl.

Wolfe is the type of writer who could set a scene in a railroad station, and before half the description had been read, the reader would be inhaling the pungent locomotive fumes, hearing the incessant, overall murmur of crowd noises, seeing the time on the station clock, and visualizing the displays of the concessionaries.

Fine examples of this art are the dialogue and descriptive narration of an apartment house fire, a suicide's leap, and a search of a European trans-continental train by Nazi authorities.

George Webber, and, therefore, Thomas Wolfe, is a cynic, a detached observer of personalities and human events. Wolfe aptly expresses the philosophy of a fatalist who is motivated by a throbbing desire to do everything there is to do, to see everything there is to see, to feel and know everything there is to feel and know in the world before death's oblivion folds over him.

Style, description, portrayal of various levels of society, satirical and philosophical studies—what more can a reader ask? All are present in a Wolfe novel, particularly *You Can't Go Home Again*.



# Intelligent College Students Should be Deferred

LEONA ROBBINS  
*Rhetoric 102, Theme A*

IN CHOOSING TO SUPPORT THE PRO SIDE OF THIS ARGUMENT, I realize that I am coming to the defense of an action that is already a *fait accompli*. The colleges and universities have begun to administer examinations, the purpose of which is to separate, on the intellectual level, the "chaff" from the "grain." I am not sure, but I believe that the results of these tests are already being used in determining the status of draft candidates. Nevertheless, I should like to present my reasons for my belief that this action is a just and proper one.

First, I would like to make reference to the moral implications; in advocating the deferment of intelligent college students I do not thereby underwrite war as the necessary solution to international conflict. On the contrary, I consider the fact that the nations of the world still rush into rearmament races as the deplorable evidence of the lack of achievement and advancement we have made in the field of international statesmanship.

That is another province and another problem, however. I think the realist, no matter how idealistic he may be, must accept the fact that for better or worse, the United States is rearming and rebuilding its armed forces for what may eventually become a costly and prolonged struggle. More and more money is being appropriated for the research into and the expansion of more modern, more deadly and more complicated weapons (by the term weapons I mean everything from the gun the infantryman will carry to the huge bombers, airplane carriers and radar-detecting units). While we engage ourselves in this manner, other nations through fear are bent on like activities—in other words, the race is on!

It is obvious by the nature of the problem that one of the most important ingredients of our efforts will be intelligent, competent, skilled men—men who will be capable of understanding and directing still further research and still more complex units of machinery. If we draft indiscriminately, we run the risk of losing our reserve of those youths whom we will need in ever-increasing numbers as the race gathers momentum. To some, the implication of the deferment of our most intelligent young men is that the less intelligent are being penalized or used as cannon fodder. But would we not be wasting the greatest contribution that those with high I. Q.'s could make if we denied them the opportunity to finish their studies, so that in the future we could use

the results of their mature knowledge? And are we not, in the final analysis, protecting the interests of those who have to participate actively in combat by encouraging the development of those whose talents and skills will be used to develop the weapons and techniques to shorten or to avert the conflict we fear?

## Interested Youth Can Solve Paris' Problem

THOMAS NELSON HARVEY  
*Rhetoric Placement Theme*

A STRANGER PASSING THROUGH PARIS, ILLINOIS, MY home town, would see a thriving community of ten-thousand residents and would conclude from all appearances that Paris is a very progressive city. However, progress is sadly lacking here; Paris has not taken advantage of available resources which could make it prosper and grow.

Although there are a few factories—a broom company, an advertising goods manufacturer, a truck body firm, a shoe factory, and a drill company—there could be many more. Three railroad lines, three bus lines, four highways, and numerous trucking companies which serve Paris make it an excellent transportation center; there are many possible roadside and railside sites for factories which lie vacant and unused; Paris is close, yet not too close, to such cities as Chicago, Saint Louis, and Indianapolis. Thus, good transportation facilities, excellent building sites, and convenient location make up Paris' qualifications for growth through industrial development.

One thing, however, is lacking; it is the will or spirit of the people. They allow themselves to be misled by certain selfish factory owners. Having paid low wages for many years, these factory owners do not want new industries with higher wages to come into Paris and force them to pay better salaries. The Paris Chamber of Commerce is controlled by these so-called leaders of industry, and all attempts of manufacturing concerns to enter Paris are somehow thwarted. Perhaps the people allow themselves to be duped because many of them are retired farmers, contented with things as they now exist. But that the merchants of Paris have a similar attitude is not easy to understand. Although they should welcome new industry and an increased population which would bring increased business with it, these drug, department, and clothing store operators sit idly by, watching industry fight industry.

This is, indeed, a very unfruitful situation for all of Paris except the home-town factory owners. In order to remedy this malady, a new interest in Paris must be instilled in its citizens. This must be an interest in Paris as a growing,

progressive city, not just as a nice, quiet place in which to live and spend one's old age. Paris must look to its youth for such spirit, and this youth must recognize its duty—to bring Paris to the state of progress parallel to that of its neighboring cities. Youth must take control of the affairs of the Chamber of Commerce in order to promote rather than to prohibit the growth of Paris. Industrial growth means growth in all other fields—population, gross income of merchants, and, of course, importance and influence. This growth should turn the passive attitude of Paris' citizens into a lively spirit favoring the progress of their city.

Thus, it must be renewed spirit incited by youth spurring on industrial growth which will enable Paris to take full advantage of its opportunities to grow and prosper and to act as it appears to tourists—progressive.

## An Interesting Hobby

HUGH DAVISON  
*Rhetoric 101, Theme A*

**D**ARK WATER AND A COLD, GRAY FOG. A JAGGED COAST and desolation. High upon the tallest cliff he stands—Davison, the hunter, a tawny carcass at his feet. Through the dank Scottish crags the kilted chieftain has stalked a mountain lion, and now—home to breakfast.

The hound dogs howl. A shot rings out. There on the Texas plain he stands—Davison, the hunter, a wild fox bleeding at his feet, and now—home to breakfast.

These are my ancestors. Their blood is my blood, and it is only natural that I, like they, am a hunter. However, I am a hunter, not of the cumbersome mountain lion or the wild fox, but the golf, the ferocious white golf, the thing with the speed of the gazelle, the deception of the fox, and the smashing power of the stallion. These things are pursued desperately until they are overtaken and then the golf is bludgeoned mercilessly with long steel clubs. These beatings continue until the golf is finally forced to retreat into a small hole in the ground. The average hunter can subdue his prey and drive him into this hole with only three or four beatings. However, I find this very difficult because of the extremely peculiar reactions the golf has to being hunted. These strange little things, when being pursued, will endeavor to slither off into clumps of high weeds and lie completely silent until all the danger of a hunter nearby has passed. They have also been known to attempt self-burial in huge sand pits or to drown themselves in ponds. Some have even been known to climb trees to escape their pursuers. However, this wild stamina and determination to remain unconquered is what has drawn many men to hunt the golf.

If on some dismal afternoon, you think that you might enjoy going out on a golf hunt, there are two places where the little white demons are quite abundant. One of these is just opposite the southeast corner of the stadium, and the other is out on Route 45, near Savoy.

At heart every man is a hunter. That is why golf hunting is such a satisfying hobby for the modern man.

## A Town That Needs to Relax

JO ANN DAVIDSON  
*Rhetoric Placement Exam*

MY HOME TOWN, MONTICELLO, ILLINOIS, NEEDS TO relax and to enjoy life. The main problem in Monticello is over-organization. Although the population of the town is only two thousand five hundred, there are over thirty active civic organizations now functioning. Instead of bringing pleasure and recreation, as should be expected, this over-abundance of clubs brings only general chaos and dissatisfaction.

Because there are so many worthwhile organizations that the people must give their time to, no one can give enough time to one certain job to do really well in it. The same small group of people rush from one activity to another, doing a little here, a little there. Monticelloans have their fingers in so many pies that they really get just a tiny taste of each of them.

A solid citizen's weekly activity schedule would look something like this: Sunday—Church Officers' Meeting; Monday—Community Club Dinner; Tuesday—Downtown Sages Meeting; Wednesday—Rotary Club; Thursday—P. T. A.; Friday—Chamber of Commerce Meeting; Saturday—Masonic Lodge. And then, of course sandwiched in between all the very important regular meetings are the numerous committee meetings and special planning get-togethers.

You will find in Monticello just about every club that exists: D. A. R., Woman's Club, Rotary, W. C. T. U., church organizations, Masons, Elks, Eastern Star, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, 4-H, three P. T. A.'s, Chamber of Commerce, Community Club, School Clubs, and Bar Association. The list could go on and on. But there is one very important group that Monticelloans have neglected to organize lately. That is the Family Group.

Families in my home town just aren't as tightly knit as they should be. The reason for this can be traced directly to the over-exaggerated importance of clubs and organizations outside the home. Sometimes members of the family may not even see each other all day, except for the few minutes when everyone runs home for a bite to eat before running off again for a meeting. Life in Monticello has become all dash and no rest. The speed of living has



kept getting faster and faster until now things are whirring away at a mad rate. This fast way of life is not good for peace of mind.

Each person in Monticello needs to take mental stock of just what he is accomplishing. I believe the results would astound some of the organizers. They would see that all the trouble that arises in the work of clubs is because of lack of honest interest in the club. Too many people are "joiners" and not enough are "doers."

I believe that if every Monticelloan would limit himself to two or three clubs, he would lead a much happier, more peaceful life. It's not good to be on the go all of the time. If one is constantly on the run trying to get too much done, he will end up getting nothing done. What's more, he will get no enjoyment out of life.

My home town needs to organize a Family Club. The club should meet at least three evenings a week. All members of the club would have to be present to make the club work. The place of the meeting should be the home. The purpose of the club: To Help Monticello Relax.

## A Day I Will Remember

TONI HRIBAL  
*Rhetoric 101, Theme A*

THE ARENA IS FILLED TO CAPACITY BY THE TUMULTUOUS crowd as tense chatter and unsuppressed excitement dominate the scene. Upon a given signal the band strikes a chord and taciturnity reigns over the multitude. The bullfight is about to begin, and once more the drama of life versus death is to be enacted before the audience. Two massive doors at the periphery of the arena are opened to permit the parade procession to pass forth.

The constable of the event, mounted on a prancing steed, leads this procession while directly behind him, on foot, follow the matadors, picadors, and banderillos that comprise the cast in this barbaric display of skill.

Attired in costumes of heavy metallic brocades and brilliant silks, they serve as an excellent illustration of the pomp and pageantry that is identified with bullfighting. Soft kid slippers, similar to those of a ballet dancer, serve as shoes and thus enable the *torreo*, or bullfighter, to master the gracefulness and agility that are so important in the arena. The small black cap cocked on the *torreo*'s head scarcely belies the inner turmoil he must feel as he goes forth to meet Death's emissary.

The procession advances to the box of the president of the *correa*, or bullfight, the constable secures permission to begin the event, and the procession disappears once more behind the doors, accompanied by the strains of the primitive music. The silence is ominous.

Then the *torro*, or bull, charges into the arena. He is a fierce beast of magnificent stature and his eager horns and savage hoofs match his anger.

The picador, el torro's first opponent, rides into the arena, mounted on a heavily-padded horse. He endeavors to maneuver the bull into such a position as to use his long lance to lacerate the neck of the bull. His task accomplished, he retires from the arena, frequently minus his mount.

The maddened bull is then faced by another opponent—the banderillo, who is on foot. This man's sole protection consists of the two long, barbed darts he holds in either hand, which he must plunge into the bull's neck. The banderillo's skill and survival depend entirely upon his agility. As the angered bull charges him, the banderillo jumps aside at the last possible moment and thrusts the barbs deep into the bull as he thunders by. He repeats this daring performance twice. The matador himself is next on the scene. Immaculately attired, he carries a pink cape with which to torment the bull. The bull charges viciously at the cape and the man, only to be confronted by empty space as the man steps gracefully aside from the enraged bull. The matador displays his perfected turns and *veronicas* to the applause of the crowd, the ovation increasing to match his daring. This contest nears its climax as the matador exchanges his pink cape for one the color of blood-red, thus signaling the audience of his intention to kill the bull. He carries a *muelta*, or sword, beneath the cape and proceeds to entice the bull into charging him. As the bull races past, the matador thrusts his sword to the hilt into the bull's neck, attempting to strike the heart. If his thrust is perfect, the sword will pierce the bull's heart and kill him instantly. If not, the matador must try again.

The matador is not always the victor, but death is never to be cheated as man and beast vie for superiority.

The bullfight, with its primitive savagery, pomp and splendor, background color, and dangerous atmosphere, constitutes a day that I shall always remember.

\* \* \*

Sitting on the edge of the pier, I gazed in wonder at the sight that was unfolding before me. The sun, a glowing bronze spotlight, was passing over the trees, and a tensed, expectant audience was waiting for a show to begin. A slight breeze was blowing the cotton-candy clouds to the evening shadows. Suddenly, the breeze stopped. The spotlight went out. There was a mantled hush over everything. The main attraction was about to commence. Slowly, one by one, the stars like ballerinas flashed into the arena of the sky. Each one did her own dance as she moved across the stage. Almost without warning, as if from nowhere, a prima ballerina appeared to do her dance of the night. She moved slowly, leaving a trail of silver in her path. She glided into the darkness only to emerge again more beautiful than ever. Slowly, the stage began to light up once again, and the prima ballerina faded from view as gracefully as she came. The show was over. Dawn had come.—MARLENE KIMBARK, 102.

# Japanese Views on the American Occupation in Japan

RYOSO SUNOBE  
*Rhetoric 101, Theme 11*

"WHAT DO THE JAPANESE PEOPLE THINK OF THE American occupation?" is a question which has been frequently addressed to me since my arrival in the United States. The answer comprises various aspects and facts. My subject in this short paper, however, is confined to some critical views which are generally expressed among the Japanese people on the American occupation in Japan. It is to be noted in this connection that remarkable achievements, particularly social reforms in the feudalistic agricultural society, which have been attained only through the guidance and assistance of the occupation authorities, are being highly appreciated by the Japanese people. It is to be added consequently, for the sake of giving a correct picture of the Japanese feeling, that their critical views are always accompanied by expressions of appreciation for the occupation authorities.

No one would ever deny in Japan today that the personal relation between the occupation forces and the Japanese people has been maintained in a remarkably friendly manner. American GI's have shown excellent conduct. There are, of course, some exceptions such as drunkenness, wild driving, and a few cases of burglary. The exceptions, however, are amazingly few in number. I do not hesitate to state that the occupation forces have succeeded in establishing an unshakable sense of friendship among the Japanese people toward the Americans.

In the course of these five years, the primary objective of the occupation has manifestly shifted from the initial one of destroying the militaristic Japan to the second one of constructing a politically and economically stabilized Japan. The occupation authorities have, on various occasions, revealed that the destruction of the militaristic and ultranationalistic regime in Japan has been completed. In its place, the "democratization," the revamping of practically all aspects of the Japanese society along the democratic, or, to put it more specifically, the American line, is what is being pursued.

The unanimous cooperation which the Japanese people extended to occupation authorities in the first stage of the occupation was largely a reflection of their disillusionment in their once glorious and seemingly trustworthy national leaders and their government. Being disgusted with the suffocatingly rigorous regimentation and control by the war-time government

that failed to make good its promises in spite of the tremendous sacrifices on the part of the people, the Japanese were willing to cooperate with the occupation authorities in eliminating the militaristic and the ultranationalistic institutions and practices. As the second stage sets in, however, the Japanese people have become divided. As for the future course of Japan, they do not always concur with the recommendations and suggestions of the occupation authorities. To do away with the past is one thing; to plan for the future is another.

The general feeling among the Japanese people regarding the American democratization policy is, in brief, that the democratic institutions and practices of the present American pattern are, in some respects, unworkable in Japan, although they agree in principle to the democratic way of living. Social and economic backgrounds are too different in both countries. This point, however, needs further elucidation.

When the war ended, the Japanese people, utterly exhausted both physically and morally and living in a completely dislocated society, looked forward, first of all, to the restoration of stability in their daily life. They had been aspiring for a principle which would replace the militaristic nationalism and, at the same time, which would tend to unite the worn-out country again as a coherently functioning unit. And what they got was the democracy as interpreted in the light of the present prosperous United States. Personal freedom, individual rights, and other *individual* aspects of democracy were the keynote of the democracy as expounded by the occupation authorities.

Democracy is, indeed, based upon the principle of individual liberty. At the same time, however, it calls undeniably, I believe, for faithful execution by each person of his responsibilities and duties to the whole society. Excessive stress on either one of the *individual* or the *collective* aspects of the democracy will bring about an unbalanced society. In a chaotic period, the latter aspect must be more emphasized than the former, because, otherwise, the society cannot maintain the minimum basis of a society worth the name.

The Japanese people, supplied with the individualistic version of the democracy and lacking sufficient background to assimilate it in its entirety within a short period of time, talked only about their egoistic rights, indulged in the pursuit of their selfish happiness, and forgot about their duties, responsibilities, and sacrifices due to the other people. The transitory chaos is subsiding now. But some Japanese still wonder whether the democracy of the American pattern as it is now is necessarily the only way for the Japanese people to attain the ideal society where individual liberty is well balanced with each person's consciousness of his duties to the whole society.

Financial difficulty involved in putting the democratization plan into practice is another problem. The occupation authorities, it sometimes seems to the Japanese people, have unwisely shown too much haste in introducing the current American institutions into Japan all at one time. Essential



reforms, the Japanese people certainly understand, must be carried out by all means. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that the post-war financial chaos has been further aggravated by some revampings which were apparently inconsequential, which could have been postponed, or which exceeded the depleted financial resources of the Japanese communities. Too hasty overdosing of democracy, it is sincerely feared, might result in wearied resignation on the part of the Japanese people that the democratic society is, after all, utterly out of their reach financially, an outcome just contrary to the expectation.

Skepticism of the Japanese people, particularly among the educated people, over the economic free-competition principle advocated by the occupation authorities is another point to be referred to here. Rightly or wrongly, the principle is considered to be outmoded and does not appeal to them. It connotes to them something which neglects mercilessly the interests of the social underdogs to the advantage of the well-to-do class. The American free competition is certainly not the *laissez-faire* of the nineteenth century pattern. The advantage of free competition is obviously enormous, too. It must not be forgotten, however, that, under the prevailing economic situations in Japan, any loser in the competition is literally doomed to be starved to death. Economic planning to a much wider extent than in the United States is primarily essential in Japan for no other reason than for the sake of maintaining the minimum degree of social justice. The urgent necessity to accumulate capital out of the current low national income makes it imperative to manage the national economy under a comprehensive planning.

The impact of the free-competition principle upon the restoration of well-balanced world trade is another subject of concern among the Japanese people, whose economic rehabilitation is predominantly dependent upon the prosperity of their foreign trade. The post-war world has disclosed complete disintegration of the pre-war world trade pattern. Soviet Russia and her satellites have secluded themselves behind the iron curtain. Western European countries are intensifying the trade rivalry among themselves as their national economies recover. Asiatic nations are still involved in political and economic recovery. American advanced industrial and agricultural productivity far exceeds that in other countries. How can the world be organized again into a unit which would trade with mutual profit as in the former years? Would the free competition principle alone be sufficient to deal with the situations? Could it not be that a certain degree of economic planning on the world scale is the only way to bring about the equilibrium of world trade? This is what the Japanese people earnestly want to know for the sake of a stable economic future.

The criticisms of the occupation policy, should they be constructive, are, I believe, far from being inimical to the interests of the occupying country. Under the prolonged occupation, however, the critical attitude easily turns to a bitter feeling toward the occupation. The occupational control over Japan has lately been markedly eased. Nevertheless, the occupation is the occupation, whose policy stands above the public criticism and attack by the Japanese

people. Irreparable discontent tends to brew cynicism and turns into passive resistance which will easily be taken advantage of by radical demagogues.

In this connection, a remark should be made regarding the administrative caliber of the occupation officers in the lower echelons. Those on the policy-making level are certainly all men of experience and knowledge. It is, however, the working-level officers who give directions and make suggestions to the Japanese government in daily execution of the occupation policy. They have, in fact, tremendous authority in determining the course of Japan in the future. Most of them are experts in a line of business. But not all of them are. Some of them are apparently only insufficiently qualified to give guidance to the Japanese people in the second, constructive stage of the occupation. No one questions their sincerity. But their strenuous efforts, it must be observed, have sometimes resulted in alienating the Japanese people in spite of, or perhaps because of, their hearty sincerity and good intention to re-educate the Japanese people.

Should the choice be between the United States and Soviet Russia, the Japanese people are willing, I am confident, to stand on the American side. A majority of them feel antagonistic to Soviet Russia, which, it seems, is shrouded in something enigmatic. The Russian failure to account for the Japanese prisoners of war, exceeding 300,000 not yet repatriated from that country, has definitely alienated the Japanese people from the Russian cause, except for a handful of the Communists. The Japanese people are also convinced that, in view of the American industrial potentials, the United States would emerge victorious in case of a fight with Soviet Russia. The main reason, however, that they believe in the American cause is that the American democratic principle would permit Japan to follow the course which the Japanese people would choose by themselves. They have expected and still expect that by siding with the United States, they can recover their political freedom, both domestic and international, within a shorter period and to a wider extent.

Permitted to act freely, they do not intend, I believe, to deviate from the democratic line. They are also aware that allied political supervision must continue after the conclusion of the peace treaty. They realize, too, that the establishment of American military bases in Japan is necessary for their own safety as well as unavoidable because of the prevailing international tension. They want, however, to restore the basic freedom to work out their own future with their own hands.

Rearmament of Japan is causing deep concern among the Japanese people. Being under the military occupation, however, the Japanese people have no final voice in deciding the problem. All policy decisions come ultimately from the occupation authorities. The problem of rearmament, though critical to the Japanese people, is, to put it in a cynical way, other countries' business, not theirs. Their lukewarm attitude toward the rearmament, in spite of their knowledge of the unpropitious development of events in their neighboring area,

is partly due to their earnest, if naive, desire to remain neutral, but primarily attributable to their apprehension that the rearmament, if not accompanied with full recovery of their political freedom, might be utilized only for the purpose of picking chestnuts out of the fire for the interests of other countries.

Restoration of the peace as expeditiously as possible, even excluding Soviet Russia and her followers, was, I am convinced, the only way to deter the Japanese people from falling into cynical apathy. Let them have their free-hand both internally and diplomatically! They will prove themselves to be an active and enthusiastic member on the democratic front in the world alignment today.

## Don't Outlaw the Communists

JENNIS BAPST

*Rhetoric 102, Theme A*

LAST JULY, SOON AFTER THE SUPREME COURT HANDED down its decision to uphold the conviction of eleven prominent communists under the Smith Act, Ernest K. Lindley, chief of *Newsweek's* Washington bureau, in an interview with Attorney General J. Howard McGrath, asked bluntly how far the Justice Department intended to extend its prosecutions under the Smith Act. Mr. McGrath answered, "We do not intend to tip our hand. We have already obtained indictments against twenty-one communists in the so-called 'second echelon.' We will prosecute others who continue to carry on the conspiracy." Legally this was the conspiracy to teach the violent overthrow of the government, but actually, as Mr. McGrath indicated in that same interview, the conspiracy in question was the Communist party.

Mr. McGrath's last statement in that interview, "We will prosecute others who continue to carry on the conspiracy," reflects the view of many people, congressmen, and state legislators on how to meet the Communist threat in the United States. Ask the man on the street. He will tell you that the only way to get rid of communism is to lock up or to deport all communists. Look at the bills which have been and are being offered in Congress and in state legislatures: the Mundt-Ferguson Anti-subversive Bill, the McCarran Bill, Maryland's Ober Law, and the Illinois Broyles Bill. All of these are directed toward virtually outlawing the Communist Party. But is this the only way to combat communism, and, more important, is it the most effective way? Let us see.

The main objection which democratic people hold against communism is its subjugation of the individual to the state with the attendant loss of freedom

of thought, speech, and action. Democracy advocates the subjugation of the state to the individual, thus leaving thought, speech, and action free. Inherent and basic in the democratic ideals is the right of the individual to his own opinion and his right to publish and speak that opinion. Take the case of a political dissenter in Russia as compared with a similar one in the United States. In Russia any individual who speaks against the state is immediately arrested and imprisoned as an enemy of the state, but in the United States such a dissenter should be allowed to speak and to publish his opinions. By outlawing the Communist party we are in effect limiting the freedom of all communists. Therefore, we are hypocritically destroying one of the basic precepts of democracy.

Moreover, the Communist party gains more than it loses by being outlawed. First, it gains two fine propaganda points. It can maintain, as has been pointed out, that democracy is hypocritical and must violate one of its basic precepts in order to defend itself against communism. Also, it may maintain that democracy is unable to meet criticism in order to stand. Second, communism gains a unity and a certain kind of glamour from being secret and underground. Third, from the fact that communism is outlawed, the people of the nation are lulled into a false sense of security. For example, if a group of outlawed communists went into a certain district and began their teachings, naturally they would be arrested. But since they would work secretly, it would be a time before they were discovered. In that time they could have converted many people into communists. If they were then arrested, they would appear as martyrs in the eyes of the converts. Moreover, no further effort would be made to refute the arguments of communism, for official opinion would consider the matter closed when the conviction was made. Thus, the converts would remain communists.

What then shall we do to meet the communist threat? Shall we let the communists run free? Yes, let them go free to publish their doctrines; then let us refute them and prove them wrong. Let them make their promises; then let us show that democracy has realized already the promises of communism. Let them hurl their accusations against democracy; then let us answer them and hurl back their accusations. John Stuart Mill in his essay "On the Liberty of Thought and Discussion" aptly proved that an opinion is only as true as its ability to withstand all attacks made upon it. Let us, therefore, show to the people of the United States and to the world the truth of the way of democracy by proving its ability to withstand any attack, communistic or otherwise, not by trying to stifle these attacks. Finally, let us heed the words of Illinois' Governor Adlai Stevenson as he said in his veto of the Broyles Bill, "We must fight traitors with laws. We already have the laws. We must fight falsehood and evil ideas with truth and better ideas. We have them in plenty. But we must not confuse the two."



# Registration, Short Order

EMILY BROWN  
*Rhetoric 101, Theme A*

EACH SEMESTER DURING REGISTRATION THE STUDENTS of the University of Illinois undergo an ordeal similar to that of the bread lines in England, 1945. The proceedings take place in the University Library, where a prospective student stands in a seemingly endless line, shifting his weight from a tired left foot to a tired right foot to some other tired foot behind him. When he finally reaches the head of the line, a registration clerk bobs up and gaily posts the neatly-lettered sign, ALL SECTIONS CLOSED. Hence, the footwork begins all over again.

This experience is enough to make any average freshman wake up shrieking and clutching at the bedsheet; and after several years of torture, the idiot senior shuffles mechanically from line to line muttering to himself and folding his IBM cards into little squares. But to the rebellious youth who refuses to submit to this semi-annual humiliation, I say, "Rise up! And square your shoulders! And stride to battle like 'Childe Roland about to fight the Paynim!'"

I have toyed with several ideas on how to "beat" the lines at registration. First of all, the direct and honest approach is simplest. If confronted by a particular line of staggering length, be nonchalant. With a polite, yet firm "Pardon me, please," step directly in front of the very first person in the line, present your cards to the clerk, tell him what section you want, pick up your class card, and walk away. However, this method takes a tremendous amount of courage and is recommended only for those who are made of strong "stuff."

In my second plan of making quick work of registration, the object is to keep up a steady flow, or even onrush, of conversation. Pretending to recognize the stranger standing second in line, rush up to him and with a hearty clap on the back engage him in a conversation that might sound something like this:

"Well, say! Hello there."

"What? Oh-hello."

"Gad, it's good to see you. I just said to myself, No, it can't be! But it is. It is. How've you been, kiddo?"

"Uh, er, fine, I guess."

"Great, great! Listen, try to guess this one. Why couldn't the animals play cards on the Ark?"

"Look here! I don't think I know y—"

"Of course you don't know. Because Noah was sitting on the deck. Haw! Good, huh?"

"Listen—"

"Yeh, listen. Here's a corker. Who was the greatest actor in the *Bible*? I'll tell you. It was Samson. He brought down the house!"

By this time, the person ahead of you is gone, and it is time for you to direct your full attention to the registration clerk. There is no need to worry about meeting your indignant "friend" in class; you will be neatly side-stepped the very first day.

A third method of "getting up" in a line is by pretending to be a registration clerk. By simple manipulation accompanied by appropriate remarks such as, "This section is closed from here on," or "The clerk over there will take care of you," the lines can be juggled about effectively. For instance, in lines A and B, move half of line A over to an empty space along the desk. Then move half of line B into the space left by Line A. By the time the others figure out what happened, you will be registered and on your way.

Lastly, a radical way of clearing the lines is by dashing about the library, arms flailing, and shouting, "Help! Fire! Fire!" No doubt the building will be almost instantly cleared, save for a few trampled bodies in the doorways; but there is also the probability that the registration clerks would be among the first to "leg" it for the nearest exit.

Of course, the only "sure-fire" answer to the question, "How can I beat the lines at registration?" is "Get a job; don't go to college!"

## Come, Live Here

ELEANOR J. BUNTING  
*Rhetoric 102, Theme 4*

MAGNOLIA, ILLINOIS, ALTHOUGH IT HAS A POPULATION of only 350, is the "best little village in the world."

Magnolia has one church (sparsely populated even on Sundays) and four taverns (densely populated even on Sundays). But the greatest amusement for the inhabitants of Magnolia comes from observing their fellow inhabitants. Let's walk down main street and see who is in town today.

Why, here comes Antone Brown. You remember my telling you about him. What did you say? Oh, yes, he is rather heavy. On his birthday he drinks a bottle of beer for every one of his seventy-three years.

There goes Dawson Hill, the town liar. He just came home from the hospital. He had to have an operation on his neck. His neck had been hurting him, so he took a knife and cut out the part that bothered him. No, he isn't very good looking, is he? Why yes, as a matter of fact, he has been married—seven times. Once he was sent to the state penal farm for bigamy. He was almost married eight times, but that time, after the arrangements were all made for the wedding, he sent his brother to bring his future bride to the

ceremony. On the way to the church, she decided to elope with the groom's brother, and Dawson never saw her again. Yes, Dawson has quite a reputation for his tales, too. He claims that he has a copy of the Declaration of Independence which Lincoln wrote on the train to Gettysburg.

That man across the street is Bert Miller, the town villain. He and his wife separated many years ago. He wants a divorce so that he can marry another woman, but his wife won't give him one. If he tries to sue for divorce, she has some papers which he once forged with her name, and she can bring charges against him for that.

Here comes Bess Williams. She is the most religious woman in the town. She is so religious that she won't even let sinners come into our church. Once the preacher's wife invited an ill-famed woman to come to church. The woman attended the services the next Sunday. Bess said that if she came again, they might as well never expect Bess to come back. We're lucky to have Bess. Not many communities can boast of having a woman that concerned over her church.

On our way back we mustn't forget to stop in to see Mr. Starck, the principal of our high school. He is known all over our county for his timely sayings. Once a mother was complaining to him about a grade which was given to her son. "I don't think my boy deserves an F," she protested. Mr. Starck quickly replied, "I don't think your boy deserves an F either, but that's the lowest we give."

No, Magnolia may not have much in the way of professional entertainment. We have no theaters, no skating rinks, no swimming pools. But for genuine characters, our town breaks all records. For actual entertainment, there's no place like a home-town.

## One of The Men

JEANNE M. ECKLUND

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 4*

IN THE DAYS SINCE WORLD WAR II, THE TERM PARAPLEGIA is understood by the laity as well as by the medical profession. By definition, a paraplegic is a person who has incurred paralysis of both lower extremities usually through injury to the spinal cord. Probably the greatest publicity given these people was Stanley Kramer's recent movie, *The Men*, which portrays the story of paraplegic patients at the Veterans' Hospital at Birmingham, California.

I know well over two hundred of these patients through my experience as a nurse at the Veterans' Administration Hospital, Hines, Illinois, but Stanley Roberts is the one who is most outstanding in my memory. He is one of the two in this entire group who have learned to walk again, although neither

one has had return of normal function through repair of the injured nerves.

Mr. Roberts has a striking appearance as he strides down the hall in a four-point gait by means of bilateral leg braces and Canadian crutches. He is a tall young man, only twenty-nine, but he often appears older because of the fatigue caused by the great effort in walking in using only his arm and shoulder muscles to lift the weight of his body. Although he is not particularly handsome, his smile-wrinkled face, brown wavy hair, and mustache typify his character and personality. These physical characteristics show his good and yet determined nature.

Since he is from a relatively poor Chicago family, Mr. Roberts had to assume a great deal of responsibility during early life because of the illness of his father. Even though he was employed after classes, his high school scholastic record earned a University of Illinois scholarship for him. In three semesters' work, he accumulated two years' credit toward a degree in mechanical engineering. However, his educational career was interrupted by army service during World War II.

In the infantry Sergeant Roberts led his squad in Germany until in early April, 1945, when he was wounded for the third time. His final injury consisted of several pieces of shrapnel striking all over his body with one severing the spinal cord above the waist and another causing the removal of one kidney.

During the following years of convalescence and rehabilitation in both army and veterans' hospitals, Mr. Roberts' refusal to accept defeat has driven him to achievements acquired by very few with his handicap. This is truly exemplified by his desire and, later, by his ability to walk. He was so persistent in this desire that he would not go home on leave from the Army hospital until he could walk, and, to this day, his family has not seen him in a wheelchair.

After discharge from the hospital, he drove to California to attend the University of California at Los Angeles, where he was again an "A" student, but he was forced to leave after one year because of a recurrent complicating illness. This return to the hospital and a consequent loss of over a year in time have not discouraged Mr. Roberts, but to some extent they have helped him finally to realize that he must exercise some caution in regard to endurance and activity.

Typical of his nature is his interest in other people and a desire to help them. He often aids in the rehabilitation of the more recently injured patients, especially by raising their hopes and ambitions toward walking again. His mental attitude and cheerfulness contagiously lift the morale of the entire ward, and patients and nurses who know him have great respect and admiration for Stanley Roberts. His most immediate plans are to obtain a new home for his aged parents, to finish his own education, and eventually to teach.

Without his handicap, Mr. Roberts would probably have been a very successful person by this time. However, knowing him quite well, I feel that with his determination and pride in self-achievement, Stanley Roberts, one of *The Men*, will continue his drive toward his ultimate goal.



# Wit and Humor

ARLIE FENDER

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 8*

THE DICTIONARY TELLS US THAT WIT IS DERIVED FROM the Anglo-Saxon word of the same spelling. In its obsolete and archaic forms wit was used in the general sense to mean "activity of mind or intellectual power." Even if it is virtually out of use today this definition provides the base from which the word has expanded. When we say a person has lost his wits, we mean he has lost his power of mind, his reasoning, and his sense. A person in a sane condition is sometimes spoken of as having wits, meaning that he has a certain state of balance and soundness.

Another definition tells us that wit may mean practical good judgment and wisdom. Wit and wisdom are not related enough to merit wide acceptance of this definition. Wisdom is calm, composed, and sober; wit is quick, sharp, and laughable. Wisdom is the serene sea; wit is the gurgling mountain stream, plunging over a jagged waterfall.

The most popular definition of wit is "mental alertness, especially the capacity for humorous expression." This expression often takes the form of association between words and ideas distantly related so as to produce a comical effect. An unexpected turn is often the course of wit. Wit is helpless without ingenuity on the part of the receptor. Wit must be received swiftly without deep thought. Thought kills wit.

Finally, as a noun referring to the animate, the word means "anyone who is apt in the expression of felicitous ideas." The growth of wit has been by specialization from any intellectual power to a certain ability to arouse humor by the use of clever, sharp, and often bitter expressions.

The word humor is an exact duplication of the Latin noun *humor* meaning a moisture or fluid. In old physiology, humor was a "fluid or juice, especially one of the four fluids—blood, lymph, yellow and black bile—conceived as determining a person's health and temperament." Therefore, to ancient eyes, humor was one's disposition, state of mind, or mood. Since the mind is in a state of constant flux and uncertainty, the word came to mean a "whim or fancy." To many men fancy suggests the absurd and ridiculous. A fanciful person has one root on earth and the other dangling in space; hence he may seem humorous to the realist. Humor may signify a certain instability that is to be pitied. A fanciful person often can be intolerable. The most popular definition of humor today is "a quality that appeals to the sense of the ludicrous or absurdly incongruous." In other words, humor is laughable and amusing, but often ridiculous.

Wit and humor have several common usages. Both are expressions of a mental faculty. Both arouse sharp interest. Both provoke amusement. At this point the connotations tend to differ. There are suggestions in the pro-

nunciations of the words. The pronunciation of wit is sharp and unhesitant like the thrust of a dagger. The pronunciation of humor is more prolonged and drawn out like the effects of sweet wine.

Wit suggests swiftness; humor suggests a laughable steadiness. Wit is the flight of the swallow, humor that of a crow. Wit is the language of the jester while humor is the expression of the clown. Wit runs; humor walks.

Humor implies human kindness and sympathy. Wit has the suggestion of bitterness and disregard for the feelings. Wit is a purely mental product, free from love, generosity, and warmth. Wit is a sudden flash; humor, a steady glow. Love is the only thing that separates wit from humor. Without love, wit and humor would be indistinguishable.

## Should the Anti-Vivisection Law Be Passed?

MARY SHINN

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 5*

MEDICINE FOR MANY THOUSANDS OF YEARS WAS LOST in the dark chasms of the unknown. The human body was thought to be composed of four elements or humors: blood, lymph, and black and yellow bile, simply because these or their imagined effects were disclosed when some poor creature suffered from a disease or wound. All cures were based upon these humors. Such dreadful practices as bleeding or leeching were imposed upon the patients. Little or no advance was made in medicine.

All work was based upon theory. Nothing was known about the human body; its parts and their functions were purely guess work. No living body was allowed to be examined without the consent of the immediate family. Because of this unfortunate practice, operations were performed by guess work and nearly always proved fatal.

The practice of vivisectioning or the use of living bodies for experimentation then came into use. By the use of animals, scientists were able to discover previous unknown functions and compositions of the human body. These animals used for research were given the very best of care. They were fed exceptionally well and were kept in clean living quarters. They were operated on only under the most sterile conditions. The operation instruments and rooms were the same as those used for human patients. Each animal was carefully anaesthetized. They could not feel even the most intense pain. After experimentation, those animals that were in good condition were allowed to live. They were given the very best of homes. Those that were not fit to maintain a normal life were quickly put to death.

The animals used in these experiments were those that were in pounds or those that no one wanted. As they would be put to death anyway, is it not better that they should be used to lessen the sufferings of human beings?

Through the use of vivisection, medicine advanced rapidly. When the part of the body affected by a disease was discovered, a cure could be more quickly found. Without vivisection medicine would still be in the dark ages. People would still be depending on medicine men to chant away the devils from their souls.

Now into influential positions in the world are creeping a vast number of men and women who wish to retard medicine. They call themselves anti-vivisectionists. "Humane treatment for animals" is their motto. "No more useless and merciless killing of our domestic pets," they contend. These anti-vivisectionists would like to do away with all experimentation on live animals. They believe that medicine has reached its peak; nothing more can be gained by butchering helpless animals.

Medical students obtain some of their operating technique through experiments on live animals. Perhaps some anti-vivisectionist would like to become the first patient of a student who has no idea about the human body except what has come out of a text book. Perhaps, instead of a poor, defenseless dog, he would like to offer his body to be used for research.

Since the anti-vivisectionists have begun their campaign, the mechanical heart has been discovered. Through the study of the mechanics of animal hearts, this great saver of human lives has been developed. Can anyone claim that it is useless or merciless?

Anti-vivisectionists should not and must not come into power if this human race is to continue progressing. All the years of progress can suddenly end by the stroke of the pen. No more would medicine advance, if anti-vivisectionists are allowed to pass their law.

\* \* \*

When I was in elementary school, I delighted in hiking down the railroad track that makes its way through my hometown. There would usually be three of us, balancing hesitantly across the well-tarred railroad ties as we wandered on farther and farther away from the small village. An occasional snake slithered across our never-ending trail, and a bewildered weasel or muskrat scurried out of the way of our eager little troupe. We paused now and then to feast on the delicious wild strawberries growing along the steep siding or to gather purple tipped stalks of asparagus there. We were intrigued by the dainty Indian beads and other sparkling bits of stone our meager excavations revealed. Hutcheson's pond created a mild sensation, too, as we meandered by. We amused ourselves by teasing the white-faced cattle that were wading or standing idly in the depths of its cool water and oozing mud in search of refreshment from the blistering heat of the noonday. As for our destination, we didn't have any in particular, except maybe the well-filled cemetery which provided the necessary atmosphere for our lunch if nothing else. In case we were overtaken by boredom, we could always hurdle tombstones or scale the walls of the ivy-covered mausoleum.—CAMILLE KIRCHNER, 101

# Rhet as Writ

General McArthur was posthumourously awarded the Medal of Honor, then he went to the Philippines.

\* \* \*

In order to be of the marring kind, I believe, a man has to be born with the love of children and the opposite sex in him.

\* \* \*

The girl I marry will have to have a broad and balanced background.

\* \* \*

He was faced with the situation of becoming a father. This problem grew and grew.

\* \* \*

If the White Sox continue to play such good ball, the Cubs will have to take a hind seat in the fan's eye.

\* \* \*

When I was in the sixth grade, my Mother decided that it was time for me to become a more wordly woman.

\* \* \*

More than ever before in the history of our world we need a capable leader to guide our way from the terrible war, which might be just around the corner.

\* \* \*

An hour passed and all was quiet except for the munching of the cookies.

\* \* \*

It is more honorable to teach school than to make money.

\* \* \*

He (Keats) was very sickly and died at an early age. These factors greatly curtailed his writing.

\* \* \*

We must tell the girl friend how nice she looks tonight when we all know she stinks.



## Honorable Mention

*Wendell Abern*—Casey's Comeback

*David Behrend*—Death and Burial

*Robert A. Berkovitz*—What Political Liberty Means to Me

*Helen Broome*—The Most Remarkable Person I've Ever Known

*Fred Cooper*—And In the Darkness Lay

*Marlene Kimbark*—Should the U. S. Adopt a System of  
Socialized Medicine?

*Ronald Lambert*—Bless His Soul

*Walter L. Styles*—The Problem of Slums

## The Contributors

*R. Larry Slanker*—Greenville, Michigan

*Corliss E. Phillabaum*—Forty Fort, Pennsylvania

*Leonard Zapinski*—Fenwick

*Leona Robbins*—Washington Irving, N. Y.

*Thomas N. Harvey*—Paris

*Hugh Davison*—University High

*Jo Ann Davidson*—Monticello

*Toni Hribal*—Kirkwood

*Ryoso Sunobe*—Tokyo Imperial University

*Jennis Bapst*—Morton

*Emily Brown*—Urbana

*Eleanor J. Bunting*—Magnolia-Swaney

*Jeanne M. Ecklund*—Parker

*Arlie Fender*—North Clay

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A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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# An Inquiry Into Quaker Pacifism

MARGOT TIBBITS  
*Rhetoric 102, Theme 9*

## I. *Who Are the Quakers?*

THE BELIEF IN THE "INNER LIGHT," OR THAT OF GOD IN every man, is the chief characteristic of the religious Society of Friends (Quakers).

Quaker children are taken to Meeting and taught to sit quietly in the midst of the silent prayerful waiting which is characteristic of Quaker worship. In the intense stillness of Meeting, children may think their own thoughts, count windowpanes, study the serene face of one of the ministers or elders seated on the slightly elevated facing bench, or watch some other child. However he passes the time, a child cannot help but at some time be sensitized and wonder what God is and what his life should be. Learning to sit quietly and catch the sense of expectancy in those about him, produces in many people a tenderness and sensitiveness to inward need, to the scruples of conscience, and to a way of opening one's heart to God.

George Fox, motivating force in the movement which became the religious Society of Friends; Robert Barclay, theologian; William Penn, governor of the Quaker settlement in Pennsylvania; and John Woolman, energetic American Quaker who showed great sympathy for the oppressed negroes and Indians, are only four of the many early Quakers who made real contributions to their faith and civilization. For a much more detailed account of the religious Society of Friends the reader is referred to Russell's *The History of Quakerism*.

## II. *What Do Friends Believe?*

The Light within is not conscience but rather that which shines into conscience. Conscience is influenced by training and environment as well as by the Light. For this reason it may reveal one way of behaving to one person and another way to another person. The individual must therefore educate and enlighten his conscience by sensitizing himself to the Light of Truth in his soul. This process of sensitizing conscience takes place most thoroughly in a meeting for worship. . . . Because clearer and clearer knowledge may be progressively attained as the virtue of obedience grows, Friends have never declared any doctrine to be a final and unalterable creed.<sup>1</sup>

George Fox and his co-workers had no system of theology, but the next generation gave theological expression to Quakerism. Penn, Barclay, and others had a Calvinist background but were more optimistic as to the purposes

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<sup>1</sup> Howard H. Brinton, *The Peace Testimony of the Society of Friends* (American Friends Service Committee, n. d.), p. 6.

of God and man. Calvinist ideas of the power of the devil and hopelessness of man were replaced by a conception of a God of redeeming love, who did not hold men guilty for an ancestor's sin. Their faith in divine power was faith in the efficacy of the spiritual forces of truth, righteousness, justice, goodwill, and love. Because of this faith and because they believe that an evil cannot be overcome by an evil, Quakers would not resort to physical force even to try to promote good causes. The highest religious authority for belief and conduct of Quakers is within the individual rather than the force of an institution, person, or book.<sup>2</sup>

The underlying belief of the Society of Friends is that if men seek first to know God's will and the companionship of His spirit, the Light of Christ within will give an immediate sense of His presence and a revelation of His will. Naturally, God's revelation varies according to man's capacity to receive it and the eagerness with which it is sought. Proof to the Quaker of the fact that it is one and the same Spirit which speaks to every man and that there is a "Seed of God" in every man is the general harmony of these various revelations and the same direction in which they tend.<sup>3</sup>

Friends believe that worship is not a matter of time, place or form, but of a worshiping spirit. The Quaker ministry is essentially a lay ministry open to anyone and exercised as the "Inner Light" moves.<sup>4</sup> As this "Inner Light" is an experience rather than a theological idea to Friends, they do not give it an exact theological definition. One meaning of it stands for a God knowable to and within men. This indicates that communion with God cannot be restricted to times or places, nor limited to the mediation of a priestly class nor to a particular ritual nor to sacramental objects. God is a spirit and the only essential condition for communion with him is a true or right spirit. In the seventeenth century, when Quakerism began, this was considered a radical and heretical attitude as church buildings were supposed to be holy ground and the only place where public worship could be performed; special days were holy days, and the church, priests, and sacraments provided necessary mediation between God and man. Friends do not deny that God can be worshiped by such aids, but they believe that the only way to prove that religious life is possible without these aids is to discontinue using them.

A second meaning of the "Inner Light" is the capacity in all men to perceive, recognize, and respond to God's truth, love, and will. As everyone has access to God, everyone is potentially a child of God and of equal value in His sight. This Quaker belief contradicts the Calvinist teaching of human depravity resulting from the Fall and denies that only God's chosen few had

<sup>2</sup> Elbert Russell, *The History of Quakerism* (New York, Macmillan Company, 1942), p. 47.

<sup>3</sup> G. W. Knowles, *Quakers and Peace* (London, Sweet & Maxwell, Limited, 1927), p. 2.

<sup>4</sup> Russell, p. 56.

"prevenient grace." The Friends' belief became the basis of a complete democracy as well as of a universal philanthropy.

The "Inner Light" also means that salvation is a state of continuous living by the Spirit rather than an isolated experience of "conversion" or a future judicial "justification."<sup>5</sup>

The Quaker idea of God is that of a living spiritual presence revealed within the soul. God and man are related as their spiritual frontiers are continuous and undivided. There is something of man that is not of dust, earth, flesh, or time, but of God, and this belief gave George Fox a sense of the worth and preciousness of every man.<sup>6</sup>

Albert Schweitzer is an example of a non-Quaker's reverence for life. It is so deep that he will not snip the head off a daisy with his cane as he walks through the field, and he has argued this idea at great lengths in his ethical writings.<sup>7</sup> John Woolman states it all in one sentence:

As the mind was moved by an inward principle to love God as an invisible comprehensible being, so by the same principle it was moved to love Him in all His manifestations in the visible world; as by His breath, the flame of life, was kindled in all animal sensible creatures, to say we love God as unseen and at the same time to practice cruelty toward the least creature moving by His life, or by life derived from Him was a contradiction in His life.<sup>8</sup>

Friends regard the Bible as the record of men inspired by the Spirit of Christ, but revelation is not ended by it or confined to it. The Bible is a means of testing religious beliefs and experience and a supposed revelation which does not agree with the teachings of the Bible is to be suspected of error.<sup>9</sup> Friends can rely upon the "Inner Light" for final authority of interpreting the Bible, so are not bound to an interpretation which violates their sense of God and duty.<sup>10</sup>

In spite of these qualifying interpretations, Friends do not feel they may interpret the New Testament to mean the exact opposite of what it says. As the whole meaning and spirit of Christ's teaching calls men away from an atmosphere of hatred and fear to one of love and a harmonious will, "Love your enemies" cannot possibly mean "Hate your enemies, slay their men, starve their families, and destroy their possessions."<sup>11</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 49.

<sup>6</sup> Rufus M. Jones, "Introduction," *George Fox, Journal* (London, J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd., 1924), p. xi.

<sup>7</sup> Douglas V. Steere, *Doors Into Life* (New York, Harper & Brothers, 1948), p. 95.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 95.

<sup>9</sup> Russell, p. 53.

<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 54.

<sup>11</sup> John W. Graham, *The Faith of a Quaker* (Cambridge, Cambridge University Press, 1920), p. 328.

Religion for Friends is not something apart from life and business, but the whole of life and a way of life. Like breathing or digestion, it is something that one does and is, and is concerned more with the present than with another world after death. Friends believe it is important to maintain principles of simplicity, moderation, and sincerity. Early Friends found it helpful to observe certain peculiarities of dress, speech, and recreation in order to uphold their faith. Among those things which Barclay says are unlawful for Quakers are such flattering titles as Your Majesty; kneeling, bowing, or doffing the hat to a man; apparel worn only for vanity; games, sports, plays; swearing vainly or before a magistrate; and to "resist Evil, or to War or Fight in any Case."<sup>12</sup> Modern Quakers do not find some of these practices helpful in strengthening the spirit and so do not observe them.

### III. *Pacifism on General Principles*

It is when an institution no longer appears necessary that fantastic reasons are sought or invented for satisfying the instinctive prejudice in its favor, which its long persistence has created. It is just the same with the sport of the hunter; you will find its most elaborate defense in very recent literature, precisely because what is now challenged was at an earlier period taken for granted.<sup>13</sup>

Deep in our hearts we share a faith in the value of the personality of every individual, and a conviction that for life to be real and vital it should be carried forward in non-violent active love. We feel committed to non-violence as the way and seek to develop non-violent techniques for resolving conflicts and resisting violence, tyranny, or possible invasion.<sup>14</sup>

History shows only too clearly that being wounded and seeing friends die does not discourage the ideas and sentiments of a group. Christianity grew because of persecution, and in our own day we see the fanatic zeal with which democracy is defended against equally sincere Communists. Has the long series of wars between France and Germany over their boundary settled the problem of ownership? Will Russia abandon the desire for a warm water port, necessary for her economy, just because in the past five wars she failed? Even if it is admitted that wars have to some extent protected the innocent and punished the guilty, they have done so at such a great cost of suffering and death to entirely innocent people that one might question the efficacy of war as a means of rendering justice.<sup>15</sup>

Peace treaties which end wars are generally acknowledged as merely a truce until both sides can rearm and plan their strategy. Based on a principle of

<sup>12</sup> Robert Barclay, *Apology for the True Christian Divinity* (London, T. Sowle Raylton & Luke Hinde, 1736), p. 514.

<sup>13</sup> Albert V. Fowler, *War and Civilization* (New York, Oxford University Press, 1950), p. 17.

<sup>14</sup> "News from a Boston Cell," *The Peacemaker*, I (April 25, 1950), 7.

<sup>15</sup> Knowles, p. 8.



toleration and understanding which only idealists put faith in, an armistice is a farce to most people who are not farsighted enough to see the importance of sympathy and understanding. Based on "Disillusionment, Apprehension, and Cynicism, instead of Faith, Hope, and Charity," peace agreements fail because there is no health in them.<sup>16</sup> Toleration which does not spring from Faith does not succeed.

Peaceful means of settling disputes have succeeded where they have been accompanied by an honest effort to understand and sympathize with the opposing side. Gandhi's success in India, the work of the United Nations in trouble spots of the world, and the peaceful life of the Quakers in Pennsylvania testify that respect of the individual can overcome violence.

Another example of successful pacific resistance is the struggle in seventeenth century England to bring about religious liberty. Parliamentary armies won their battle, and then lost it to the reactionary forces aroused by the war. Under the Conventicle Acts (1664-1673) all forms of public worship except the Established Church were outlawed, but the Friends continued to hold their meetings openly. In spite of mass arrests, destruction of meeting houses, and every effort by the authorities to prevent Quaker gatherings, Quaker passive resistance persisted. Finally the right to worship God publicly according to conscience was granted. In the few American colonies controlled by the Quakers this freedom was granted to all settlers.<sup>17</sup>

It is believed by many that non-violence resistance with love is able to conquer cruelty, violence, aggression, and other abuses of power. This is based on the belief that sympathy to another's cause leads to intelligent respect and understanding which acts to reduce or to prevent frustrations and thereby reduces violence. Conscientious objectors to war hold truth an important element in non-violent resistance, and truth is persuasive as it promotes mutual trust.<sup>18</sup>

For example, during the Irish rebellion of 1798, Catholic rebels and the English troops were terrorizing the country. Quakers destroyed the guns they kept for hunting and left themselves completely unprotected. Not a single one of the solitary Quaker homes was molested and not a single Friend lost his life. They fed and sheltered refugees from both sides and were helpful in restoring peace.<sup>19</sup>

Historian Toynbee challenges the pacifists by saying that if one group would use non-violent resistance, it would be overrun by the groups which rely upon armed might. He continues with the statement that "an active foresight and a passive heroism" exhibited only by saints would be necessary to face

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<sup>16</sup> Fowler, p. 6.

<sup>17</sup> Brinton, p. 13.

<sup>18</sup> Richard B. Gregg, *The Power of Non-Violence* (New York, Fellowship Publications, 1935), p. 16.

<sup>19</sup> Graham, p. 359.

this prospect of diminution and its consequences.<sup>20</sup> Pacifists reply that this might be true, but as the alternative is destruction of our civilization by atomic warfare, it seems that temporary totalitarianism combated by non-violent resistance is preferable. A study of history shows that dictatorships do not endure, and temporary subordination is preferable to some people over the horrors of war.

In spite of the horrors of modern warfare, Toynbee fears social disintegration more than war itself.<sup>21</sup> War is valuable in developing courage, dynamic energy, capacity to endure fatigue and suffering, self-sacrifice, self-control, and action for a great ideal and for glory. Toynbee fails to notice, however, that pacifism also develops these qualities, and they are used to build a peaceful world instead of destruction of civilization and depletion of natural resources. As a method of settling disputes and conflicts, pacifists believe that disciplined non-violence based on love leads to study and understanding of the other view, and settlement based on respect is more durable than settlement based on the bodies of a nation's best young men. Non-violent resistance means overcoming evil with good. Not by strong muscles and armaments, but by moral courage, self-control, and the conviction that in every human being, however personally hostile, there is respect for kindness, justice, and truth.<sup>22</sup>

Pacifists see that violent opposition does not often discourage ideas and sentiments but only postpones these feelings until another time. To get opponents to adopt new ideas, new sentiments, and new assumptions, pacifists want to make these principles attractive by the persuasion of love and disciplined non-violence. Ideas and sentiments are not made attractive for voluntary acceptance by the point of the sword.<sup>23</sup>

A testimony against war is not a doctrine against all use of force, however. Force, an unsatisfactory method which does not bring settlement or stability, is used on horses, dogs, criminals, lunatics, and in the last resort with children. We live in comfort under police protection and we prosecute offenders.<sup>24</sup>

Are pacifists cowards? Not at the present time if they suffer hardships, wounds, imprisonment, and even death from the hands of the violent. A peaceful resister is as courageous as a soldier if he sacrifices for the cause he earnestly believes in.<sup>25</sup> It may be argued that the pacifist is more courageous than a soldier, for the pacifist must endure social, economic, and political pressure besides physical pain.

The philosophy which makes war impossible is a way of life which removes or controls the factors leading to war. One who resists war must be prepared

<sup>20</sup> Arnold J. Toynbee, *Introduction to War and Civilization*, Fowler, p. x.

<sup>21</sup> *Ibid.*, p. v.

<sup>22</sup> Aldous Huxley, ed., *An Encyclopaedia of Pacifism* (New York, Harper & Brothers, 1937), p. 65.

<sup>23</sup> Gregg, p. 159.

<sup>24</sup> Graham, p. 367.

<sup>25</sup> Gregg, p. 121.

to change his entire life, including his personal hopes, his relations with others, his economic and social standing in the community, his political duties, his religious fellowships, and his relationship to God. Pacifists, in order to challenge the whole world and continue a peaceful life while others are fighting, must prove that they are worthy of peace and able to build a peaceful world.<sup>26</sup>

#### IV. *Quaker Pacifism*

Although in the popular mind Quakerism has stood for Peace more than for any other single thing, peace was not the heart of the Quaker message. It was only a very prompt deduction from it.<sup>27</sup>

John Woolman felt that the roots of war came from our trying to get for ourselves and to keep for ourselves more than our neighbors have. For this reason, he accused certain wealthy Philadelphia Quakers of inconsistency when they almost invited attack of less fortunate neighbors. Woolman questioned an accumulation of too many possessions and decided it was out of keeping with that spirit of brotherhood which must condition any enduring peace.<sup>28</sup>

On that we declare against wars, and acknowledge our trust in God only, may walk in the Light, and therein examine our foundation and motive in holding great estates: May we look upon our treasures, and the furniture of our houses, and the garments in which we array ourselves, and try whether the seeds of war have any nourishment in these our possessions, or not.<sup>29</sup>

Later, Friends expressed the idea that war is the symptom of the disease of self-seeking which permeates our whole social system. The state of society without the roots of war will come about through giving and serving rather than through possessing and being served. A way of life must be a practical expression of the will to love and serve humanity both in business and in recreation.<sup>30</sup>

A source and result of Quaker pacifism are Friends' meetings which put pacifism into practice among individuals in a small group. Meeting is a training ground in pacific techniques. In meetings for conducting the business of the society, decision is made only when all of those present reach a state of unity and no vote is taken, as it might represent the coercion of a minority by the majority. This peculiar method is considered more creative as it gives time for new points to arise out of the synthesis of old ones and is more durable

<sup>26</sup> Knowles, p. 51.

<sup>27</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 11.

<sup>28</sup> Steere, p. 110.

<sup>29</sup> John Woolman as quoted in Steere, *ibid.*

<sup>30</sup> John H. Barlow, "Selection from the Epistle from London Yearly Meeting May 19-26, 1915," as quoted in Knowles, p. 50.

because it represents a greater degree of conviction on the part of the whole group. Friends believe that unity is eventually possible because each has access to the same Light of Truth. The solution eventually arises out of that unity which underlies all obedience to the one Divine Light.<sup>31</sup>

Quaker work is not in peace treaties, world alliances, federations, or leagues. Their efforts are toward a creation of peaceable atmosphere and attitude of mind inconsistent with war. George Fox lived in the virtue of that life and power that took away the occasion of all war. Quakers as a religious group have not built Utopias or detailed pacifist dreams but have put their personal loyalty to Christ before all other loyalties, and have practised it as a way of life that takes away every occasion of war.<sup>32</sup>

Merely ceasing from outward hostility is not the accepted Quaker practice, but it has been their avowed and desired aim to make their whole "conversation and conduct consistent and of a piece throughout."<sup>33</sup> The positive answer to negative non-resistance is practicing forgiveness and love, "thinking no evil," carrying the atmosphere of peace and good will, and ridding oneself of revengeful and unworthy thoughts. The spirit of justice and fellowship must replace that of greed and self-aggrandizement in the social and industrial world.<sup>34</sup>

To Quakers, the Christian method is the daily effort to relieve all suffering and oppression within reach, and to attack every cause of war, "most especially on those causes within our own hearts."<sup>35</sup> Friends have done relief work in the Irish War of 1690, during the American War of Independence in caring for sufferers around Boston, in the Graeco-Turkish War of 1828 by helping Greek refugees, in the Crimean War by repairing devastation on the coast of Finland, during and after the American Civil War in maintaining and educating colored freedmen and refugees, in the Franco-Prussian War when about forty workers were sent to devastated areas, in the Boer Wars by assisting refugees and restoring Boer families, in the Balkan War of 1912 by sending supplies to Bulgarian refugees, and in the First World War by relief work in France, Serbia, Germany, Poland, Austria, and Russia. It was during the First World War that the American Friends Service Committee was formed, and in the Spanish Civil War relief work was done on both sides. During and after the Second World War much relief and rehabilitation was and is carried on in Europe and Asia. A special relief project was administered for the United Nations in southern Palestine.<sup>36</sup>

Friends believe that the positive and more important aspect is not in a re-

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<sup>31</sup> Brinton, p. 14.

<sup>32</sup> Knowles, p. 1.

<sup>33</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 5.

<sup>34</sup> Edward Grubb, "The True Way of Life," *ibid.*, p. 44.

<sup>35</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 9.

<sup>36</sup> Brinton, p. 9.



fusal to take sides, but in the concentration that this permits upon the challenge of throwing bridges across the torrent of conflict.<sup>37</sup>

Religious pacifism as a positive way of life rather than as a negative attitude toward fighting comes directly from worship. When a worshiper feels his kinship with his fellowmen in God as a present experience rather than as abstract theory, this unity produces a sensitizing of the soul, a feeling of oneness with all men which rules out conflict. Perhaps a new and positive word for pacifism is community, as it means the union of men from within enabling them to work together, rather than external coordination forced by authoritarian means or threats of violence.<sup>38</sup>

There is very little space in Quaker literature of the seventeenth, eighteenth, or nineteenth centuries devoted to explanations of peace principles.<sup>39</sup> Barclay, early Quaker theologian, includes a brief analysis of a Christian attitude toward war at the end of his *Apology* in a collection of miscellaneous items on outward behavior and relationships of persons. That early Friends were not peace propagandists is in keeping with their philosophy. They direct seekers to the source of life and truth in the depths of the soul, the "Inner Light," and not to doctrines and theories which are products of the mind.<sup>40</sup> As Barclay says,

And if it was not according to the Wisdom of *Christ*, who was and is *King of Kings*, by outward force to constrain others to believe him, or receive him, as being a thing inconsistent with the Nature of his *Ministry* and *Spiritual Government*; do not they grossly offend him, that will needs be wiser than he, and think to force Men against their Persuasion, to conform to their Doctrine and Worship? <sup>41</sup>

<sup>37</sup> Bertram Pickard, *Pacifist Diplomacy in Conflict Situations* (Philadelphia, Pacifist Research Bureau, n. d.), p. 6.

<sup>38</sup> Brinton, p. 15.

<sup>39</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 5.

<sup>40</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>41</sup> Barclay, p. 492.

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**Kenneth Rose**—University High, Bloomington, Indiana

**Sandra Romanoff**—Gage Park

**David Solomon**—Sullivan

**Margot Tibbits**—Lyons Township

**Nancy Wilkison**—Urbana

**Mary Ellen Young**—Galesburg High

# The Pickwick Papers

JOE CORBETT

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 8*

THE AUTHOR OF *THE PICKWICK PAPERS*, MR. CHARLES Dickens, is undoubtedly one of the most famous and widely read of all English writers. The titles of most of his books and the names of characters in them have become household words throughout the English speaking world. *David Copperfield*, *Oliver Twist*, *little Nell*, and *Scrooge* are familiar enough to warrant only brief mention in passing.

The plot of *The Pickwick Papers* was intended, evidently, to be hilariously humorous. The author, by a series of odd coincidences, places Pickwick in one peculiar situation after another. Although, when taken by themselves, these incidents are rather entertaining and amusing in a slap-stick sort of way, the unusual circumstances used to present them tend to make them somewhat unrealistic and an almost constant burden to the reader's credulity.

The level of English predominating in the book is high-level informal. Sometimes, seemingly to enhance the general atmosphere of humor, the author lapses into very elegant or formal English. This apparently very clever device for producing amusement, however, is rather indiscriminately used in situations where it becomes nothing more than absurd grandiloquence.

At the beginning of the story Pickwick is represented as a very calm, judicious person, always willing to overlook insults and always trying to settle any arguments which may arise among his friends. He is greatly interested in science and continually carries a notebook in which to record observations. Suddenly, without warning, this perfect model of temperance, high intelligence, and sobriety, after overindulging in a beverage designated as "cold punch," awakens to find himself detained in the local jail. Another time, even though he is supposed to be at the time of life commonly thought of as precluding such activity, he gets into a violent argument with one of the "Pickwickians" about a rather trivial matter, and they have to be separated lest they do harm to each other. We know, of course, that any strong character has his weak spots, but we know also that such a character, when giving way to some of his weaknesses, doesn't remain stereotyped that way for a period of several days, and particularly not when a variety of new situations are constantly presenting themselves.

The Pickwickians, or members of the Pickwick club, which are most intimately associated with Mr. Pickwick, are, at the outset of the story, tacitly acknowledged to be approaching middle age. To further augment this implication, they engage in activities and conversation most suitable to gentlemen at this age. About the middle of the story the ages of these gentlemen begin to change perceptibly. That is, they start becoming younger, and whereas pre-

viously they and *Pickwick* had much in common, marked dissimilarities begin to appear. Mr. Winkle, who at first is supposed to be old enough to know better, falls violently in love with a young lady, elopes with her, and very narrowly avoids a duel with her brother through the timely intercession of *Pickwick*.

Evidently, while writing the last chapters of the book, Dickens reviewed what he had already written. Apparently, after having become panic-stricken at the monstrous size which his brain-child had thus far attained, he decided that the book must, by all means, be ended quickly. The *Pickwickian's* retrograde aging accelerates, *Pickwick* becomes, in the space of a few days an infirm old man, and the *Pickwick* club, due to dissensions within which had, until now, been either non-existent or under the perfect control of its leader, disintegrates. The rapidity of these happenings is nothing short of astounding, and the long suffering reader is called upon, through these passages, to summon up his most courageous credulity for the last supreme effort.

Of course, the fact that *The Pickwick Papers* first appeared in serial form as a newspaper feature is probably the main reason for most of the mechanical faults present. However, literary good taste should have prevailed upon Mr. Dickens' artistic sensibilities enough for him to realize the necessity of revising the book before sending it to the publishers and consigning it in its final form to his eager readers.

## The Ministry of Fear

KENNETH ROSE

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 2*

ARTHUR ROWE WAS A MURDERER OF THE CONSERVATIVE school. He seemed a very average Englishman, middle-aged and slightly myopic, who believed in the Victorian sentiments of order and utter respectability. Even after the jury had acquitted him of his wife's murder, Arthur remained firmly convinced of his own guilt. Living quietly with his memories in a shabby suburban flat, he found the constant fear and confusion of blitz-rocked London vaguely repulsive.

Lives are changed by little things; Arthur's was changed by a church benefit that he noticed on his evening walk. Because of the war, the fete had a depressingly bedraggled appearance; but it reminded him of his childhood, and Arthur's childhood was dear to him. He stopped his walk and wandered among the booths. He took a chance on a piece of homemade cake, a rare luxury in wartime London, bought a book at the white elephant sale, and had his fortune told by mysterious Mrs. Bellairs, who insisted that he take another chance on the cake. He did and won it. For a while, Arthur's life went on as usual; before long, however, strange things began to happen.

There was the little man with immense, twisted shoulders, who first asked him to return the cake and then attempted to poison him; there was also the



seance at Mrs. Bellairs' home that ended in death. Slowly, Arthur discovered the existence of a vast espionage network which was being forced by circumstance to eliminate him. The newspapers, speculating about the theft of certain official documents, had dubbed this network the "Ministry of Fear," a government within a government that ruled its subjects by a devilish combination of threats and blackmail. Arthur became a fugitive, hunted by the law and the lawless alike; there was nothing he could do about it.

For him there was to be no escape; the "Ministry" soon found him. He was snared in a hotel room by a cunningly arranged trap, and the explosion of a bomb in a suitcase destroyed a large part of his memory. When he regained consciousness, he was a prisoner in a private sanitarium. Slowly and painfully he regained his memories and managed to expose the "Ministry."

*The Ministry of Fear* is an unusual novel. Seldom have the basic elements of a story (plot, characterization, setting, and mood) been so completely interwoven. Every one of the above elements illustrates at least one principle that Graham Greene considers important. In fact, the author seems to have had so many different aims and motives in mind when he was writing this book that an accurate analysis of his "purpose" is almost impossible.

The plot, certainly an outgrowth of Mr. Greene's war experiences as a member of the English counter espionage agency, demonstrates the operation of a modern spy ring and the methods that the British government used in ferreting out and destroying such rings. Although physical action plays an important part throughout the story, this theme's effectiveness lies in the direct insights into the minds of the members and the victims of the "Ministry."

The characterizations in this novel, and that of Arthur Rowe in particular, are based upon these indirect insights. While many of the characters seem wooden and utterly artificial, all of them try to support Mr. Greene's second major theme: stresses and strains of wartime cause a mental unbalancing of almost every participant. In *The Ministry of Fear* one sees the normally sane and intelligent individual become increasingly neurotic: an idealistic psychiatrist under the strain of guilty fear rapidly changes from a coldly rational scientist to a highly emotional coward who is only slightly saner than the patients he is treating; Rowe, himself, runs the gamut of emotions.

Both the characters and the plot are influenced by the mood and setting of the novel. During the blitz, nightmarish unreality became reality. The dreamlike existence that the Londoners were forced to live sets the style and the pace for the entire book. Even the most casual glance at *The Ministry of Fear* leaves one with a vivid picture of the confused frustration that was London.

Despite the obvious quality of the writing, there are a number of factors which detract greatly from the worth of the book. One of these, as I have mentioned before, is the characterization; another is the rising feeling of suspense that the author aborted before he was halfway finished. Throughout the early development of the plot there was a rising current of suspense that was climaxed with the "Ministry's" snaring of Arthur in the hotel room. From

there on, the suspense begins to fade away until, eventually, it vanishes. This is largely a structural weakness which the author could have corrected to a great extent by a more vigorous application to the plot of his story. Even the deliberate flatness of Mr. Greene's ending, while by itself excellent, loses much of its emotional impact through a lack of contrasting suspense.

The story ends as it began—with a man walking through the dismal mistiness of a London fog. As he walks, Rowe begins to realize the utter failure and futility that his life has been and must continue to be. The reader may hope for a "happy ending," but he knows that the book, like Arthur's life, must forever remain unfinished. Some are born to fame and infamy; others to mediocrity. Arthur continues walking; the fog wisps about him and he is gone.

## Red

MARY ELLEN YOUNG  
*Rhetoric 101, Theme 7*

IN THE STRICTEST SCIENTIFIC SENSE, THE WAVELENGTH .76 micron, representing the longest visible energy wave, is the color red.

Explaining the principles of light which produce the sensation red upon the optic nerves, a physicist might continue by stating that if the sun's rays strike an object and if that object absorbs all light waves except those which are the length of red, the object is said to be red in color. Likewise, an artist when analyzing the chemical and technical principals of his pigment named red, might add to the physical definition that red is ochre clay colored by iron, that red is a primary color which in combination with one or the other of its fellows, blue and yellow, will produce the spectrum, and that true red, as a portion of a painting, generally advances in space. If asked to complete and elaborate upon these concepts, a layman might go on to say that red is the color of an American beauty rose, lipstick and nail polish, and a bull fighter's cape.

And yet, to tell these facts to a man who has never seen red—to tell them to a blind man—would be to tell an infant that the sine of  $30^\circ$  is  $\frac{1}{2}$ . With this sight-bound data as a foundation, he could neither comprehend nor form a mental impression of the color's impact. Only eyes that see red and roses and minds that picture the color upon its mention can learn and believe and understand that this hue is also a wavelength .76 micron long.

What then can we say lies beyond the sensation we call red? What can we tell the man who cannot see this reflection? this pigment?

To me, red is heat in color. It is an intense flame that produces a dryness and an oppression which burn only less greatly than they exhaust. The flame in tangible form has its heat in a desert, in a city street in July, in a press room at noon. Heat is passion in a color, too. Hot red is physical torment, is love on Madison Avenue. It is a blazing Negro band, too, brassy and blatant

at midnight. It is a drum beat and a jungle cry and a million other sounds and surges that are heat manifested.

To me red is cold in a color. It is hate. It is the blood of a stiffened corpse, frigid in this blood he shed for hate or for war. It is hate's sister, intolerance, the cold and cruel Ku Klux Klan. It is danger, too,—a sign that says "Quarantine"—"Stop"—"Beware." It is the shout of unwilling brakes, the anguished scream of the injured, the siren of all fire engines, far away and close. It is anger and "seeing red." It is terror, too, and mob psychology. It is a nose, an ear, a hand on a winter day. It is these and a million other emotions and states which are cold.

What then can I say lies beyond this sensation we call red? What then would I tell the blind man who flounders in scientific definitions and artists' theories? I would tell him what red is to me—not the reflection of .76 micron—but the heatwave and the siren.

## The University of Illinois— Unbiased, Favorable and Unfavorable Versions

DAVIDA SOLOMON

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 2*

### *The University of Illinois—Unbiased Version*

THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS IS LOCATED IN THE TWIN cities of Urbana and Champaign. Quite a large school, it offers a great number and variety of courses in its many colleges and professional schools. Because it is a state institution, the board of trustees is elected by the voters of Illinois. Any high school graduate who is a resident of the state is permitted to enter. Many distinguished and brilliant people have graduated from this university, as well as many mediocre and not very bright ones. The school has a nationally known football team which receives considerable support from the student body. All through the year, student houses, clubs, and organizations sponsor large numbers of social events.

### *Favorably Biased Version*

The University of Illinois is located in the typically American cities of Champaign and Urbana. Because of its great size, a wealth of diverse and fascinating subjects can be, and are, offered, enabling the students to acquire a liberal education as well as specialized training. The high scholastic standing of the University is reflected in the many distinguished alumni it may well boast of. As a state institution supported by the taxpayers, it must be truly democratic in its policies. Thus, the discrimination and bigotry found

in many private schools are absent here. In addition to the great scholastic facilities available, there is also a rich social life. By cheering for the excellent football team the students develop a feeling of loyalty and patriotism for the university. The numerous dances and other recreational functions impart a social sense to the students that is just as important in their future lives as book learning.

### *Unfavorably Biased Version*

The University of Illinois, located in the simple little towns of Champaign and Urbana, appears rather ludicrous in its surroundings because of its great size. Still more ridiculous is the fact that the great bulk of its students leave one of the most sophisticated urban centers, where some of the best educational institutions in the world are located, to acquire knowledge of the universe in the heart of the corn belt. Because of the bigness of this school, the individual cannot receive personal recognition or attention. Mary, an acquaintance of mine, is fairly typical of the mediocre and unintelligent students that are graduated from this "hick" school. The board of trustees is elected by the taxpayers and, therefore, is composed of ignorant, incapable, and corrupt politicians. Instead of paying attention to their studies, students are encouraged to vent their energies by yelling their heads off while a group of human gorillas butt each other up and down a football field. Instead of spending their evenings doing their homework, as they should, the pupils are usually found frittering away their time dancing or getting drunk at wild parties.

## Home Town

DICK BICKERTON  
*Rhetoric 102, Theme 8*

PETE'S PALACE IS A LITTLE BAR IN MINNEAPOLIS WHERE I bought drinks for a sot. Home to him was some place that he left many, many years ago. Listening to him, I almost turned around and went back home myself.

Canal Street is a red-light district in New Orleans. I was so far from home then it didn't make any difference if I got back or not. To "Old Satchmo," Louis Armstrong, Canal Street was home.

To me, Peoria, Illinois, is home. Nice place, Peoria; one big Canal Street. Nice place, Peoria; nice if you get a kick out of talking to the sots. You can always find a drunk in Peoria. Walk down the streets of Peoria, and you feel as though all the massive structures surrounding you are about to topple—topple because of a malignant growth of graft and corruption that eats the few great hearts and minds that are born of Peoria mothers. Walk down the streets of Peoria, and you'll sneer at the niggers; gripe about the kikes. Walk long enough, and, if you're decent, you'll soon be running—running away, like I did.



Where the Illinois River runs by Peoria, the water is dirty—one great sewage disposal system. The river floods, and, with that dirty water, the garbage comes into the streets. After a while the water will go down, but the garbage stays.

Come into Peoria from the east, and you pass three dumps before you get there. (Careful of the rats, please. It's hard to find cooperative politicians, you know). Come into Peoria from the south, and you get sick. Your stomach turns over three, four times. (You can't stand to be a witness to filth, slime, human stagnation). Come into Peoria from the north, and you fight your way through the smoke and dust of the factory system. (Some people call it progress). Come into Peoria from the west—well, the west is a little better. There we have the beautiful homes of Grand View Drive. "World's most beautiful drive," said President Harding. Nice guy, that Harding. But here's the thing about those homes out there. Their foundations are laid on the green slime of the south-enders—very proud people, the south-enders; the dumps, we're proud of our political history; and the factories, people come all the way from Bloomington to work at Caterpillar.

My folks moved to Peoria from Cripple Creek, Colorado. Out there, they were happy; an average coal miner's family that didn't do much, but they knew a lot of people. The trip scared my grandmother, and she's dead now. Peoria's streetcars killed my grandfather. He was a proud Irish coal miner in Cripple Creek, but there wasn't anything proud about that body they rolled out from beneath the streetcar. (It was going to pass him up, but nothing ever passed an Irishman up—in particular, an Irish coal miner—in particular, my grandfather). Peoria killed my folk's marriage, too. Dad found out about prostitutes and Mom found out about legal terms. (Be it here known, that on the basis of the above counts the Prosecution here prays that the court will see fit to dissolve all bonds of marriage between said plaintiff and said defendant). Mom cried, but she had cried a lot since she had come to Peoria.

I delivered papers in Peoria. I imagine every kid has had a paper route in his day, but not many had one like mine—one where they had to step over the drunks and say good morning to the matrons when they came out to meet you and ask you if you wanted to spend some time with their girls before you went on. You always told them, no. You told them that because you wanted to get home in time to eat breakfast with your ma. That was the reason, and you couldn't have found a better one if you had tried. After a while the matrons let you alone, because it embarrassed them to hear a kid say something like that.

So that's the town I ran away from one night. My home town. That's where the Shelton family is from. And we look at it and say, "Yes sir, that's Peoria." Then we turn toward the north and say, "Won't be long now, cause we're growin' every day. No sir, won't be long now." No, it won't be long now. But it's still Peoria. Still my home town.

# Bird Migration

DAVID COMINGS  
*Rhetoric 101, Theme 8*

THE TRUE NATURE AND CAUSE OF BIRD MIGRATION HAS been a subject of speculation for centuries. In very early times many fanciful theories were formulated to account for the seasonal disappearance of many birds. Some typical ideas were that they hibernated in muddy stream bottoms or secluded themselves in hollow trees. Careful observation soon displaced these superstitions with the concept of migration. Although migration has been recognized for over one thousand years, the reason behind it is still somewhat vague.

There are at present two theories accepted as plausible. According to the first theory, before the onset of the glacial movements or the Great Ice Age, all of the bird fauna of North America were non-migratory. As the ice sheets appeared, inclement conditions, insufficient food supplies, and a lack of nesting locations forced the birds southward. They consequently traveled with each glacial movement, going south as the glaciers moved down and returning north with their subsequent recession. By the end of the Pleistocene or Ice Age, migration had become such an integral habit with the birds that it was innately continued.

The supplementary theory assumes the tropical regions to be the birds' natural home. As is the case with most animal forms, the birds tended toward over-population. At the end of the glacial periods, due to population pressures, there was a natural radiation of birds during the mating season into the vast spans of northern virgin country where the competition for food was not as intense. Yet because the southland was their true home they returned as soon as the brood could tend for themselves.

The former theory is generally believed to be the more feasible of the two. There are still, however, several lesser factors to be explained. One in particular—what is the local element which causes the birds to leave their winter homes at the approximate termination of a winter several thousand miles away? Actually, migrating birds do not, a great percentage of the time, arrive at their destination under favorable climatic conditions. Weather is not the chief cause of migration, but by affecting the food supply, and indirectly the mating season, it determines the mean date of departure and consequently the mean date of arrival. During the flight the weather may well change from the favorable conditions under which the birds left to decidedly adverse but local weather. The increasing length of the days at the termination of the winter months is believed to cause an increase in endocrine secretion of the tropical migrators, thus engendering the mating urge and consequently migration.

The time of day during which the initial portions of flight are accomplished varies among groups of species. The daytime migrants include chiefly Hawks,

Swallows, and Chimney Swifts. The nighttime travelers are the Thrushes, Flycatchers, Warblers, Sparrows, and in general the majority of the families. There are, in addition, those who fly continuously, these being mainly water birds. The reason for the majority of the birds traveling at night lies in the fact that the feeding periods can thereby be closer together. For example, if a bird who was required to fly continuously for twelve hours, because of some barrier such as a sea, were to feed during the day and had to wait all night before starting the flight, it would not arrive at its destination until nightfall the next day and would not, subsequently, feed until morning—a lapse of thirty hours between feedings. Obviously, if it flew at night there would be a lapse of only twelve hours.

Perhaps the most variable factor among individuals is the length of flight. The non-migratory birds are chiefly the game birds—Quail, Grouse, and Pheasant, the familiar Cardinal, and the Carolina Wren. There are certain birds, of which the Robin is a representative, which might be classified as more or less semi-migratory. As individuals they all migrate, but as a species they may not. This is explained by the fact that within a species there are variations, certain of which are more hardy than others. When winter approaches, say in southern Illinois, the Robins there move southward while the more northerly and more hardy individuals move to southern Illinois. Finally, there are the true migrators. Flight length variations also exist among these. The Chipping, Vesper, and Field Sparrows migrate from northern United States to the Gulf States. The Tangers, Warblers, Thrushes and actually the majority of the species travel from the United States and Canada to Central and South America. There are also those who have exceedingly long ranges, the shore and marine birds, which go from Alaska to South America. The champion of these is the Arctic Tern who has a migratory range of over eight thousand miles and, therefore, often travels over sixteen thousand miles in one year.

The question as to how migratory birds find their way is in some ways a puzzling one. Not all of them return to the same nesting regions, and yet there are many examples of some that even return to the same nests. A favorite theory is that they follow coast lines, mountain ranges, and rivers. This may be true in part, but in a major sense it must be incorrect for not only are few species ever observed following rivers, but for the most part birds fly straight southward, invariably crossing and completely ignoring these supposed guiding marks. Food rather than geographical terrain is probably the determining factor in migrational routes, with the birds taking the shortest route over which there is sufficient food. There is a possibility that through some physiological means they are geosensitive and can perceive northerly or southerly directions. This mechanism probably functions in connection with the direction of the sun rays.

There is still a lot to be discovered concerning the migratory habits of birds, but professional ornithologists receive a greater volume of information from amateur sources than perhaps any of the other scientific fields.



# The Shell Parrakeet as a Pet

SANDRA ROMANOFF

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 11*

DURING THE FEW YEARS SINCE THE LAST WAR, A SMALL bird in the parrot family known as the shell parrakeet or budgerigar has become very popular in the American home. Because Mr. Budgie has beauty plus brains, he has taken the place of the parrot, the canary, and even the dog. Owners of this little winger pet will affirm that the small amount of effort connected with his care and training is well rewarded. Furthermore, Mr. Budgie's wants and needs are limited.

Several points should be kept in mind when purchasing your baby budgerigar. In the first place, you will regret buying a parrakeet from any aviary that hasn't a good reputation among bird fanciers. Five or six weeks is the age at which budgerigars are most impressionable. As activity is a sign of good health and vitality, the baby budgerigar who fights and pesters his companions is a better choice than the quiet bird who sits motionless in the community cage. Shell parrakeets come in all colors of the rainbow. Although the original budgerigar was light green and yellow, blue is the predominant color of birds bred in the United States. Shell parrakeets also come in combinations of yellow, white, and chartreuse. The rare bi-colored parrakeet is exquisite. Regardless of what color plumage the bird of your choosing possesses, he is certain to be a beautiful addition to your home.

Because of his long tail, the budgerigar is happiest in a rectangular cage; but the size of the cage is not too important because your pet will not want to spend much time in his cage after he becomes acquainted with the family. Enameled, painted, or wooden cages should be avoided, though, for the budgerigar has a habit of pecking at the bars of his cage. Any dark cloth which will muffle sounds and shade lights from the cage will help insure an early bedtime for your budgie.

Just as we need more than meat and water in our balanced meals, the parrakeet requires more than water and prepared bird seed in his diet. A small dish of clean gravel, sold in any pet shop, should always be available as gravel is essential in the bird's digestive system. Cuttle-fish bone compares with the milk and salt of our meals. A teaspoon of prepared "treat" every other day is beneficial for the growth of plumage, especially if the "treat" contains cod-liver oil. Although the life of many a pet budgerigar has been shortened by the goodhearted feeding of goodies from the kitchen, parrakeets benefit from occasional tibits of celery, lettuce, and apples.

In a few weeks the owner of a baby budgerigar usually is tempted to be extravagant with his new little pet; consequently, there is a market for play-things for budgerigars. Being vain and active little birds, shell parrakeets



enjoy ringing bells, climbing ladders, swinging on bars, and admiring themselves in mirrors. These items can be obtained individually, or they can be purchased combined in various models of playgrounds. If you wish, you can construct a made-to-order playground for your budgie. Then too, specially designed miniature baby carriages, garbage pails, high-chairs, wheel barrows, and automobiles are on the market. There is no end to the accessories which can be easily procured for the budgerigar.

The first few days that the budgerigar spends in his new home are very important. It is during these few days that his habits are formed. There is no cause to worry if your new parrakeet misses the first few meals in his new home, as some shy little fellows are at first upset by strange surroundings. If he hasn't eaten of his own accord after about a day, remove the perches in his cage so that he is forced to sit on the floor in the food. This procedure usually encourages eating. The next problem is taming your parrakeet. Some authorities claim that clipping the wings of the bird so that he is unable to fly out of reach results in quicker taming. Wing clipping has its advantages, but most parrakeets are easily tamed without the necessity of restricting the bird's movements. Gently push against your budgerigar's breast with your forefinger, and he will be forced to step on your finger. Do this a few times and you will own a tame little parrakeet. It is safe to say that the baby budgerigar cannot be handled too much, but the budgerigar will bite if he is teased or handled roughly.

When the baby bird is tame enough to sit still on your finger, he is ready for talking lessons. A tame parrakeet is usually very affectionate and is very eager to imitate his master. In fact, few human students surpass the budgerigar as a student, for Mr. Budgie is very ambitious to learn. Consequently, it is the teacher who holds the power to create a proficient talker. Talking lessons should be conducted several times each day. The instructor should hold the bird close to his mouth and slowly and distinctly repeat one or two words over and over again. If the tutor is persistent, it will be a matter of weeks before he will hear results of his lessons. Moreover, the more the budgerigar learns, the quicker he masters new words. Usually, the first word in a budgerigar's vocabulary is his name. Then some short phrase such as "Kiss me" or "Good Budgie" is usually learned, and complete and often complicated sentences are often mastered. It is not unusual to hear a year old parrakeet rattle off a hundred word vocabulary.

Making a single budgie "show-off" his vocabulary before a small audience is not too difficult. Some birds are encouraged to talk if they are kept in the dark for a short while. Others can be induced to hold a conversation when they see themselves in mirrors. A common stimulus is running tap water. By studying your bird's personality, you will solve the problem of encouraging him to "show off" for your friends.

The parrakeet not only can hold a conversation, but he also makes a funny little clown. Every tame budgie enjoys inventing his own tricks. Watch your

budgerigar amuse himself in his playground, and you will be convinced that your pet is very clever. Furthermore, the parrakeet even concocts original games to amuse himself. Our budgerigar loves to push small objects off tables, desks, or mantles, and then play with them once they are on the floor. Because they are so adept at inventing tricks, it is not at all difficult to teach tricks to budgerigars. Patient tutors who realize the potentialities of parrakeets often profit by showing their trick budgerigars. However, training birds to perform how and when you desire is not a simple task. A circus of performing budgerigar tricksters presents an amusing act. These circuses have stolen shows at benefit performances and have even performed before television cameras. Of course, preparing a budgerigar circus requires a great deal of time, effort, patience, and foresight on the part of the tutor.

However, even if you never own a money-making budgerigar circus, you will never part with your own pretty little budgie. Your budgerigar will give an unlimited supply of enjoyment and happiness to every member of the family, for what other pet will talk to you, amuse you, show you affection, and ask for so little in return?

## Buttons in the Spotlight

NANCY WILKISON  
*Rhetoric 102, Theme 7*

IN THIS ERA OF MORE SPEED AND LESS THOUGHT, HOW few people pause a moment and allow their naturally curious minds to ponder the how or why of objects about them. Was it merely by coincidence that man found a button sewn opposite a hole in his jacket and that he slipped the tiny knob through the opening to keep out the cold? Lo, the insignificant little button!

As excavations in ancient graves and ruins have revealed, buttons actually appeared in Egypt over 2,500 years before Christ. Moreover, the diggings at Mycenae disclosed that Greeks used small golden discs as ornaments 4,000 years ago. Nevertheless, these small trifles did not receive popularity in the rest of the world until the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries when fitted clothes became stylish in southern Europe. Preceding this time, loose robes and gowns required only draw strings or girdles to tie and jeweled pins or buckles to fasten.

Increasing in service with the passing generations, the fastenings soon acquired numerous purposes, many of which are for ornamentation today. One important employment was attaching a button to the sleeve of a man's coat to secure the cuffs over the lace frills adorning the shirt underneath. In addition, men had buttons on the back of their long-tailed coats to hold up the tails when on horseback.

Since the beginning of the first button age, both men's and women's clothes had the fastening on the left side. However, the insecurity of life during the Middle Ages changed this system. With the buttons on the right side, a gentleman could often protect himself or his lady more easily, for unhooking his coat with his left hand and drawing his sword with his right took only a matter of seconds for the fellow to be on his guard.

With the ever rising demand, button industries have flourished over the world. In 1689 Birmingham, England, began its ascent to the top of this particular manufacture by producing little brass knobs and later ivory ones. During the next century the city prospered with the steel and gilt buttons of 1767, and ten years afterwards horn buttons appeared. Later, the nineteenth century introduced both hoof and porcelain into the industry. Today, the great English city is recognized as the "button manufacturing capitol of the world."

In spite of England's quality products of linen, mother-of-pearl, compositions, metal, and fancy buttons, other countries have not been idle. Germany also has large, varied button manufacturers, although the principal output is of fancy and Galalith. Another important industrial nation of this type is France with her mother-of-pearl and fancy metal knobs. Still others are Italy with vegetable ivory buttons, Japan's numerous classes of mother-of-pearl, and Czechoslovakia with glass, china, and paste. Similarly, the 300 or more factories here in the United States must not be overlooked. Although very little exportation occurs, the demand at home is well supplied.

For some reason, the United States did very little manufacturing of this type until the beginning of the nineteenth century. Then, in Waterbury, Connecticut, metal buttons were produced, and soon after, ivory and horn made their debut. During this same time vegetable, ivory and thereafter composition fasteners were introduced, the latter in Massachusetts. Along the Mississippi River the towns began using the shells in the river bed for pearl buttons.

To the average person, buttons are of little value except for connecting garment edges. These people do not realize that from the vegetable products alone the value per year is worth about eight million dollars. Undoubtedly, the John and Mary Smiths are cognizant of the numerous sizes and colors; but, in contrast, they very seldom notice the variety of materials employed. Besides the many resources mentioned above, the following also have been utilized in the industry: bone, cellulose, synthetic resin, dried blood, wood, stone, paper, and leather. In addition, the more expensive buttons consist of agate, marble, jade, amber, pearls, and jasper. An interesting note about Colonial buttons is that often they were of gold, silver, and even pewter.

Not too many years ago the zipper attempted to replace buttons. Unfortunately or fortunately, as the case may be, this did not occur; for this new invention is not as dainty or neat or showy as buttons. Ah, yes, the button is here to stay!

# Freckles—A Character Sketch of a Dog

VIRGINIA McMANUS

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 1*

FROM THE MOMENT I BROUGHT FRECKLES HOME SHE was at a disadvantage. My family had always owned Kerry Blues, fierce Irish fighting dogs, and they had never expected to have a sensitive, inhibited English setter. I carried her upstairs from the car, a huge, limp, silky-white dog with pinky brown eyes and long ears. When I set her down on the floor, she shook violently and then made a dash into my bedroom and under the radiator. My family came, knelt down, and looked at this social misfit that I had chosen. She lay under the radiator for two days, refused food, and vibrated when we walked into the room. From that moment on she was strictly my dog, and the the rest of the household avoided her.

When I coaxed her out of her hiding place, I began to discover her other frailties. I soon discovered that she was not housebroken; and within a few months I surmised that she never would be. She was terrified of sudden noises, of people and other dogs, and of going down stairs. When she would be streaked with soot from the underside of the radiator, and I finally had to bathe her, she simply collapsed feet up and panted for hours. My father declared that if there were half-wits in the canine family we had discovered one, and I must admit it did seem that she lacked normal intelligence. But then again she would show signs of improvement, and I felt elated when I could detect these.

On our daily walks through the park she would cower behind me if other dogs would approach until I felt like a mother with a painfully shy child hiding in her skirts. After weeks of training she suddenly jumped after a squirrel and chased it to the base of a tree. Unfortunately, the squirrel paused when it was out of reach, and a sudden flick of its tail sent Freckles back to me where she collapsed in a shuddering heap at my feet.

About the time she was progressing again, her ears became very sensitive, and every Saturday morning she would be taken for a treatment. I would carry her to the car, into the office, and she would permit me to hold her paw and comfort her. But while I drove her home she would sit on the far side of the front seat in injured silence, and it would take days to regain her confidence.

Despite these set-backs, Freckles gradually improved. She slept at the foot of my bed instead of under the radiator, and she would permit me to stroke her ears without cowering. When other dogs came onto our porch,



she would bark at them; that is, providing the screen was closed and I was right there in case it gave way. And I in turn was very encouraged.

We have had Freckles for three years now, and in all honesty I can't say that she has changed much. She will never be a demonstrative dog. When I come home she never tears down the hall or jumps up and down as I have seen cocker spaniels do for their masters. Instead she will slide her long, quivering nose into my hand, and if I sit down on the floor, she will curl up around my knees with her head in my lap. And one night when I went out to the kitchen to investigate a scuffling noise, I found her literally romping up and down, her ears flying, her rear legs dangling awkwardly in different directions, and finally landing in a sprawl. When she realized that she was being observed, she dropped both head and tail and went under the radiator in an agony at having me discover her without her dignity, but still I had a glimpse of one of the many phases of her personality.

There are times, such as the Fourth of July when I spend most of the day sitting in the closet comforting her, that I regret her traits. But then again when she dives under my blankets at night for protection because a window shade flapped and I can almost feel her terror or when she shows almost normal courage, I am much more fond of her than I could ever be of a normal, aggressive dog.

## Mining Man

FRANK BATTUELLO

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 9*

A RUSTY STEEL TIPPLE AND ITS GRAY SMOKE STACK rose through the mist like two fingers pointing skyward. A hundred-odd barrack-like shacks were clustered nearby. Tinny music rippled from one of the brightly-lit taverns on "main street." The tavern lights blinked out; three sharp pistol shots and the crash of breaking glass broke the sleepy stillness of this coal camp Saturday night. A man staggered out through the swinging door and shuffled warily down a dark side-street, the curses of the proprietor still ringing in his ears. Bill Jarvis was spending this Saturday night in his usual way: a story for the boys, a few glasses of beer, and a brawl.

Bill came from a large immigrant mining family. He started in the mines as a "breaker boy," or slate picker, and gradually learned to drive the mules that were used to pull the tiny coal cars along the narrow wooden rails. One day a particularly ill-tempered mule kicked him squarely in the chest. Bill rose weakly to his feet, fondled a pick that he had found beside the tracks and with one mighty blow he sunk its sharp point into the mule's skull. He angrily kicked at the dead carcass, picked up his lunch pail, demanded his wages, and quit.

Bill loves to tell of those early days. His store of yarns of that illustrious age is never ending. He spent many years migrating from one small mine (gin-pit as he called it) to another.

"Why, one mine was so shallow that we went down on a ladder," he said. "One day, as I was walking down a dark entry, I met a farmer carrying a lantern and leading a cow! There had been a cave-in through to the surface and the cow had fallen into the hole. Poor critter wasn't hurt, fortunately."

Today, Bill remains as a symbol of that era when mining men lived hard and worked hard. Sixty-odd years have dimmed his sight and grayed his hair, but he still stands erect and walks with shoulders squared. Heavy arms and a huge chest remain as evidence of those years spent working in the catacombed depths. All else that remains of his wild days is a fiery spirit that will probably never die.

Bill looks forward to retirement and leisure. He hopes to devote more time to his favorite sport and hobby, rooster fighting. In the fury of the rooster pits he can find renewal and perpetuation of his own violent spirit.

## The Gamblers

J. WARD KNAPP

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 6*

*J. S. Konomos . . . Pool and Billiards* IS THE SIGN OUT FRONT. Inside are two pool tables and a billiard table. Farther back in the rear of the room through the cigarette smoke are several other tables; at these, men are playing cards. The men—most of them are past middle age—are playing silently, absorbed in their games. A few others are watching in equal silence, waiting for someone to quit so they can sit down. The men are playing rummy—for a quarter a hand.

Behind them a door stands open. In the next room the smoke is thicker and bluer, and there are more men but only one table. Here they are playing poker, but here they are playing for a great deal more than a quarter a hand. John Konomos, the proprietor, sits at the table. In front of him, stacked in neat, bright columns, are six piles of silver dollars, each pile exactly the same height. The man across from him rises and pushes his chair back. He turns and walks through the door and the blue smoke, past the rummy players and the pool tables and out onto the street. He has lost his money, but he'll be back.

But when he does come back he won't play poker in the back room. Instead he'll sit down outside the door and play rummy for a quarter a hand. He'll play for a quarter a hand as if it meant his life, and all the time he'll hear from the back room and the poker game the sound of silver dollar on silver dollar. For days, for weeks, he'll play just outside the door. And because he is a little smarter and a little more cunning and perhaps a little more lucky,

he'll win. Not very much at first but then more and more until finally he has enough to make the poker game in the back room.

There are more just like him out in front of the door. They all play in the same way, thinking out each move slowly and methodically, taking advantage of every percentage. In the back of their minds they imagine themselves as great gamblers, calmly making every draw and every discard a right one. At a quarter a hand in the back of a smoke-ridden pool hall they see themselves winning millions in bright and gleaming casinos and gambling houses. All are playing toward a common objective. Each man hopes he can win enough to take the lofty step through the door into the back room and the poker game. Each man hopes he can get a chance at some really big money. And each man knows deep down inside that he is nothing but a small-time, petty gambler thinking on a big time level.

## The Jim House

ALMA BOSTON

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 2*

FOR AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER, THE SQUALID BLUE-gray tenement house has always commanded the North Neil Street approach to downtown Champaign. Some of the old duffers claim that Abe Lincoln once slept there around 1850. You see, back in the good old days, the Jim House, as it is called now, was the St. James Hotel—*finest hotel in Central Illinois*. But it's changed now—no longer boasting the title, *finest hotel*, but only *Champaign's eyesore and public disgrace*. Real estate brokers say nearby property values are lowered by the firetrap; firemen say it's been on fire half a dozen times and "won't burn." Some people call it indestructible.

Often, when I was in that neighborhood, I would take a few extra minutes and walk by the three-story frame Jim House. Playing in the south yard facing the Big Four tracks were the grimy, dirt-streaked moppets who called the place home. As I circled the building on one of these visits, I saw jagged, broken windows stuffed with yellow, crumbling newspaper. From an upstairs window tattered lace curtains flapped in the wind.

Passing the main entrance, I peered into the smoky gloom of the dim passageway. A greasy G. E. light bulb dangled from a drop cord, its feeble yellow glare making a half-hearted attempt to light up the hallway. The faded, flowered wallpaper that clung in patches to the plaster was streaked and blistered by dripping water. Tacked along one wall were cigar boxes that served as mail boxes for the sixty-five people crowded into the Jim House. From the evidence of the scratched and J. M. and A. S. initialed stair rail, it had always been under the pocket knives of the youngsters.

As I walked on around the north side of the structure, I looked up at the

roof that appeared like a homemade patch-quilt with its five different shades of green tar paper.

In the backyard were veritable mountains of ashes. There was no central heating in the Jim House and not much plumbing, I gathered, from the scummy pools of dishwater that trickled their way down to the boneyard running along the railroad.

After such an afternoon visit, I often thought of the Jim House as an old man waiting for something to happen to him—death, perhaps.

Yesterday, I went down that way again to see if the Jim House still held a sort of nostalgia for me. But there wasn't anything there except a neat parking lot that had been smoothed over and graded by a nearby bulldozer. A few blue-gray boards with square nails and wooden pegs in them hinted that something might have been there before. Here and there in the soft dirt, half-buried red bricks jutted up into the sunshine. Only a broad unobliterated view of a parking lot remained.

The city planners had their wish. The old society matrons could boast their triumph. The sanitation department need worry no longer. Yes, the Jim House was gone. And gone with it was a striking bit of Champaign history and, I believe, a piece of my heart.

## Rhet as Writ

I was invited to dinner, consisting of college football coaches and sports writers.

\* \* \*

I stood there in amazement with my eyes resting on the score board.

\* \* \*

More often we spent the night in some unfrequented cove where we could sin and talk unobserved.

\* \* \*

We in the United States are now in the mist of a great basket ball tournament.

\* \* \*

Gambling is evil. It has to be counteracted from the beginning. These small games of chance have led our men to bigger games, such as roulette, and then into politics.

\* \* \*

Air transport is used for the propagation of the human race.

\* \* \*

A quizling is usually thought of as a little quiz.

\* \* \*

BLACK BOY is in the form of a simple direct interesting story that appeals to the emotional instincts of the reader.



## **Honorable Mention**

**Calvin Isaacson—How To Propose to a Girl**

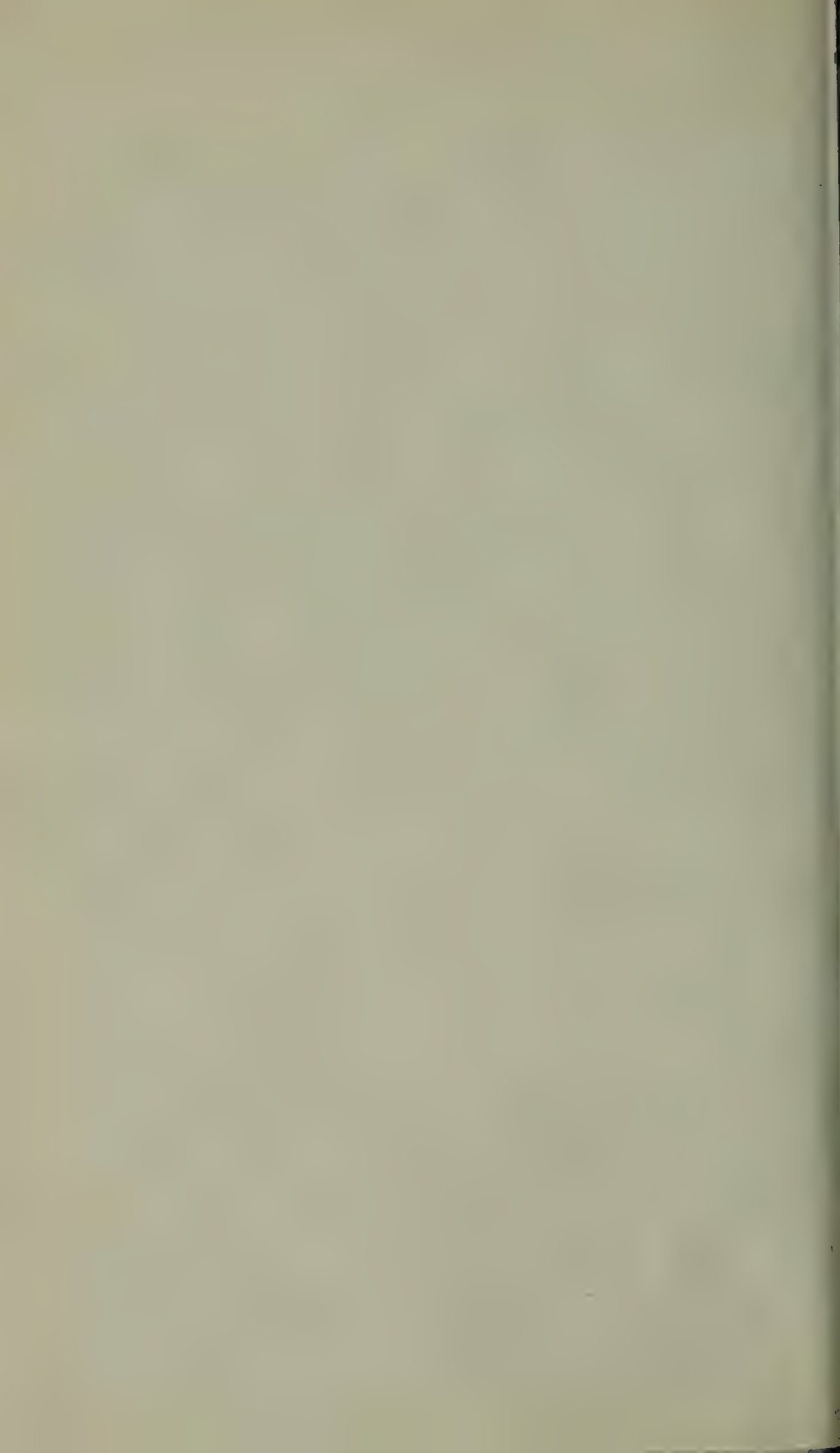
***Edward Kelly*—The Wrong Side of the Tracks**

***Keith F. Prater*—EMDEN**

***Robert Sick*—Man and Emotions**

***Charles Sullivan*—The Scourge of the American Movie Industry**

***Edith Vinik*—KINGSBLOOD ROYAL**



# THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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# Studs Lonigan

JAMES O'NEILL

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 8*

**S**TUDS LONIGAN OF THIS REALISTIC TRILOGY IS A LIVELY, bright lad, healthy and essentially decent. His great misfortune is to be caught in the trap of Irish slum life in Chicago's South Side. In its sordid morass he flounders, struggling between environmental compulsions to vice and the consciousness of sin with which his Catholic parochial school has indoctrinated him. His youth is spent on getting tough, and this he accomplishes in the Fifty-eighth Street poolroom where he spends his days and as much as he dares of his nights from the age of fourteen on. He is tough enough, but with a soft spot in him easily touched by romance and impulses to be healthy and good. His father, an honest building contractor, wants Studs to "get ahead"; his mother hopes he will become a priest. But the odds are insurmountable. Never quite hard-boiled, he never really reforms, never makes even a step toward establishing a character good or bad, or a career that can last. He falls in love with Lucy Scanlon because she is refined and different from the delinquent girls he has known. In this, too, life proves stronger than his intentions.

When Studs is rejected by Lucy because of his affair with a pickup, he reverts to hard drinking. There is a terrifying scene which depicts a drunken New Year's Eve party of Stud's gang at which he is almost incriminated in a rape.

Studs, twenty-nine, is thoroughly licked. He is bewildered by all that has happened to him. He is obsessed with a premonition of early death. After his father is gulled in the Insull stock swindle, Studs seeks escape in the world of radio; he drugs himself with movies, dance halls, and race horses. He tries desperately to save himself. He hopes that the purity of Catherine Banahan will wash him clean of sin. She tries hard to reform him, but it is too late.

So objective is James T. Farrell in his narrative that on rare occasions, when he allows himself to make a comment, the effect is a scratch in a perfect painting; and nowhere in fiction to my knowledge has the sensuality of boys and girls, innocence smeared with desire, lust mixed with brutality, been done with a more skillful and ruthless pen. No history, no report or photographs are necessary; it's all there in *Studs Lonigan*. His subjects are sometimes unbearably brutal, as in the gang sexual enterprises of the poolroom boys, or distressingly sentimental as in the thoughts of the boys. But he has not written this book to attract the reader by lust or general depravity. In my opinion, he has written a naturalistic novel, dealing frankly and honestly with the dirt, disorder, and the viciousness of low-class American life.

# The Statue

ANONYMOUS

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 13*

HIS HEAD WAS ERECT AND HIS EYES WERE STRAIGHT ahead. They were fine eyes, set deep in his face. He stood with feet planted a little apart, the broad Army belt straining across his chest, the pants of his tight-fitting uniform pulling in the sharp folds against the bigness of his calves. His long-visored G.A.R. cap was gripped in his left hand, and his right hand was raised shoulder high in a gesture of response. He was only eighteen when he died in the northern drive on Richmond.

"Bean, his name was," a young man near the monument said. "He was a Brownfield boy. There's always been a family of that name in Brownfield." They had found his name in the town records, the young man said, and a famous sculptor had made the statue in his likeness; and it stood on the granite boulder in the center of the square of what had been the town of Brownfield. There was no town now. The forest fire, sweeping down out of the Maine hills two nights ago on a thirty-five mile wind, had leveled every building for almost a mile. The town was a gray wasteland of cellar holes, chimneys, and twisted metal. The fire had burned across the grass of the village square to the very base of the monument.

"It came too fast," the young man said. "There wasn't anything we could do. I was back of town fighting the fire and the next thing I knew the wind had shifted. I jumped into my car but the flames got here first. People had to leave everything and run."

Only the statue had seen the town burn. The flames, rolling down the street, had lighted his bronze face and had thrown a monstrous shadow across the reddening walls of the church. For a timeless moment he had stood alone with feet planted solidly and with head erect, watching the fire come, his right hand raised as if to shield his face from the heat.

"Nobody saved anything . . . There wasn't time," the young man said. He was wearing old army pants and a pair of soot-blackened old army boots; evidently they were the same clothes he had worn during the fire. "I never saw my house. I came back the next day and saw where it had been."

"Where are you going to live now?"

"Where?" the young man said, looking up in surprise. "Why, here; they're shipping in sixty prefab-houses next week," he said, "and we're setting up a portable sawmill. There's a lot of burned timber we can use for two-by-fours. Of course, some people are moving away, but a lot of people like to live here in Brownfield." No doubt he felt that didn't quite express what he meant, for he groped a moment and then raised his right hand shoulder high in a gesture toward the statue. "Only the houses are gone," he said, "Brownfield's still here."

# Autobiographical Sketch

ALEX CHAMBERS

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 4*

A TWENTY-FIVE YEAR OLD COLLEGE FRESHMAN MIGHT understandably feel some need to defend his seemingly awkward position; he is, after all, some seven or eight years older than the majority of his classmates. He may be a veteran . . . but the war has been over for a long time now, and the second "lost generation" is supposed to have found its way. The instructor finds that his charges no longer have graying hair—that he once again possesses that seniority which lends weight to his words. The incoming freshmen are once again fresh—and young. Who then are the tardy ones?

The answers I might give to the question are, of course, my own reasons for being here and as such are of a highly subjective nature; they constitute in fact an autobiography.

Among certain classes of people, higher education is considered commonplace. Often a secondary school and a college are selected at the same time—for example, an infant may be registered at both Groton and Harvard soon after his birth, or a young man may enroll at a school which has been attended by the five preceding generations of his family. These are extreme cases, but there does exist a substantial segment of our population which simply assumes that its children will attend a college, and the children seem prone to accept this pattern.

The people among whom I grew up present a strong contrast. Here the accepted practice is to attend a secondary school for the time prescribed by law, usually until the seventeenth year. Then one acquires a steady, secure position which has preferably the promise of a pension although the emphasis is on its steadiness. This way of behaving does not have a positive sanction; rather, alternative programs simply are not considered. It was in this social matrix that I became aware of a world outside myself—a world transplanted into understandable terms by parents and the parish school.

The treatment of deviants in such a community is kindly but inflexible: one is gently disengaged from the workings of the process and is given to know that diligent efforts to learn what is proper will be rewarded with full membership in the clan. I remember with what sorrow I discovered that I had not been an apt pupil—that I had not been accepted fully. It seems that, although I had been respectably inattentive in school and had at the proper time apprenticed myself to an ironworker, I was given to the reading of books and had once been seen entering the public library. So it happened that I existed on the fringe of the group until the war gave me a decent excuse for leaving it completely.

It was in the army that I came in contact with people of diverse backgrounds. My own kind were rare—we are such anachronisms—and I had to seek friends or be lonely. Through a combination of circumstances (assignment to a technical school and a relatively permanent base), I was given the time and the stimulus to reflect on some of my basic assumptions. Some of the men I knew had been to college, and since they weren't doctors or engineers, I was curious to know how they justified the waste of time and money that a liberal education represented to me. I was led by them to the realization that my marginal status in the home community was because of a tendency toward reflection and an affection for a life of the mind which I had carefully denied. Their position was shown to be not indefensible but quite in the order of things. I was frightened and, of course, resented the unpleasant turn things had taken; my family and friends at home were being attacked and they seemed very dear to me. I was grateful when the war ended and I was allowed to return to them. I would have done better to remain within the comfortable routine of the army.

As a returned veteran, I was forgiven my youthful transgressions and was given a seat with my peers at the neighborhood bar. In the resultant glow I forgot my doubts, resumed my ironmongering, and drank my beer like a little gentleman. The fog lasted for all of three years. When it lifted, the consequent dislocations were greater than before. I had begun to question the worth of our habits again, and the expressions of hurt, betrayed confidences from my comrades indicated that I could no longer be excused as an inexperienced youth. It seemed to me that some of our veterans' organizations were not too unlike the Nazi Youth Movement, dedicated, as they were, to keeping our neighborhood free of 'inferior' ethnic groups. Violence was a necessary ingredient of these enterprises, and when I protested—loudly and often, as is the case with a newly-awakened zealot—the separation was complete.

If I am forced to doubt, it would seem logical to take myself to that place where doubt is reconciled or at least made bearable. The hermitage is not practicable and the university is the only other place I know. I recognize that the choice is irremediable, and I have accepted the knowledge that I cannot go back. I think that a serious effort on my part to learn what our society at large is like will result in a better understanding and greater and greater flexibility in adjusting to its demands.

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Truth is sweet. It is carried on the honeyed wings of the bee. It is accumulated in small parts, taken to the hive and stored. It is taken from the heart of the fragrant flower—experience—whose end is tragic but whose purpose has been fulfilled. And thus truth is sought out and taken to the honeyed hive of knowledge, where it is used by those who dare seek out this hive and risk the bees. It is not gained without risk, for the honeyed bearers can sting. Some reach it and drink deeply, taking a plentiful supply and giving generously to those who ask for it. Once truth is tasted, there develops a craving that will not cease. This is good.—BOB OTTO, 101



# Inside Hines, V. A.

JOHN LEEDOM

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 12*

AS MY SENIOR YEAR IN HIGH SCHOOL DREW TO A CLOSE, I was faced with the unpleasant realization that I would have to find a summer job so that when college began in the fall I would have a few dollars for fees, books, etc. Although hard physical labor was (and is) extremely repugnant to me, I was about to seek employment cutting weeds for the Texas Oil Company when the principal of my high school received a letter from the personnel division of the Hines Veterans' Hospital. This letter stated that male high school students were wanted to work as hospital attendants for the summer. Knowing that I was planning to begin pre-medical work in the fall, the principal contacted me and gave me the letter.

Acting upon the information given in the letter, I hopped into the family automobile and set out for Chicago and Hines Hospital. My first sight of Hines absolutely dumbfounded me. I had expected a large hospital—possibly a large structure several stories in height—but what met my gaze was not a single building but a large reservation. Single-story buildings, interconnected by covered passageways, seemed to sprawl indiscriminately over one hundred acres of ground. The whole reservation was enclosed by a high wire fence, pierced here and there by guarded gates.

After passing the guard at the gate and driving all over the reservation, I finally located the personnel building. I spent the next four hours filling out forms in triplicate. The government acquired a complete record of all my activities since infancy. The Veterans' Administration is cognizant of my shoe size, the number and magnitude of my love affairs, and the number of calories of food that I ordinarily consume daily. The life history finished, I had to sign the most important paper of all, the "Loyalty Oath". I swore by all that is holy that I was not, and had never been, a member of any subversive organization.

My mental and moral fitness for the job assured, there remained only the physical examination to be hurdled. I was pinched, thumped, auscultated, x-rayed, and analyzed. To my surprise, I was found to be disgustingly normal. Injections for tuberculosis, smallpox, tetanus, and typhoid climaxed the physical examination. Clutching my aching arms, I staggered off for home, rejoicing in the knowledge that I had made the grade—I was officially a hospital attendant at Hines.

The next two weeks were busy ones. During the mornings I worked on the ward washing beds, giving bed baths, and getting acquainted with hospital routine. I became accustomed to the sights, sounds, and smells of a large hospital—the clean tangy scent of antiseptics and the sweet sickly odor of ether; the sight of the morgue attendants wheeling one of the patients who had received

an "unconditional discharge": the irresponsible babbling of a patient just coming out from under an anaesthetic. Afternoons were spent in theory class learning the proper way to give bed baths, the proper psychological approach to a patient, and how to avoid catching infectious diseases.

From the viewpoint of a prospective medical student, I was assigned to a very interesting ward during my training period, Ward 42, neuro-surgery. While I was on Ward 42, I saw for the first time oxygen tents in operation, the effects of anaesthetics, and some of the techniques used in caring for operative wounds. While on Ward 42, I learned for the first time the meaning of "guts."

A patient was brought in from surgery. He had lain upon the operating table for four hours while surgeons picked shrapnel from the lower part of his spine. I was assigned to watch him while he came out of the ether. Upon going into his room and getting a close look at him, I was surprised to see that he appeared very young. A glance at the card at the foot of his bed told me that he was but eighteen years old. His first words upon awakening were, "Where's the shrapnel the doctors picked out of my back? I want to keep it for a souvenir." Poets babble about courage, but for sheer unadulterated "guts" one would have to travel far to find a person who could surpass this eighteen-year-old boy as he lay on a hospital bed, his spine shattered, existence in a wheel chair his best prospect for the future, his pain-wracked body reeking with the stench of gangrene, but who could still smile and ask for a souvenir.

When my two weeks' training period ended, I was transferred to Ward 54, medical neurology. My main duty there was specialing four patients in what was referred to as the "lung room." The "lung" referred to "iron lung." The four patients were all victims of bulbar poliomyelitis. They were all young men, and all of them lived in respirators at least part of the time. Tony, Wally, and Glenn slept in portable "lungs" during the night, and Danny was unable to breathe at all without the aid of a respirator. My duties consisted of feeding the boys, taking them out of the "lungs" for baths, and watching the "lungs" to see that they were functioning properly.

Toward the end of the summer, Danny became critically ill from a kidney complication, and the doctors gave up hope for his recovery. He was moved ("iron lung" and all) into a private room. For two days he was kept alive by blood transfusions, intravenous feeding, oxygen, and the Waggenstein apparatus for removing fluids from the digestive tract. At the end of the second day it was evident that there was absolutely no hope. Late in the afternoon Danny asked for the Chaplain. The Chaplain came and brought with him a male quartette who sang hymns to bedfast patients. The singing had a strange effect upon Danny. He said the singing obliterated his pain, but when the singing stopped, the pain returned. The men continued singing until Danny slipped smilingly into a coma from which he never awakened. Did the hymn singing activate some supernatural agent which destroyed the pain, or was the relief purely psychological? Danny had no doubts.

Thus passed the summer—bed baths, bed pans, death, pain, and new hope. That summer provided experiences which I shall never forget. Working in a hospital reaffirmed my desire to be a physician. My experiences taught me more about the potentialities of the human personality than I had even dreamed of before. My sense of values broadened, and I learned once and for all that though man is an animal he has a peculiar dignity that is inherent in his species alone.

These experiences are of primary interest to any pre-medical student for the practical knowledge they give him about his future profession. A theologian would find life as a hospital attendant a moving spiritual experience. Any normal human being can greatly broaden and enrich himself by a summer "Inside Hines, V. A."

## "Test Case" for America

MARJORIE OPLATKA

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 11*

ONE OF MY HISTORY PROFESSORS HAS SAID THAT THE French mobs storming the Bastille were incited to action partly by the 90 degree heat of that fateful July 14, 1789. Perhaps the temperature had something to do with exciting "homeloving American citizens" to violence in the Chicago suburb of Cicero on July 14, 1951.

Early in June, Harvey Clark, a Negro war veteran, and his family had attempted to occupy an apartment in Cicero's residential section but had been restrained by Cicero police. In July Clark returned with a court injunction ordering the police to protect him. As he made a second attempt to move into his apartment, he was again threatened that there would be violence if he proceeded. Harvey Clark started to move in anyway, but, soon realizing that the police were not going to provide adequate protection, he deposited his family belongings in his new "home" and departed on Tuesday. By Wednesday morning, July 11, crowds were milling around the apartment house and haranguing the police.

Teen-age hoodlums marched into the Clark's unoccupied apartment Wednesday afternoon and, goaded on by cries and cheers of adult onlookers, began throwing furniture out of the windows. "Can anyone play the piano?" called out one of the boys, and the Clark's piano was heaved onto the street. The police, with little enthusiasm, chased the boys out of the building and ordered the crowds to "step back across the street," for they had overflowed the empty lot across from the building, were trampling lawns of nearby residences, breaking windows, and starting fires in the yards.

By Thursday night the building was nearly ruined, all streets in the area were jammed with cars and "sightseers," and the mob had reassembled and numbered at that time about 4000. Laughing and shouting, they threw bricks,

flares, and fire crackers, and again and again they attacked the building until Illinois National Guardsmen, called by the county sheriff and the governor, drove them off with bayonets.

The climax over, the guardsmen firmly held their ground, and by Friday, the crowd had dispersed leaving only a few hundred. One hundred and eighteen persons had been arrested and a number of citizens and guards seriously wounded. Cicero settled back smugly: the Clarks couldn't move in now, and the riot would be a forewarning to any other Negro family that might have had similar intentions. The mob spirit died down in a few days, but I have found that the townspeople's prejudices are still being perpetuated, and the apartment house, now completely tenantless, is still boarded up.

I have seen other mobs: pickets guarding a closed factory; the "Loop" Christmas shopping crowds; wildly enthusiastic football fans. The Cicero race-riot mob was a combination of these, for the rioters possessed the "self-righteousness" of the picketers, the doggedness of the Christmas shoppers, and the greatly aroused spirit of fans vicariously enjoying a sports spectacle.

Do middle-class Caucasians living "quiet, routine" lives normally become hate-mongers and members of lynch mobs when confronted with the possibility of receiving Negroes into their communities?

I can answer this question only by describing the attitudes of the residents in this particular area and by suggesting the importance of the outside forces—the pro-riot publicity provided by the local newspaper and "civic" organizations, a group called the White Circle League, and gangs of Chicago hoodlums that the Guard finally dispersed. I take particular interest in the Cicero case because many of the rioters were my schoolmates and neighbors, people with whom I was in closest daily contact.

Ciceronians are, for the most part, hardworking, industrial laborers or shopkeepers who came from immigrant families or who are immigrants themselves, and who settled in the "west side" of Chicago just before the depression. They are home-owners whose primary purpose in existence appears to be the upkeep and improvement of their homes and the "security" for their families which they feel the restricted community provides. The typical attitude towards the Clark family is expressed in one of the letters published in the local paper at the time of the riot:

"To the Editor:

The people of Cicero and Berwyn built up their respective towns when the land was just prairies and woods. They have worked hard to build the kind of community they have today. These same people have lived here in bungalows and flats for 10, 20, 30 years, built their homes, paid for them and have kept them in the best condition which we are mighty proud of.

Now these same people are protesting against a Negro family that intends to intrude on this peaceful community. The colored race has no respect for the hard work, effort or neatness we have put into our town. It is evident that when the colored move into a section the valuation drops on all surrounding homes that the white people worked so hard to pay for and keep.



And what happens when the colored move? You know, I know, everyone knows. The home, the section are ruined because they don't know the first thing about living as clean, wholesome Americans.

Yes, we believe in the Constitutional rights, but who established these rights? Who fought for them back in George Washington's days?

How about the government, state, and county doing something to protect us whites from losing the value on our lives and homes. Our homes have been our whole lives.

Please give a little thought and kind consideration. We are not bums, hoodlums, or mobsters. We are just average hard working Americans trying to keep and save our inalienable rights."

This letter was written by a girl who had been an outstanding student in her high school graduating class and whose parents are active in city affairs. But the letter is also typical of the propoganda arguments in circulars distributed throughout the neighborhood, circulars which bore the slogan of the White Circle League "Go, go, go . . ."

"What can be done to counteract such prejudices?" I asked some of my former high school teachers, who would be faced with tremendous classroom problems if the Negroes should succeed in establishing themselves in the community. "Why doesn't the school do something?" I had appealed to the advisor of the student newspaper. I was told that the problem was being considered and that perhaps in the following fall semester there would be a program, to be conducted by the student government on libraries, for promoting better race-relations. Perhaps, but judging by the tone of voice, the lack of concern on the part of those who had opposed the violence once the riot itself was over, I realized that, beyond teaching the literary significance and historical glamor of the writings of Paine, Rousseau, and Lincoln, even the school did not "care" about the racial intolerance practiced by its students.

On the Sunday following the arrival of the troops, the "quiet, middle-class" Ciceronians went to their respective churches to hear quiet, comforting sermons on love of God and "brotherhood." "Does a blind man care what color his neighbor is?" Evidently the "self-righteous" attitude expressed in the letter overshadowed any feeling of remorse which the sermons might have provoked. Anyone could profess brotherhood until a new situation developed.

It has been said that Clark's was a "test case" sponsored by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. If this is so, then the test has proved two things: first, that the people of Cicero and other suburban communities are not ready to accept the facts that deplorable housing conditions in Chicago are forcing Negro families to look for homes in the surrounding communities, and that these families do have the constitutional right to establish homes where they wish; second, that before the Negro can hope to settle peacefully in such communities as that which Cicero typifies, there is "a great deal of work to be done."

Will there be another "Cicero case"? There has already been an "Oak Park case," a "Peoria Street case," and hundreds of unpublicized "cases" in

the South. I cannot profess to know of a specific solution to this problem, but I feel that it should be a major concern of the schools and churches to educate parents and children alike on developing not just "tolerance" but understanding and admiration for both the cultures and individuals of other races.

What about such organizations as the White Circle League and other "little Ku Klux Klans"? What can be done *now* about a police department that will not grant protection to its Negro citizens? I repeat, there is a great deal of work to be done.

## The World's Hair is Turning Gray

VIRGINIA N. McMANUS

*Rhetoric 101, Final Examination Theme*

IN THE LAST, DRAGGING DAYS OF WORLD WAR II, SOME-where between the German surrender and the glorious V-J day, a great wave of optimism swept over the country. The magazines and newspapers began to run colored features of fantastic machines and streamlined cars that were to be a part of our lives in the post-war world. No wonder we licked our chops over the great future promised us. We had been driving stubby and now very shabby cars long enough, and gas rationing and a scarcity of tires hampered us even then. We could not even toss a tin can in the trash or pour out a drop of grease without a pang of grief. Uncle Sam's accusing finger pointed from the poster *right at us*, and our lives had become quite dull with scrimping and conserving. Now we would reap our reward for the good job we had done; like trusting children we waited for the surprises and miracles of the post-war era to be unveiled.

The V-J day celebration was caused by the frenzied excitement of people who felt their burdens lifted from them. The miracle of world peace seemed to extend to each individual's life. The dragon had been slain, right had prevailed, and goodness had triumphed. The evil people and the evil things of the world had been extinguished. Only America and the allies remained, strong and clean-cut, chins up and ready to rebuild the world. When some quipster remarked he wanted to stick around and just see this brave new world with all the same old people in it, his irony was ignored. After all, happy days were here again!

And then came the blow. The job of building peace was found to be grueling and tedious and bitter. Rose bushes did not spring up to cover the war-scarred battle fields; the market was not flooded with all the items we had wanted for so long. All the men couldn't come home as we had imagined then. We had inherited a frightening responsibility along with our glory. The veterans' hospitals were still clogged with those who were destined to

become permanent wards of the country, unsung and forgotten heroes. Among the Allies, the peace-loving and the chosen people, there had sprung up differences reminiscent of pre-World War II days.

And the struggle went on. We found we had not abolished evil and wrong, either in ourselves or the conquered. The world had not changed because the people had not changed. The only difference was that we were being forced to grow up, to face reality, to accept the truth. The world was deprived of the "Era of Wonderful Nonsense" we had learned to expect after a blood conflict. It was a bitter pill, and it is not sugar-coated yet. The world has grown grim, and it has resorted to prevention rather than oblivion followed by a drastic cure. And even the optimists are discovering the true meaning of their favorite word. Look in any dictionary. Utopia means simply—nowhere!

## Polio and I

BRUCE ALDENIFER

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 11*

IT WAS JUST A SMALL FAMILY—A MOTHER, A BROTHER, a father, and a sister. It was a loving, understanding family, composed of four everyday people, doing everyday things. It was my family.

It was a small country town, with bustling activity for the ones who knew how to live there, but it was backward and dull for the ones who didn't. I had learned to live there, and it was the town I loved. In it were people—strange people, quiet people, intelligent people, and simple people. From this variety of people, I had chosen my friends. Such was my life, my home, and my surroundings.

How could one life change as much as mine has without changing these surroundings? All of these things remaining equal, what force could grasp a life, wrestle with it briefly, change it completely and then leave the individual facing a new path with a great obstacle to overcome. At the end of this path there is a new life with a future to face, a future filled with things that have struck me. It struck me in the face, bluntly, with no warning, and struck so, that for me it will never be erased. It struck my family and my friends, leaving a deep mark not to be easily forgotten.

The beginning of this phase of my life was characterized by a painful backache and a stiff neck. Not to be side tracked from my summer plans, I continued on until I could drag no farther. Finally, I told my mother, and she took me to the hospital for the fateful spinal tap. After the doctor left my room with the revealing tube of fluid, mother and I waited for the verdict. The minutes seemed like hours. At the time, I scoffed—polio?—not I. Mother just sat. The doctor returned and I received the verdict passively,

not knowing what lay ahead. Mother received it quietly, knowing that her only daughter had a new life to face and wondering how she could help.

In a relatively few days, I was put in an iron lung, commonly called the big green worm by us polios, and the days of hell began—days represented by gasping breaths, a worried family, serious doctors, and scurrying nurses; days that now are hard to remember because of my semi-conscious state at that time. Now it seems like a fight to maintain a life against a force that fought hard to abolish it. Several people were featured in this fight. Nurses, doctors, and parents fought by my side, and family, friends, and brother fought away from my side. I had no part to play then; I just lay and responded involuntarily to the lung's ceaseless wish-whoosh-whish-whoosh as it inhaled and exhaled for me. The lung and its maintenance crew were my life then, and without them I would not be.

After three weeks, I was separated at intervals from my big, green companion and finally was completely weaned from it after another week. Now my share of the battle began; I had to regenerate useless muscles as best I could. My mental state retarded my progress for five months. I was in a constant state of resentment, tears and nausea, all of which were largely psychological. Each day I slipped farther down until I was practically skin and bones. My parents were heartbroken. Dad came to feed me three times a day, trying his utmost to force food down me but to no avail. My doctors tried everything in the way of science to help me, and my nurses went berserk trying to think of something to snap me out of the deep rut I was in. My physical therapist had me scared of any treatment she forced on me, because of the pain it caused in stretching my sore muscles. After all of the things these people did failed to help me, the doctors sent me to St. Francis Hospital in Peoria, a hundred and fifty miles from home.

All of the darkness of previous months was wiped away, and I was confronted with a new hate. The hate was not only directed at my paralysis but at my new surrounding of bustling hub-bub, caused by nurses wheeling polios back and forth to treatments, schoolteachers conducting classes in bed, doctors making rounds, and occupational therapists helping the polios in handicrafts. I isolated myself from all of this, lying deep in my bed, buried with thoughts of my once-happy days, and of my family and friends so far away. After a period of having no loving affection or friendly attention, I gradually wove myself into the intricate pattern of rehabilitation in a hospital. Now I realize why the doctors had moved me away from home; they knew it was the only thing left to do. Of course, it was the most difficult thing for me, but now I appreciate it. Then, I resented it.

Every day was filled with new accomplishments. Little things like washing my hair, putting on real clothes, writing letters, and beginning my schoolwork made me feel alive again. My braces arrived and I was so proud of them. I took my first steps and I was bursting with joy. That was my peak of successfully mastering my disability. Then I had found things I



could do, and in that glory I forgot the things I could not do. Now I am used to the things I can do and strive for the things I can't master yet.

Volumes are needed for me to describe the life I led in Peoria. Every minute, every hour, and every day was crammed full of things that played a major part in my rehabilitation. Gradually, I became well enough adjusted to my handicap to go home. After waiting for this day for so long, I was afraid—afraid to face my family and friends in a wheelchair or on crutches. It was a major adjustment, and it took a long time to adjust to leading a life with able-bodied people. I say I am adjusted but inside of me I am not. I will never be satisfied until the day comes when I can discard my polio and its appliances and step into the world to begin where I left off.

## Why We Must Fight in Korea

JAMES WYMER

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 2*

THAT WE MUST FIGHT IN KOREA IS PROVED BY ANY HISTORY book. In the late thirties, Hitler invaded Austria and Czechoslovakia; he would not have been powerful enough at that time to succeed in conquering either country if his armies had been opposed by the major powers of the world, but he bluffed and scared the rest of the world into letting him succeed in his conquests. The Communists, in 1950, tried the same type of bluff-scare invasion in Korea, but this time the world rallied to defend the small democracy which was attacked. The fight in Korea proves that the U. N. can draw the line beyond which it will not let aggressor nations go; the League of Nations was unable to decide when and where it should stop aggressor nations, and thus it was a failure.

Another reason why we must fight can be readily seen by looking at a map of Asia. If the Communists controlled the Korean peninsula, they would be able to outflank our forces in Japan. They could accomplish their northern flanking movement from Sakhalin and their southern flanking movement from Korea. A parachute force could be sent from Vladivostok to central Japan; this force would split our army in Japan into two parts, and Japan would then fall to the Communists. However, if the Communists' southern flank is constantly being threatened, they will not be able to take Japan.

Our small army in Korea is keeping the Fourth Chinese People's Army and elements of the First and Third Chinese People's Armies occupied in Korea. In spite of what many people think, the Chinese armies are not unlimited; most of the Third Army is used to protect the Chinese coastal areas, and a great many soldiers must be used to keep the Chinese people under Communistic rule. It is quite possible that, if it were not for Korea,

the Chinese armies would now be invading many other countries in Asia, such as French Indo-China, Siam, Burma, and India. The armies of a dictatorship must always be on the move against someone or something.

Also, our action in Korea has saved a democratic country, and, although South Korea is not a very big country, neither was Austria; when Austria fell to the Germans in 1938, Europe fell with her, and if South Korea had fallen to the Communists, I have no doubt that Asia would have fallen with her. Aggressor nations usually pick on small countries first, then middle-sized countries, and last of all large countries.

The Korean fighting made this country aware of the danger of Communism; now we are rearming rapidly, and the danger of another World War is somewhat less great than before 1950. America's defense industries have been reactivated, and we are not in danger of being caught asleep by a sneak attack as we were in 1941. The American people today are prepared to fight the Soviet Union if they must, but I think that the Korean fighting may deter Russia from attacking anyone else in the world, including America, because the Russians now know that we are not afraid to fight Communism.

## Patterns

ELLEN RHODE

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 11*

**W**HY DID I DO IT? HOW DID I GET INTO THIS? THESE are questions we ask ourselves many times. I know why I did it and I know how I got into it. There was a war on and I asked for a military leave from my civilian occupation.

I was one of fourteen women who stepped from the troop train at Camp Stoneman, California. This was our final move until our orders came for service outside the continental United States. At this camp we were to have our first real taste of regular military life.

The officer who met us gave us the information that our baggage would be taken to our barracks, but that the business at hand was that of getting our army issue. He also informed us that we would march to the quartermaster store. I was glad to stretch my legs after the five-day train trip from Washington, D. C., but I didn't think they needed to be stretched to the extent of walking two miles to and two miles from the store. The issue consisted of an army blanket, a mattress cover, a bed roll which was some four feet long and thirty-six to thirty-eight inches in diameter, a gas mask, a steel helmet, and the customary army eating utensils. As the officer and two enlisted men began instructing us on loading up, we realized we were expected to carry all of this equipment to our barracks. We were under army jurisdiction and it appeared we would be treated like all other army personnel and not favored because we were women.

The time had come.

We were told that the hour of embarkation would be early. At 4:30 a.m., looking much like walking charm bracelets, we marched four blocks to the truck which was to take us forty miles to the port. Finding enough sitting space on the boards which had been placed along the sides of the truck was very much like finding enough space on the bleachers at a basketball game in Huff Gym at the University of Illinois.

On an empty stomach it is not especially pleasant to begin a day with a 4:30 a.m. forty-mile truck ride, a one-half mile walk, and a two-hour wait in line for inspection. The mere fact that a part of a convoy was composed of women was no reason for changing the custom of having breakfast after checking in at the docks.

\* \* \*

As the fighting front moved farther and farther away from the Hawaiian Islands, it became evident that women who wanted to have an active part would have to take a forward assignment. The proverb "ask and thou shalt receive" proved to be true, especially when one asked the military for an assignment offering more inconveniences.

Women were warned of the adjustments which would have to be made if they were to go forward. We were told nothing would be done for us that was not done for the troops as a whole. We were warned that our living quarters would not be the usual army barracks with electric lights and running water, but tents with all outside conveniences; that there would be a scarcity of food; that there would be a great scarcity of water for bathing and washing clothes; that although there would be some electricity, it would not be of sufficient voltage for the use of an iron; that once away from the Hawaiian Islands we might not be back in real civilization for many months; that the weather would be hot and humid; and that we would be confined not only to a small island but most probably to our own working area throughout the day and to our own tent area for the remainder of the time.

Three of us from the original group asked for a forward assignment.

We were to be transported by air to the island of Saipan. The plane carried hundreds of pounds of A-1 priority medical supplies, the regular crew, seven servicemen, and three servicewomen. We boarded the plane at one in the morning. After a few hours we began to think of getting some rest. This was another time when we fully realized that we were just more army personnel and would be treated as such. There were no beds or cots, and our manner of sleeping was most strange. The first person lay flat on the belly of the plane; a second person lay flat, placing his head on the stomach of the first person; and a third person lay flat, placing his head on the stomach of the second person, and so on. This manner of sleeping provided a pillow for all but the first down, and also zigzagged us through the plane around the medical supplies.

We did find our living quarters to be a tent, barren of everything but mice, lizards, and four cots. When we inquired as to where we would put our

clothing, which at home is put in dresser drawers, we were informed that there was a junk pile down the road some three or four blocks and that we might be able to obtain some orange crates from which we could build dressers. We were told that the army furnished only tents and cots for the servicemen and that anything else we might have was entirely up to us. We found that the army would be glad to supply us with hammers, saws, and nails. In fact, they would be glad to supply us with everything but the know-how. Several empty trucks passed us as we carried the empty crates back from the junk heap, but no assistance was offered.

Our mess hall was another place where we had it impressed upon us that we could expect regular army treatment. There was a scarcity of certain foods. I can remember the first morning we had the good fortune to have bacon for breakfast. I caught the odor as I came in the door and immediately the day looked brighter. This brightness was not to last. All food for a table was put on at the same time, and it was with much surprise that I watched the first people served take the whole of the platter of bacon. I found that most of the mess hall companions operated under the system "first come, first served." This was true not only when we had bacon, but when we had fruit or other scarce items. It was customary to place the fruit on the plate, and if we were a little late we could expect our fruit to be gone.

The island of Saipan is about four miles wide and sixteen miles long, located between the Equator and the Tropic of Cancer in the Pacific Ocean. This gives the impression there would be a bountiful supply of water. Our water came from a big tank which had been placed on top of our shower-utility building. At rather infrequent intervals a serviceman would refill the tank. We found we were to be allotted one bucketful for the purpose of washing our clothes and one bucketful for rinsing our clothes. The custom was for two people to draw numbers. The one holding the first number would wash and rinse her clothes first; the next time water was available, the one holding the second number was first.

The lack of water was also felt in the bathing line. The rule, and it was very rigidly enforced, was to step under the cold, salty shower, get wet, turn off the shower, soap up, and then rinse. If, while we were soaping up, someone used the remainder of the water we did the next best, simply wiped off the soap.

While life was quite difficult and unpleasant under conditions such as I have described, I look back and realize that it was a great experience. It is true we did march when it seemed transportation was available for riding; we did wear unwashed and unironed clothes when with a little ingenuity there might have been more water and electricity available; and we did live in tents which leaked and were infested with mice and lizards. Yet, these were the same conditions under which the servicemen lived, and the army did nothing for the servicewomen that it could not do for the servicemen.



# The Little Present

SANDRA SCHWARTZ

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 2*

THE FIRST BOY WHO EVER STIRRED THE FLAMES OF puppy-love in my childish heart labored under the improbable name of Blackwell Webly Glough. My family and I lived, at the time, on the second floor of one of the numerous three flat buildings which make up so much of the residential areas of Chicago. Blackwell's family lived on the third, and it was the very proximity of our apartments which made us such good friends.

Blackwell and I were inseparable. We'd walk to school together every day, and in the afternoons we'd fly across the Himalayan Hump with Terry and the Pirates and chase villainous diamond thieves with Captain Midnight, Ichabod Crane, and Joyce. Television was still in the experimental stage, Kukla and Ollie were still half-formed ideas in Burr Tillstrom's head, and Howdy Doody was as yet unborn. As a matter of fact, I think we would have laughed these sissified puppets right out of existence.

We were almost always together in the evenings, too, either playing in the Glough's big sun-room or pretending we were sailors in the bunk beds in Blackwell's nautical bedroom.

Another very good reason for our close friendship, I think, was the fact that Blackwell fancied himself quite a comedian and I was an excellent audience. He'd entertain me by the hour with jokes, funny stories, and imitations. His best imitation was that of a drunk. He'd roll his eyes, slur his words, stagger around the room, and I'd go off into gales of hysterical laughter. As both of Blackwell's parents were heavy drinkers, I have no doubt that he got his material first hand. When the "mean kids" at the end of the block would pick on me, Blackwell would get on his big blue tricycle and scare them away, for he was a very big boy for his age.

Every Saturday afternoon we'd walk to the local movie theatre and munch our way through the double feature. In the fall of 1940 Blackwell and I went campaigning for President Roosevelt. We made big "Roosevelt for President" signs with white poster board and red and blue crayons. We walked around the block three times, chanting "Roosevelt for President." When the war started, we collected scrap iron and newspapers from all the housewives in the neighborhood. Yes, Blackwell was my friend, confidant, and protector.

One day, Hugh Webley Glough, who had made quite a bit of money selling insurance, announced to the residents of our building that he had tired of our middle class neighborhood and was moving himself and his family to an elevator building on Lake Shore Drive. I was crushed. After the initial shock had passed, I realized the date for the moving had been set

so far in the future that it would be a long, long time before the Gloughs moved away. But before Blackwell and I knew it, the fatal day was upon us. A big, red moving van pulled up into the alley behind the house, and men began loading up the Glough's furniture. I ran downstairs to watch and I saw Blackwell leaning dejectedly on the side of the garage wall. We had quarreled a few days earlier about the possession of a tin can which Blackwell had found in an empty lot, and things were a little strained between us. After a few moments of conversation the strangeness passed, and Blackwell vowed fervently to come and visit me as often as possible. I was inconsolable. All at once he looked at me in a determined way.

"I've got a little present for you."

I looked at him in a strange manner, for he wasn't carrying any packages, and I didn't see any bulges in his pockets.

"It's not in package form."

The truth slowly began to dawn on me. Blackwell led me behind the garage and told me to close my eyes. I did. All at once he planted a big wet kiss on my cheek and, overcome with embarrassment, he ran into the moving van. I was in a state of ecstatic bliss. After the moving van had left, I walked slowly upstairs, holding the spot on my cheek that Blackwell Webly Glough had kissed.

## The First Lesson

JUDY GARR

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 12*

I HAD HAD FOUR PIANO TEACHERS IN SIX YEARS AND, AS I stood before the door marked Lucille Gould and Associates, I had no reason to believe that she would be different from the others. Each had been a human metronome with a mind that seemed tuned to three-quarter time. Yet, Miss Gould had been recommended to me very highly. I was naive enough to think that was sufficient. Actually, I was more in need of high recommendations than she.

A low-pitched voice answered my knock and I opened the door. The ordinary "studio" of a piano teacher is drab at its best. A piano, a few hard chairs and, perhaps, a table compose the furnishings which seem awkward in the dim, gray rooms. However, the room I entered that day was not an ordinary "studio." It was very large, yet the warm brown walls, the flowered draperies, and the beige carpeting made the room seem intimate. Several comfortable-looking arm chairs were arranged in informal groupings around the piano. Three huge surrealist canvasses broke the monotony of the walls and added to the riot of color created by the many vases filled with fresh flowers.

My eyes roamed over the entire room and were beginning a second voyage before I saw her.

Lucille Gould was sitting in an easy chair, very still and relaxed. Short and rather plump, she looked like the jovial innkeeper in an English novel . . . from a distance. This impression was dispelled as we sat and talked. Her small, triangular mouth shaped each syllable precisely and energetically. Although her words darted vigorously about, Lucille Gould's eyes poured a steady stream of searching light into my own. Her eyes were small and black. They were the eyes of a caged animal. Her hands, heavily veined and sinewy, were still in her lap. They never gestured or moved except to adjust a strand of black hair that fell out of place as she tossed her head. Both face and body were calm except for those burning eyes.

I found myself speaking frankly and rather profusely to this woman who had been a complete stranger short moments before. Sensing that her standards were high, I apologized for my faulty work.

"My dear," she said, "do you know the difference between the black and the white keys?" I nodded. Her eyes twinkled as she said, "Then you show great promise." As we continued to speak, I noticed that she quoted Shakespeare freely. Soon she had recommended three or four books to me and had written their titles on a card in a bold, free-flowing hand.

Abruptly, with a hasty, practised movement, Miss Gould reached behind her chair, extracted a crutch and limped toward the piano. Amazement must have lighted my face as I first noticed her club foot. The strong masculine hands were now explained. I could see that her body was not merely plump, but deformed. Her figure was well camouflaged by the expensive, tailored suit she wore. The only time I ever heard Miss Gould refer to her deformity was many months later when I complained of my self-consciousness when appearing before an audience.

"My dear," she admonished, "always walk before them proudly. You are able to, you know." I have never complained since.

For an hour she played beautiful, rambling melodies with a virtuosity that the concert stage would have eagerly acclaimed. Then I stumbled over a few selections and nervously awaited her criticism.

"Promise me you'll work," she said. "You are sorely in need of it." I did.

I left the Gould studio reluctantly that day and the many days that followed. Miss Gould taught me many things, the least of which was piano playing. I learned music, true, but I learned to hear its joys and sorrows, to listen to its heartbeat. Perhaps the most important thing I learned was humility.

# Rhet as Writ

Seldom does the "clothes borrower" return the item the same way she obtained it.

\* \* \*

Once dope gets started in these teen-age clubs, sex life goes on a boom, and so does the joining of new members.

\* \* \*

I suppose the works of Shakespeare, Keats, and Tolstoy would be far superior, and more immortal had there been the typewriter or the printing press.

\* \* \*

I met Sally in the first grade of Lawson Aliementary School.

\* \* \*

The boat is usually packed with excited tourists and screaming children who clutch eagerly at the rail and gaze down into the green, splashing water, littered with the floating remains of previous tourists.

\* \* \*

The most common reason for a divorce is unhappy marriage.

\* \* \*

If parents would think before they have children there would be less gamblers and outlaws.

\* \* \*

The student who is working under the influence of a boss or a supervisor learns to coup with the ups and downs that exist in the human world.

\* \* \*

This Full-back, tho' married, is still in good physical condition, in spite of the rigorous season just passed. The question is, will he now make the all American Team?

\* \* \*

Every three years car manufacturers stream line thier finders a little more.

\* \* \*

Lou Boudreau said that he would trade Williams if an exceptionally fine offer was proposed. I hoped that he would do so, for I thought that Ted's presence on the rooster did more harm than good.

\* \* \*

This scene was repeated many times during the course of the season, always ending with the sight of wet jerseys and grass-stained pants walking off the field.



## Honorable Mention

*Frank D. Beaman*—THE NAKED AND THE DEAD

*Fred Davis*—The Lack of Principles Behind Integrity

*Jo Ann Davidson*—Second Wind

*David May*—"From the Depths of the Sea . . ."

*Don Norford*—The Finger of God

*Joan Searing*—THE CONQUEST OF SPACE

## **The Contributors**

*Bruce Aldenifer*—Catlin Twp.

*Alex Chambers*—Tilden Tech

*Judy Garr*—South Shore

*John Leedom*—Lockport Twp.

*Virginia N. McManus*—Hyde Park

*James O'Neill*—Morton

*Marjorie Oplatka*—Morton

*Ellen Rhode*—Urbana

*Sandra Schwartz*—Deerfield Twp.

*James Wymer*—Oak Park

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# THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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The committee in charge of this issue of THE GREEN CALDRON includes WILLIAM COLBURN, MONTGOMERY CULVER, JAMES DONOVAN, KENNETH NIXON, HAROLD PENDLETON, and HARRIS WILSON, Chairman.



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# South Dakota

EDWIN E. KERR

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 13*

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN OVER A MONTH THE SCORCHING sun and dry, dusty winds of summer have slackened their vengeance on our withered land. We have had thirty-eight consecutive days on which the sun set in a clear sky, blazing forth a last promise of the hell we could expect on the next day. For more than five weeks we cursed the sun as it rose in the morning, sweltered under it until exhaustion overcame us, and prayed at twilight that the next day might not be the same.

Yesterday at sunset, clouds rose into view on the northwest horizon. In a beautiful display of yellow, red, and purple, the forerunners paraded solemnly toward us. By the time night turned them blue-black, they had advanced half the way to us from that point where the sky meets the endless prairie.

At three o'clock in the morning I awoke from a hopeful slumber to a thunderstorm which lasted for more than an hour. I lay awake, listening to the diminishing sound of the thunder as the storm moved eastward over the prairie. The rain came down steadily, pattering lightly on the veranda outside my window. A cool breeze rustled the curtains, and the fresh smell of ozone and rain filtered into my room. At last I fell asleep, secure in the knowledge that the drought was really ended.

Around eight o'clock in the morning we arose to a transformed world. The sun was shining once more, but this morning it was sparkling on the droplets of rain still clinging to our pale trees and brown grass, and on the little puddles which covered the land as far as one could see. The few birds which made their home at our little oasis were singing. The robins hopped about the lawn and shrubs, searching out the stranded earthworms between concertos. Our one pair of wrens nesting in the orchard warbled among the apples and pears which we had saved.

After a late breakfast Dad and I decided to go out to survey our reborn acres. The little garden beside the orchard had responded to our care and would soon be yielding fresh vegetables for the table once more. The plants were lifting their foliage again, a feat which we had not been able to inspire by a heavy irrigation every evening during the drought, although we had managed to keep them alive. We walked together across the once-green meadow and were delighted to find that we could get our feet wet from the curled, brown combination of bunch grass and sandburrs.

Half a mile out on the range, we descended into a slight ravine and discovered the herd of Angus splashing in the muddy water of the creek which only yesterday had been bone dry. Old Rocky, the huge, black, broad-

shouldered herd bull, meandered over to us, water dripping from his legs and muzzle, to have his back scratched. Two calves dashed off in a race that sent their worried mothers galloping after them, lowing for them to return.

The willows which grew on either side of the creek were as green as in springtime, probably because their roots had penetrated to the strata of sand which kept us supplied with water back at the house. A few hundred yards down the creek, an earthen dam created an artificial lake. The lake was now full, and the water was pouring over the spillway in the middle of the dam. Yesterday our cattle had drunk from a muddied spring which seeped up through an alkali pond bed.

We walked down the creek for a quarter of a mile and started back to the house. The sight of the wheat stubble made us feel good. We had been able to combine the wheat before the drought ruined the kernels. Next we walked over what had been our corn field. The young plants, not a foot tall, were sprawled grotesquely in every direction, their remains bleached white by the sun. The day got hotter, and we were glad to reach the shade of the two pale elms and the single yellow-leaved cottonwood growing in the yard.

Now the long afternoon is ended. Once more the sun is setting—behind a new bank of clouds. Tendrils of gold, scarlet, purple, and black radiate from the place where the sun is hidden. The sky is colored in an abstract design reaching almost to the zenith. Beyond, the darkness increases. Soon the eastern horizon is shrouded in the blue-black of evening. In the west the brilliant colors fade to darker hues. A robin on the gatepost intones the evening Angelus. Far away, out on the range, a coyote wails his greeting to night, and Old Rocky's deep-throated voice bellows defiance. Silence and darkness descend over the prairie.

## The Frasch Process

RALPH L. GOODMAN

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 1*

THROUGHOUT THE NINETEENTH CENTURY THE UNITED States was forced to import a large quantity of sulfur. Ample deposits existed in the southern part of this country, but they were deep under the earth's surface, many of them underlying quicksand and swamps. In 1890 Herman Frasch, an American inventor, secured a patent on a process to obtain sulfur from these previously inaccessible deposits. This process known by its inventor's name has been considered a great step toward economic independence for our country.

To institute the Frasch process, a hole, eight to ten inches in diameter, is drilled down to a layer of solid rock directly above and within a foot or two of the sulfur deposits. (These deposits are usually 500 to 2,000 feet below the earth's surface.) A steel pipe with a diameter slightly less than the diameter of the hole is fitted with an insulation jacket. It is then inserted to the depth of the hole and secured in place. A drill bit, smaller in diameter than the pipe just installed, is used to extend the depth of the hole through the rock and into the sulfur deposit. Two concentric pipes are placed in this large pipe and extended down into the sulfur bed. When these three concentric pipes are secured in place the surface ends of the pipes are connected to the proper sources and outlets. These outlets are equipped with checks and valves to regulate properly the flow of materials.

The smallest of the three pipes is connected to a supply of compressed air. The largest pipe is connected to a supply of water that has been heated under pressure to 165° centigrade temperature. The medium-sized pipe is vented into large open vats on the earth's surface.

The super-heated water traveling down the large pipe melts the sulfur. The compressed air from the small pipe forces the liquid sulfur through the vented medium-sized pipe into the open vats. The liquid sulfur cools in these vats to solid sulfur which is 99.5 to 99.9% pure.

The Frasch process has proven to be most successful in the past fifty years. Owing to its efficiency the United States not only produces a sufficient supply of sulfur for her own needs, but also 90% of the total world supply.

\* \* \*

College age generally arrives during the last spasms of adolescence. That is the time of life when a lad is told that he must get a job because he is a man, and can't come home in a blind stupor at 4 A.M. because he is just a boy. This befuddled creature is then led into the glorious world of intellectualism. This leading of the lamb to slaughter is his first step toward becoming an independent entity. And the poor kid leaves home and cries in his beer for two weeks. After finding that salt water does nothing for the taste, Junior wises up. For he realizes that he's gone from Mom's apron strings for good, and he realizes that this is the testing ground for his early training and for his readiness to enter the world. At this point he sees the light and realizes that if he doesn't grow up soon, he's going to be in one hell of a mess.

MYRON F. WEINER, 101.

# Persons of Different Faiths Should Not Marry

JO ANN DAVIDSON

*Rhetoric 102, Final Examination*

**T**HOUSANDS OF PARENTS IN THE UNITED STATES ARE asking this question: "Should I let my child marry someone of a different faith?" The problem of mixed marriages is still unsolved. Attitudes toward it differ. But my answer would be no; persons of different faiths should not marry.

This problem of interfaith marriages has arisen because of the democratic way of life in the United States. Free mixing of persons of different backgrounds is not only condoned but openly encouraged. Thus, young people have ample opportunity to come into constant contact with people of a great variety of religions. I do not intend to intimate that it is wrong for friendships to exist across religious barriers. Catholics, Protestants, and Jews should be friends, but they should certainly not intermarry.

Although Jewish, Protestant, and Catholic leaders disagree on many points, they are unanimous in their negative attitude toward mixed marriages. Pope Pius XII, realizing the growing importance of the question, said recently in a special encyclical to the American Church: "Such marriages, as is clear to you from wide experience, are rarely happy and usually occasion grave loss to the Catholic Church."

Jewish Rabbis are also struggling against interfaith marriages. They are following a religious tradition that dates back to Biblical times. For evidence to back their beliefs, the Rabbis always cite this passage from the Old Testament, in which God forbids the Jews to marry outside their religion:

If you embrace the errors of these nations that dwell among you, and make marriages with them, and join friendships . . . they shall be a pit and a snare in your way, and a stumbling block in your side . . . till He take you and destroy you from this land which He hath given to you.

Joshua XXIII, 13-14.

If mixed marriages were known to work satisfactorily, argument against them would be unnecessary. But surveys show that mixed marriages are not successful marriages. Various studies have proved that chances of divorce and separation are two and a half times as great in an interfaith marriage.

It has also been shown that the partners' religious lives suffer in such an arrangement. Dr. Murray Leiffer, sociology professor at Garrett Biblical Institute in Evanston, Illinois, made a study of seven hundred and forty-three



mixed marriages. Dr. Leiffer found that in most cases religious tension had been adjusted by one or both partners giving up religion altogether. This is a very disheartening discovery, for the more parents who give up religion, the more children that will be brought up with no chance of any spiritual life.

A survey on mixed marriages was also conducted by the Y. M. C. A. The results gave the following information concerning the religious lives of the children born of mixed marriages. Where both parents were Catholic, ninety-two per cent of the children were also practicing Catholics. Where both parents were Protestant, sixty-nine per cent of the children were practicing Protestants. But, in the cases where one parent was Catholic and the other Protestant, only thirty-four per cent of the children were practicing any kind of religion at all. What about the other sixty-six per cent? They are the ones who are paying for the folly of mixed marriages.

Some people argue against strict marriage restriction. "Why come between two lovers?" they ask. "God says, 'Love one another as I have loved you.'" But love and marriage between two people of different religions is not what God had in mind. Love that doesn't conform to God's laws is unlawful. God must always come first, not second. No human love should exceed the love of God. If everyone loved God to the fullest extent, this problem of mixed marriages would never have arisen. For he who loves God follows religious laws rigorously. Religion should always be put before marriage, because religion is the most important thing in life.

Some citizens cannot see how there could possibly be any objections to mixed marriages. "After all," they agree, "religion is such a little thing. Why get upset about it?" But one cannot dismiss religion as just a "little thing." Religious differences are fundamental differences. Sometimes religion seems very secondary to the deep emotional attraction of two young lovers. But once the glitter of romance has worn off and the wedding-day is just a dim memory, religion doesn't seem so unimportant after all. The husbands and wives more often than not find themselves in bitter conflict over their religious differences. No marital unity can be complete unless each fundamental part harmonizes to make a perfect whole.

Religion can't be isolated as one part of married life. The religious beliefs of a couple color every phase of their life together. Therefore, it is easy to see how religious differences may cause constant conflict. Cultural patterns and values differ with faiths. For example, Catholicism lauds submission, while Protestantism emphasizes personal freedom. Two people who have a different set of values and standards really have very little in common. Naturally, they can't be expected to be compatible in such a situation.

"If mixed marriages are so unstable," one might ask, "then why does the Catholic Church grant its members dispensations to wed Protestants or Jews?" The answer is quite simple. A dispensation is just a temporary acceptance of a mixed marriage. Actually, it might be called a compromise. Even though

the Catholic Church allows a mixed marriage, it takes positive steps to deprive the non-Catholic member of all religious freedom. If a dispensation is granted, the non-Catholic member must promise never to interfere with his or her partner's practice of religion. In a signed statement the non-Catholic member must promise that all children born of the marriage will be baptized and reared in the Catholic faith, that the Catholic laws concerning birth control and divorce will be strictly adhered to, and that no marriage ceremony except one by a priest will be performed. The Catholic partner must promise "to bring about the conversion of my consort." Such a dispensation with all its cruel commands is no answer to the problem of mixed marriages.

Children born of a mixed marriage present still another complication. When the members of a family do not all practice one religion, family unity is weak. Each child tends to be closer to the parent whose religion he shares. This division results in unequal affection and loyalty, and jealousy generally follows.

Another disadvantage in mixed marriages is the clash that occurs between church loyalties and family loyalties. If each partner belongs to a different religion, each will be forced to make separate contributions of time and money. Arrangements concerning the church work of one partner may displease and inconvenience the other.

Perhaps the strongest argument against interfaith marriage is the acute tension which results among in-laws. If the parents are radically against a son or daughter's marriage to a person of different religion, they may even go so far as to sever all ties with their child. Such a situation is extremely regrettable, no matter what the cause. As Dr. Sidney J. Goldstein, Jewish Rabbi and well-known marriage counselor, says, "Young people may believe that their own happiness is more important than the wishes of their parents, but it is very difficult, even impossible, for a young man and especially for a young woman to separate himself or herself from the family of which he or she has so long been a part." A spouse is not enough, particularly during crucial hours of death and disease. A friendly, loving family is essential to everyone's personal happiness and security.

For many reasons it is important that the chief concern of young people shall be to form happy marriages and peaceful homes. We are now living in a time of world chaos. Nothing is secure and nothing is sacred. We are seeing nations, values, dreams, and institutions being wrecked by the evil plots of small men. If our world is to survive this crucial time, it is essential that the peaceful family be maintained at any expense, for the family organization is the basis of all life. If the family fails, then the world must fail. It is up to every citizen to see that only peaceful marriages are formed. World peace will stem from family peace. Evidence shows that the mixed marriage has little chance for success. Then, I say, let mixed marriages be prohibited!

# A Review of 1984

DAVID BEHREND

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 8*

1984 IS BASICALLY AN "IDEA NOVEL" THAT DEALS NOT so much with people as with theories and concepts. It presents a vivid and dramatic picture of successful, stable oligarchy and the philosophy, organization, and society of that oligarchy.

The strength of the book lies not so much in the idea of the book as in the manner of its presentation. The ideas and concepts are presented through the lives of the characters. As in all novels that deal primarily with concepts, the main function of the characters is to represent classes and types. This work is rare in that while Orwell's characters are frankly symbols, they never lose their own individual personalities.

The hero of the book, Winston Smith, is a "little man" engaged in a hopeless battle with a hostile society. He is a man who wins the sympathy of the reader. He is a vivid, distinct individual as are all his friends: Syme, blindly loyal to the government but too aware, too intelligent; Julia, Smith's shallow but devoted sweetheart; Parsons, stupid but enthusiastic; and even O'Brien, the antithesis of Winston Smith. All of these people, while completely individual and distinct, represent types with which we are all familiar.

In Orwell's book, these types are placed in a system which controls not only their lives but their very thoughts. The system exerts this extraordinary control by an interesting thought process called "doublethink." Doublethink is a function of the mind that enables one to hold two completely conflicting ideas and believe in both implicitly. We all do this to some extent, but it is the foundation of Orwell's civilization. The word of the state is truth, regardless of facts to the contrary. Thought criminals (those not adept at rationalization) like Smith are soon weeded out by an ingenious secret police.

1984 invites comparison with Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, another social theory novel. Huxley's book treats of a stable but benevolent society that also completely controls the mind. The main difference between the two societies is that the leaders of the *Brave New World* are sincerely concerned with the welfare of humanity, while those of 1984 are interested only in power. Both societies, however, seek to crush independence and individuality and thus remove originality and vigor from humanity.

While Huxley's brave new world sometimes seems rather unreal, Orwell has pictured his society of the future with such clear and logical vividness that it appears to be a distinct possibility. He never allows abstraction to dilute the feeling of urgency that characterizes the whole book.

1984 is a tragedy. Its real strength lies in its reality, for it is that very reality that brings the true nature of Orwell's idea directly to the reader so that he cannot ignore the plight of the hero or the menace which Orwell fears. The book's reality brings the tragedy out of the abstract and presents it nakedly and squarely to the reader.

## Do Engineers Need Liberal Arts Courses?

ROBERT W. LASHER

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 2*

MANY ENGINEERS IN THE FIELD AND STUDENTS IN THE engineering schools have long questioned the importance of liberal arts courses in their curriculum. An engineer is one who is versed in or who follows as a calling any branch of engineering. Engineering is the art and science by which the properties of matter and the sources of power in nature are made useful to man in structures, machines, and manufactured products. The argument, then, appears to be whether the prospective engineer needs liberal art courses to prepare himself properly for his area of responsibility.

The artisan, highly skilled in the processes of his trade, cannot be expected to produce satisfactory results without sufficient or adequate tools. The painter who is lacking in colors or brushes is not able to express himself as he would if his kit were properly outfitted. So it is with the engineer. If he is to do his job fully and well, he must be adequately equipped; and to be so equipped, he has a need for liberal arts training.

Preparing oneself to be an engineer is a long and tedious process. A great deal of information must be absorbed from the printed page and from the lecture room. The ability to understand fully what is read and heard depends upon the interpretive power of the individual. Studies in vocabulary and interpretive reading, such as those found in courses in English, are valuable in developing this power. The engineer is frequently called upon to express himself concerning an idea or a development, and to do so effectively he must have at his disposal the tools acquired in the study of rhetoric, literature, and public speaking.

The engineer does not perform his duties alone, but must work in the company of other people as a subordinate, a co-worker or in an administrative



capacity. Although to a certain extent a person's ability to get along with his neighbors lies inherently within his personality, he needs special techniques when dealing with the problems of group behavior. These techniques are presented in courses in personnel relations and management, economics, and associated subjects found in the schools of commerce and liberal arts.

It may be true that the person who is just starting an engineering career and who has already acquired the necessary technical knowledge will be able to learn through self-training and experience the non-technical qualities in question. This fact does not remove the need for non-technical knowledge. At the present time and in ensuing years engineers are and will be in great demand. Engineering graduates must be as fully prepared as possible in the shortest possible time to meet the demand. Management cannot wait for its engineers to receive a well-rounded education while on the job.

Of the seventeen members of the University of Illinois engineering faculty who were interviewed on this question, all asserted that courses in the liberal arts college are essential to the proper education of the prospective engineer. Such sources may appear to be biased, since as teachers these men favor the teaching profession and would advocate most extensive use of an educational institution. But eighty-two per cent of those interviewed have been professional engineers and therefore are aware of the practical as well as the academic problems involved.

From ditch-digging to the peak of professional practice, the individual must be properly equipped to perform his tasks, whether this equipment consists of tangible instruments or of knowledge. Barely essential equipment is rarely sufficient to do a job completely and properly in the allotted time. There is a definite need for general knowledge in addition to the required special knowledge. Engineers *need* liberal arts courses to provide this general knowledge.

\* \* \*

Aeons ago, Og, a cave boy, ambled over to the edge of a nearby cliff. Many hundreds of feet below him a dinosaur was meting out punishment to its young. Og, who had just received such treatment himself, dropped his heavy stone hammer on mama dinosaur's head. The puzzled beast looked around in an uncertain manner while Og, to further its bewilderment, dropped a handful of stones on its tail. This was too much! The dinosaur hurried from the cliff, leaving her young ones to fare as they could, for this was surely a case of every man for himself. Og, observing the chaos below, had an odd feeling in the region of his diaphragm. Before he knew what was happening, a whoosh of air blew out of his mouth, accompanied by a guttural grunt. The laugh was born.

NANCY ROCKWOOD, 101.

# My Lovely Queen

WILLIAM H. MAY

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 8*

THE PLAYER SEATED DIRECTLY OPPOSITE ME RIFFLED the pack of blue and white bicycles and passed them to his right for a cut. A hand danced out comically and tapped them. The "dealer" squared the deck with two sharp raps on the table. Snapping each pasteboard face down, he dealt two to each of his five opponents. Nervously the first man glimpsed each small card as it slid to a halt in front of him. The second player scooped them into a stack and drew them to his bosom. I was third. I didn't look. The cards stopped at the fingertips of the fourth man, the "gentleman." Number five was still talking about his last hand when his share of cards dropped on the green table. The "dealer" nonchalantly fanned his cards and casually assessed their value.

Slowly and cautiously, I picked up my cards. I wanted no one peeping into my hand. I stared at them. A big beautiful queen stared right back at me. Clinging to her skirt was a lowly trey. The other five players memorized their cards thoroughly.

As quick as if not quicker than the eye, the dealer peeled off six more rectangles, face up. There it was! Another lady. She was lying back to back with my first. A king sat proudly in front of the dealer. The number one man had a weak deuce. He fumbled clumsily with it, almost turning his hole cards over. A three had fallen for the second man. On my left, the gentleman was tapping a cigarette on an eight of hearts. Next to him sat that jabbering idiot. He had a ten showing.

"I'll bet five," said the dealer.

"Call."

"I'm in."

"I'll see you," said the gentleman as he lit up.

"O.K."

"I'll go for the ride."

The chips rolled into the pot, and the dealer flipped off another six cards. I got a measly seven. A pair of kings appeared for the dealer. "Nerves" received a ten. My heart fell. The man on my right had a queen—my queen. The gentleman straightened out a four of hearts with his manicured hands. A nine of diamonds brought out a laugh from Mr. Humor.

"Pair of kings bets five more."

"I, ah, I'm still in."

"I'm in."

"Call," I said.

"I'm staying."

"I drop," said the comic as he turned his cards over.

Another five snaps and we each had a new card. The dealer now had a pair of kings and a seven. The number one man fidgeted in his seat, and then, unsure of himself, folded. On top of that queen I desired rested a four. I had a trey. A trey! A look at my hole cards proved Lady Luck was with me; that trey matched the one in my hand. I had two pair. Those kings of the dealer still looked strong. The gentleman now was lining up his third straight heart, a nine.

"Five on the kings."

"And five more," said the second man.

I shoved in ten chips.

"I'll ride it out," said the gentleman, "with a possible flush."

Four more cards hopped and skipped to each player. A jack halted at my spot. I looked at the dealer. Amazingly, he had two pair showing. Another seven lay with his kings and his first seven. Two pair and kings high. That was better than my hand. A six rested on my lost queen. If I only had her now. My right-hand man showed a three, four, and six. I figured he had a straight because he'd raised the dealer's last bet. The gentleman shifted his position and squared up his fourth heart in a row. It was a six. Should I stick? It appeared that I had donated twenty chips to the pot. I was beaten for sure by the dealer. The gentleman had a good chance to complete a flush, and a possible straight covered the handsome features of my missing queen. Oh, how I could use her!

"Bet five," said the dealer as he coolly pushed a pile of chips into the center of the table.

"Call," said the possessor of my beloved queen.

The gentleman laid a neat stack of chips next to those I had thrust out. I need a trey or a queen, I thought to myself. I concentrated: I need a trey or a queen. One queen was gone. The other might have been in someone else's hand. The odds were against me, but I decided to gamble.

Here was my last chance. The dealer very slowly slid the four cards off, one at a time. They came face down. I didn't look right away. I shuffled them through my fingers, pulled them in front of my eyes, and began fanning them. I stared hard. There was my first beautiful queen, as sweet as ever, still staring blankly back at me. Hanging to her skirt was the trey. I look longingly at the queen that I had come so close to owning. She seemed to be smiling at me. Please, baby, jump up here, I wished. I slid the trey back very slowly. I could see the white corner. Then it was in full. And what a sight it was. I folded the fan up quickly. I set the three cards down in front of me. Of all the cards in the deck—a jack! Three useless pair washed my twenty-five chips into someone's pocket.

My chips went to the gentleman. On his last card he had made his flush. His five hearts in a row had beaten the dealer's kings and sevens and the straight on my right.

The nervous man was now gathering the cards for a new hand. He brushed my lost queen into the pile—my lovely, lost queen.

## Commitment

JEANNE M. ECKLUND

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 7*

SINCE EARLY TIME, THE CARE OF THE INSANE OR "crazy" has been one of the great problems of society. Today in the state of Illinois such care is provided in several state-operated institutions as well as in private sanitariums and veterans' hospitals. But the actual commitment procedure is involved and known to few people. The inmates are assigned to all these institutions through one source; only in an emergency are they admitted directly.

Most commitments are made through the court at Cook County Psychopathic Hospital. This gray building with its barred windows is located at Wood and Polk Streets in Chicago, Illinois. It is an integral part of Cook County Hospital but is also under the partial jurisdiction of the state. A small number of cases are treated there for the education of medical and nursing students; the main function of the hospital, however, is that of a human clearing station.

The typical patient is brought to the admitting department by either his family or the police because of his strange or violent actions and behavior. To prevent families from bringing unwanted members in for commitment, however, the law provides that the patient must have a certificate signed by a licensed physician requesting an examination.

On entrance, the patient is examined by the intern on call or his superior, the resident physician. If admitted to the hospital, the patient then receives a bath and frequently a delousing. His clothing and all personal belongings are taken from him, and he is garbed in hospital clothing. Of course, if he is violent these initial steps of his processing are omitted.

The patient is then brought into one of the two first-floor admitting wards where he is further examined both physically and mentally, and laboratory tests are made. Sedation and restraint are used if necessary to calm and quiet him. From the time of his admission and for the next eight to ten



days the patient is expected to conform to the hospital routine as best he is able.

Usually on the second hospital day the patient is transferred to the upstairs wards; the men and women are assigned to the second and third floors respectively. Each floor has two wards which allow the segregation of the more violent patients from those less disturbed.

During the following days the patient is subjected to many diagnostic tests and interviews. He often appears before a clinic of Chicago's leading psychiatrists, who interview and study him. His care throughout his hospital stay is mainly a process of observation and routine, including diet, rest, and medication. Occupational therapy is very limited because of the rapid turnover. Every Monday evening, however, dancing and bingo parties are held for the patients who are able to participate.

At the end of this period of observation, the patient appears in court, where

His decisions may be divided into three categories. First, the patient may be discharged as not mentally ill. Such a patient usually has had merely an about their preference for his treatment. The judge then makes his decision.

His decision may be divided into three categories. First, the patient may be discharged as not mentally ill. Such a patient usually has had merely an emotional upset, or was brought in by the police for sanity tests before coming to civil trial. Second, he may be discharged as not mentally ill but in need of psychiatric treatment and released on probation to his family for treatment in a private sanitarium, or he may be sent to a state institution if that action is desired. A patient discharged in this manner may be an alcoholic or a marked neurotic. Finally, the patient may be found mentally ill, and be committed to an institution for treatment until the time he can be proclaimed cured by the action of another court hearing. The patient thus committed may suffer from a mental illness which is incurable. If so, he will spend the remainder of his life in an institution.

## Week-end in Chicago

VIRGINIA McMANUS

*Rhetoric 101, Theme A*

IF YOU SPEND A WEEK-END IN CHICAGO, YOUR IMPRESSIONS might be determined by where you get off the train.

If you get off at Union Station, in the heart of the Loop, you will come out onto our crowded, brilliant, famed State Street. And it will seem like every other city in America—bright lights, people rushing, pushing, sailors with a girl on each arm hurrying to roller-skating rinks, whistle-blowing

doormen trying to clear a path from the hotel to the cab for their patrons, cut-rate clothing shops, Woolworths and Walgreens and Marshall Fields—everything impersonal and everything just what you might expect in a Big City.

If you get off at another stop, Polk Street on Chicago's West Side, things will be very different. Outside the station you will find the sidewalks crowded with children and dogs, all digging in the cracks and running in and out of the tenements that line the street. There is a different kind of noise: it seems the entire neighborhood is filled with aimlessly shouting people and fifteen-cent transportation. Streetcars rattle by from four directions; elevateds run overhead; busses clog the traffic. Much of the shouting is in foreign languages, for these people are Italian and Mexican. They live in a section of their own, entirely unaffected by the rest of the busy city a few miles away. The neighboring section is Polish, and these people are considerably affected by the city, for they live right in the glare from the neon signs of fashionable hotels and night clubs. The red and blue lights flood their apartments at night, and from their kitchen windows one can watch the patrons go into the entrances below. Almost every exclusive district in the city is flanked by slum area, especially the commercial streets such as Rush, home of many of our most famous clubs.

The next stop to the west is Maxwell Street, where the Jewish people and Gypsies display their wares and barter right on the street. An eight-block area overflows with these merchants, and the streets and curbs are piled with used clothes and trays of stolen merchandise such as watches and jewelry; cheeses are strung from the tops of the stalls, and everything from fruit and vegetable stands to pawn shops occupy any gap large enough for a bit of merchandise and a merchant. Drunks sleep unnoticed in the gutter, narcotics are sold under such guises as "pep powder," old women nap on their front stoops, cats sun themselves on window sills, and barefoot "combos" play and dance in the alleys for pennies. Sometimes a spectacular sight such as a dog of unknown parentage being wheeled in a baby carriage with a sign, "Good watchdog—Cheap—five dollars," comes past, and the residents of the street don't even look up. Anything goes on Maxwell Street, the potpourri district of the city.

Part of the city, however, consists of people who, being middle class in taste as well as income, have no desire to see either extreme. They rarely if ever visit the fabulous clubs that Chicago is known for, and they would refuse a trip through one of the more colorful sections. They are unlike the uninhibited poor in that a week-end does not mean beer or wine, gay music, and two days of carefree celebration at the end of a week of hard physical labor. The middle class, or the white collar group, find the week-end only a bit more hectic. There are inconveniences involved; the butcher shop closes at noon, and that means a Saturday morning scurry, the white-glove and new-hat

ritual must be repeated in preparation for Sunday church, and the most excitement is the eleven o'clock Saturday night dash for toothpaste before the drug store closes until Monday.

Unfortunately, I am a member of the latter class. I have every intention of seeing more of the great city in which I live. I want to explore and see the remote sections—but I end the week by washing my hair, sleeping a bit later than usual, going to the same place every Saturday night.

I love having Chicago for a home. I enjoy its contrasts—cruel contrasts at times, but fascinating to watch. I like the feeling that within a few minutes' ride from my home is Lincoln Park and the famous Bug House square filled with fanatic orators on soap boxes. I deplore Skid Row, but driving through it is an unforgettable experience. And I always resolve to make the most of living in Chicago, for I have discovered that there are a thousand ways to spend a week-end in my home town, and I am determined to experience all of them.

## Hysteria in Massachusetts

ANNE DAVIS

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 10*

WE HAVE OFTEN HEARD IT SAID, "THERE'S NOBODY funnier than people," and, while we laugh at the statement, we all have to admit that it's true. People taken as individuals are amazing creations of God which we cannot completely understand or explain, but which can be studied and classified to some extent. People *en masse*, however, form a very different compound for the humanist to analyze. The emotions of a mob are usually as strong as those of the most emotional people in it, and the actions of a mob are usually as violent and drastic as those of its most radical constituents. Too often, people as a part of a group lose their individual characteristics and powers to think and allow themselves to be easily swayed by the more dominant personalities.

This loss of individuality isn't just a phenomenon present today or at any other specific period in history. Brutus spoke to the Roman populace at Caesar's burial and won the people to his side, but then Mark Antony gave, at least in Shakespeare's version, his emotional "Friends, Romans, Countrymen" speech which swayed them completely in the opposite direction. This same mass action occurred in the lynchings in our own southern states after the Civil War and in our early West, and it occurs now in snake dances on college campuses or, worse, in the all-too-frequent race riots.

One of the most strange and tragic examples of mass hysteria, however, occurred in Massachusetts in 1692. It started in small Salem Village and spread over a large part of the state. The people involved were Puritans, deeply religious and very strict in every phase of their daily lives, especially in the upbringing of their children. This joyless life may have been all right for the adults who had through the years become hardened to it, but for the children, and the more spirited ones in particular, it was too dull and confining, and the religion taught them was terrifying and mysterious.

Several young Puritan girls of Salem discovered an imaginative Negro servant girl who told them stories of witchcraft and the supernatural at times when they could manage to escape the supervision of their elders. These weird tales were so exciting to the impressionable girls that they told others of their newly-found interest, and soon quite a group of girls ranging in age from eight to twenty were gathering whenever possible to listen to the Negro.

Perhaps the first reaction to these stories occurred because of the guilt the girls felt for attending the gatherings secretly, or perhaps the weird stories were becoming too real to them or disturbing their dreams. It may even have been a sort of game to provide new excitement. At any rate, several of the girls began acting queerly and going into spasms, and soon the whole group was following suit. In order to explain these actions and to escape from telling of their secret sessions with the story teller, they said they were possessed by a curse. When it became necessary to tell more than just this, they began naming a few eccentric or unpopular women in the village as their tormentors. The minister, whose own daughter was pretending to be possessed, zealously led the village in the persecution of the tormenting "witches."

As they received more and more attention the girls became more adept in their game of being possessed. They added new screams of pain and began to ward off spiritual shapes which they said tempted them to sign away their souls to the devil. It seems incredible that the village people could have believed these girls unquestioningly, but they did. The few who took time to consider sensibly the actions and the accusations of the girls were squelched by the indignant champions of the possessed. Some of these champions were themselves imagining that they too felt pains and saw visions so that they could be placed among that honored group of girls who acted as accusers for the whole town. In fact, it came to be quite dangerous for anyone to admit that he believed there could be anything deceptive about the strange actions of the girls, for if he did, he soon found himself among the many accused of being witches.

People lived in constant fear, not only of the curses of the witches, but of being accused of some sort of sorcery themselves. They saw their neighbors, close friends, and even relatives, people they knew and loved well, sent to prison, and still they did not doubt the word of the "poor afflicted children."



Instead they remembered all the petty quarrels, mishaps, and freaks of nature which they could now blame on evil powers and added their testimony to condemn the accused.

Trials were held in which the sole evidence was the testimony of the possessed girls about the spiritual shapes of the accused witches. Since they had no way of proving where their shapes had been at specific times, many people confessed to witchcraft and were sent to prison to be used as witnesses against other witches rather than being hanged right away. Many times their confessions and accusations of others were wrung from them by torture.

The people of Salem, including ministers and even the judges who tried the accused, were so blinded by the general hysteria and superstitious fear that they did not stop to wonder how people who had led upright lives for years could suddenly become evil. It was not until after nineteen men and women had been hanged and one hundred and fifty more had been put in prison to await trial that the hysteria began to wear off and people began to realize that so large a number of their neighbors could not suddenly become possessed of evil powers. Trials were carried on in which no spiritual evidence was accepted, and finally all of the accused were released from prison.

The effects of the affair, however, were felt for many years. Silent feuds between families continued for several generations, and some of the girls who had started all the trouble suffered pangs of conscience that were worse than any they had professed to endure during their seizures. The whole episode, which will always be a blot on the history of Massachusetts, is an unforgettable example of how wise and upright men may be deluded when they allow themselves to become immersed in mass hysteria.

## The Man on the Magazine Cover

J. WARD KNAPP

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 12*

ANGELO WAS WELL BUILT. HE WAS ONLY ABOUT FIVE-nine in height, and his shoulders weren't as broad as one might expect, but he was very well built. Angelo was a young man, and he had a build that young men admire and that most women say makes them sick. He resembled some of the men in those "muscle" magazines he always read.

I saw Angelo Malano during Easter vacation last month. He was walking down Main Street toward me, not strutting, just walking erect, but people thought he was strutting because it's unusual to see a person walk correctly. Angelo always wore one of two things to cover his thick chest, broad back,

and flat stomach: a size thirty-eight t-shirt, or a brilliant corduroy shirt with the sleeves rolled up and the front open to expose too much of his chest. On his slim hips he always wore a pair of well-pressed pants, a little too short, a little too tight around the hips. He was wearing a yellow corduroy shirt and blue pants when I saw him.

"The strongest man in the world," I said when Angelo was near enough to hear me.

"What ya say kid?" Angelo's face was as brown as if he had been in Florida all winter. At the first sign of spring he would drive his big, blue Buick convertible out to the lake, strip off his shirt and lie on the seat and tan himself. During the summer he was out every day in his very scanty swimming suit, lying on the raft in the lake and being very careful to keep his greasy, wavy hair dry. It was then that the girls would say, "How disgusting he looks, running around half-naked in that damn loin cloth he calls a swimming suit."

"Home from college for Easter?" he asked.

"Yeah, until Wednesday."

"Have you been learnin' anything?"

"A little, not very much." I was expecting his usual question, "Who have you been sleeping with?" He asked it.

"Is that all you can think about, Angelo?" I asked, feigning disgust.

"Hell, yes. Walk up to the drug store with me and I'll buy you something to drink."

"No. I just came from there," I said, "I think I'll go down to the pool hall and see if any of the guys are there. Come on. You can show me a few of your card tricks."

He smiled slyly. "Hell, that'd just be a waste of time. You can't figure 'em out, and besides I don't want to keep the women waiting down at the drug store."

"Jesus," I laughed the word out. "Come on. I'm really a brain, Angelo."

He laughed, and we both walked toward the pool hall. Angelo ran a poker game at the pool hall, and that was how he made most of his money, even though he did own an "all night" restaurant where the taxi drivers, truck drivers, and cops ate or drank coffee. He was very smart at cards, and he made quite a bit of money, enough to drive a new Buick.

No one I was looking for was in the pool hall, and we sat down at one of the card tables in the rear of the room.

"Pick a card," he said, fanning the deck of cards out in his long, smooth fingers.

"Okay. I've got one." Angelo showed me the card trick, and then he did several more. There was only one trick I thought I knew the answer to, but I was wrong, and he laughed every time I was fooled. I had to laugh too, because the tricks were clever and he was good, always wise-cracking and

laughing, and moving his hands quickly and surely. He completely fooled me, and he was enjoying himself very much. "What do they teach you guys at college anyway?"

"Not this," I said.

After awhile Angelo stopped and said, "I thought you were going to take weight-lifting in P.E. at college?"

"I was, but I didn't. Why should I? It's too much work."

"Why should you?" He looked at me, trying not to look bewildered, but half smiling and wrinkling his forehead. "Look at these guys."

"Who?"

"These guys here in this magazine. Don't you college guys ever read anything?"

He tossed a "muscle" magazine at me. The man on the magazine cover was greased and shining, every muscle in his body was bulging, and the lighting made him look like a statue. The man was posed in a discobolus-like position. He was studying his right bicep. You could not see his face.

## Lenin: His Apprenticeship To the Revolution

HAROLD TENNEY

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 10*

### PREFACE

N IKOLAI LENIN WAS ONE OF THE FOREMOST ARCHITECTS in the formation of the world political situation as it exists today.

The Frankenstein monster that he created will play a part of ever-increasing importance in the shaping of the world's history. Whether Russia conquers the world and imposes a communistic dictatorship on all of us or whether she falls in defeat, the handiwork of Lenin will have an inestimable effect on the lives of the next generations.

A life of such significance as Lenin's deserves a much more lengthy and detailed treatment than is possible in a paper of this length. Consequently, I have limited my topic to cover only Lenin's early life and "apprenticeship to the revolution."<sup>1</sup> It was during this period that Lenin assimilated those quali-

<sup>1</sup> Harold Laski, "Ulyanov, Vladimir Ilich," *Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences* (New York, 1934), 8: 140.

ties and theories that were to make him the successful revolutionary and administrator that he was to be in later years. He acquired a remarkable knowledge of Marxist theory, which provided a basis for the government he sought to establish and the plan for its establishment; he gained an insight into the mentality of the Russian factory worker; and through this knowledge and insight he rose to prominence among his fellow revolutionists.<sup>2</sup>

Nikolai Lenin, whose real name was Vladimir Ilich Ulyanov, was born in the obscure provincial town of Simbirsk, Russia, on April 22, 1870. Simbirsk, a peaceful village on the Volga River, was, in spite of its seemingly placid atmosphere, a hotbed of political activity and a perpetual source of revolutionary feeling. The principal reason for this discord was the ill-feeling among the lower classes caused by the strict class-consciousness in the town. Merchants, officials, landowners, and peasants were sharply divided in a highly stratified society.<sup>3</sup>

The peasants' resentment was further stimulated by the activity of a group of radicals, the nihilists, made up of ecclesiastical students and older high school boys and led by older men who had been transferred or exiled from other areas.<sup>4</sup> In opposition to the nihilists was a faction of large landowners who sought the restoration of the recently abolished serfdom. The actions of this group further intensified the lower class's animosity toward the landowners and toward the system of government that gave them their power.

The family of Ulyanov ranked close to the middle of this society. Lenin's father, a provincial school inspector,<sup>5</sup> was a member of the lower nobility. There were three sons and three daughters in the family, all of whom eventually took part in some revolutionary activity against the Czarist government.

In 1887, when Lenin was seventeen, his older brother, Alexander, a brilliant and well-liked young man, was involved in a bombing plot against the life of Czar Alexander III.<sup>6</sup> Alexander was arrested, tried, and hanged for his part in the unsuccessful plot.

There is disagreement as to the significance of this event in Lenin's life. Some historians maintain that the hanging intensified his hatred for the Czarist government and thus motivated his desire for its overthrow. Kerensky, who supports this theory, contends that the hanging made young Lenin into a ruthless cynic. He attributed Lenin's animosity toward the Russian Orthodox Church to the presence of a priest at the gallows.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> W. C. White, "Lenin the Individual," *Scribner's Magazine*, March, 1934, 95: 185.

<sup>4</sup> Alexander Kerensky, "Lenin's Youth and My Own," *Asia*, February, 1934, 34: 68-73.

<sup>5</sup> David Shub, *Lenin* (Garden City, 1949), p. 20.

<sup>6</sup> Kerensky, p. 70.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 71.



Most biographers, however, tend to discount this theory. Lenin's actions seem to indicate a complete lack of personal feeling.<sup>8</sup> Also, it is very probable that his desire for the Czar's overthrow and his disbelief in Christianity originated previous to his brother's execution. In later years, Lenin said that he discarded his religion at the age of thirteen or fourteen<sup>9</sup>—at least two years before Alexander's hanging. His lack of moral principle, which Kerensky attributed to a cynical character, was more probably a result of his belief in the Marxist principle which states, "... only that is moral to a revolutionary which helps the revolution. . . ." <sup>10</sup> Of course, Lenin's bitterness at the hanging of his brother might have left him especially receptive to the Marxist philosophy, but it is doubtful that the event had any more lasting effect.

Lenin's school record shows him to have been hard-working and accurate. He graduated from the Simbirsk school and received a gold medal as the school's best student. He then continued his education at the University of Kazan, but he soon became involved in a political disturbance and was banished to his family's estate at Kokushkino. His actual participation was not proved, but his brother's record was against him.<sup>11</sup>

In passing, it might be noted that Lenin's early life could have done nothing but make him into the revolutionary that he was. The conditions under which he spent his formative years left him with but two alternatives—to accept the state of affairs as it was, or to work for its change.<sup>12</sup> His character and makeup were such that he naturally followed the latter course.

Lenin's education did not end with his expulsion from the university. In fact, the expulsion marked just the beginning. Although he had been introduced to Marxist theory previously (probably by his brother, Alexander),<sup>13</sup> during this period he began an intensive study of it. The Marxist doctrine provided both the fundamentals and the details of the government that Lenin later strove to establish. Lenin was a devout Marxist throughout his career, and he followed Marx's teachings almost to the letter. Marx's theories of government and economy have no place in this paper, but it is important to note Marx's assumption of the necessity of violent revolution, with the workers directed by a party of trained revolutionaries.<sup>14</sup>

In addition to his intensive study of revolutionary theory, Lenin had in recent Russian history a storehouse of information on the practical mechanics of revolutionary effort. Around 1870, about thirty years previous to the time of Lenin's expulsion from the university and banishment, a group of young

<sup>8</sup> Laski, p. 143.

<sup>9</sup> Kerensky, p. 70.

<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>11</sup> James Maxton, *Lenin* (New York, 1951), p. 13.

<sup>12</sup> White, p. 184.

<sup>13</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>14</sup> Laski, p. 143.

Russian intellectuals had attempted to spread the doctrine of Socialism among the newly emancipated serfs. They were unsuccessful, however, because of the ignorance, superstition, and servility of the peasants. The insurgents then changed their course of action and organized into terrorist societies called "The People's Will." These societies sought to gain concessions from the government through assassination and other terrorist acts. After the assassination of Czar Alexander II in 1881, however, the new Czar did not seek to compromise with the terrorists as his predecessor had done. Instead he launched a vicious campaign against them and drove them underground.<sup>15</sup>

From the failure of "The People's Will" and his brother's execution, Lenin derived two principles that were to guide his plan of revolution: first, he saw that terrorist attempts were futile against the might of the Czar, and second, that the peasants of Russia were not receptive to revolutionary incitement. As a supplement to these principles he observed that Russia was quickly becoming industrialized and that factory workers were becoming an important class. The workers were illiterate and discontented with the conditions imposed upon them. They suffered the hardships of long hours, low wages, and poor living conditions. Lenin realized the potentialities of this group and endeavored to direct their discontent and ill feeling toward the Czar's government.<sup>16</sup>

Vladimir was permitted to return to Kazan in 1888 but was refused permission to re-enter the university. A year later his family moved to the province of Samara, where he organized a small Marxist discussion group.<sup>17</sup>

He emerged from his banishment in 1890, and, through the efforts of his mother, was allowed to take the law examinations at St. Petersburg University. After a summer of strenuous study, he passed with honors and was admitted to the bar. He then took a job with a law firm to earn a living and to satisfy his mother, but he soon found this work incompatible with his revolutionary work and retired from his practice.<sup>18</sup>

At first he spent the greater part of his time becoming acquainted with groups of young men who were conducting night schools for factory workers. In these classes he found a means to spread his teachings among the working class. He also spent much time in the factories, particularly the huge Putilov steel works, talking to workers and trying to gain an insight into their problems, views, and desires.<sup>19</sup>

At this time the revolutionaries were divided into two parties. One, the Social Revolutionaries, was a holdover from the old terrorist movement. This party directed its attention to the peasants and the land problems and retained

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<sup>15</sup> Maxton, p. 29.

<sup>16</sup> White, p. 187.

<sup>17</sup> Shub, p. 24.

<sup>18</sup> Maxton, p. 13.

<sup>19</sup> White, p. 184.

the terrorist methods. The other, the Social Democrats, sought to spread the Marxist teachings among the working class.<sup>20</sup>

In 1893 Lenin associated himself with an underground circle of the Social Democrat Party known as the Elders. The Elders were principally a propaganda organization, directing their efforts toward a select group of workers, whom they instructed in Marxist teachings, political economy, and natural science. The intellectual level of this propaganda was high, however, and as a result did not reach the average worker.<sup>21</sup> Lenin disagreed with this system of select propaganda and proposed mass agitation in its place. Although he was opposed by the conservative element of the group, he was soon able to impose his own system. It was here that Lenin's remarkable ability to blend theory with actual practice became of importance. Previously the party had had no one who could achieve this blend successfully;<sup>22</sup> therefore Lenin became invaluable as a skillful propagandist.

In 1895 Lenin went to Switzerland to meet Plekhanov, one of the old Russian Socialists who had been exiled in the 1880's.<sup>23</sup> Although the two disagreed as to the method of accomplishing the revolution, Plekhanov being the more moderate, they agreed perfectly as to fundamentals and made a profound impression on each other. Lenin came to regard Plekhanov as his teacher and guide,<sup>24</sup> while in Lenin the older man saw the practical leader which the movement had been lacking.<sup>25</sup> The two spent many hours together, discussing plans and theories. Through Plekhanov, Lenin made the acquaintance of many important revolutionary figures, all of whom were greatly impressed with the young man from St. Petersburg.

Lenin returned to St. Petersburg with new ideas, plans, and a suitcase full of Socialistic pamphlets.<sup>26</sup> With renewed vigor he took up the agitation of the factory workers and began working toward the unification of the local Marxist circles. This ambition was realized with the organization of the "Union for Combat to Liberate the Working Class."<sup>27</sup>

Near the end of the year 1895 Lenin initiated the project of establishing a party newspaper which would help to unite the various elements of the party and to spread propaganda. Just as the printing was getting under way, however, the police broke in and arrested him and his confederates.

With Lenin's subsequent imprisonment and exile, this phase of his life ends. He had completed his apprenticeship to the revolution. From this

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<sup>20</sup> Maxton., p. 30.

<sup>21</sup> Georgii Vladimirovich Vernadskii, *Lenin, Red Dictator*, translated by Malcolm W. Davis (New Haven, 1931), p. 25.

<sup>22</sup> Shub, p. 24.

<sup>23</sup> White, pp. 186-187.

<sup>24</sup> Vernadskii, p. 28.

<sup>25</sup> Shub, p. 28.

<sup>26</sup> White, p. 188.

<sup>27</sup> Vernadskii, p. 28.

point forward he was no longer learning or feeling his way about. He had become a full-fledged leader in the Russian revolutionary movement.

When Lenin returned from his three years of study, writing, and planning in Siberia, he launched a program to weld the divided Social Democrat Party into " . . . a vigorous and disciplined instrument of proletarian revolution that would not compromise with any victory short of the full Marxian demand." <sup>28</sup> From this point on he led the revolution that was to make him the master of Russia's teeming millions and a political figure whose magnitude is second to none in modern history.

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<sup>28</sup> Laski, p. 140.

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Here, on this old lookout, which was like a part of the mountain itself, we were a little above the rest of the world. The wind was howling fiercely; we were invigorated, drunk with beauty and still drinking. The sun was low in the sky and beginning to add a tinge of pink to the granite peaks in the distance and a little more purple to the shadows in the valleys. This was the Rockies, the beautiful Rockies of Idaho. We were alone, miles and miles from highways, towns and crowds. There was beauty on every side of us. To the west was Chimney Rock, a gigantic cylinder, made small by distance. Eastward was the broad valley in which Lake Pend Oreille was nestled; the valley was in the shadow of evening and its great lake was almost obscured by the everpresent blue haze. Lifting our eyes from the valley we looked farther eastward and viewed the snow-covered peaks of the Cabinet Mountains in Montana. And turning northward, we could see the distant, lofty peaks of the Canadian Rockies.

DARREL DUNN, 102.



# Child's Play

PHOEBE MANNEL

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 12*

"IT'S REMARKABLE," SHE THOUGHT, "HOW SMALL THIS bathroom is. All the walls seem to pop out and hurl themselves at you."

She locked the door gently and proceeded to place her supplies on the edge of the tub: Richard Hudnut Shampoo, Cashmere Bouquet, and a green plastic drinking cup. She removed her robe and slid into the half-filled tub, the water strongly perfumed with the contents of three bubble-bath tablets. She let the faucets run, but even above their chug-chugging sound she could hear Charley whistling obnoxiously in the bedroom.

She watched the glittering foam arrange itself in intricate patterns on her breast and stomach and saw the patterns change with every movement of the water over her body. She was wearing a filmy, frothy, white dress now . . . Then as she looked around the tiny room and saw the imitation tile wearing away near the molding, the torn plastic curtains sweating with beads of moisture, the mirror fogged and muggy like some opaque pool, and the three powder-blue turkish towels awaiting someone's dirty hands or face, the dress turned back into bubbles again.

The towel on the left with the jelly stain belonged to Mavis (her four year old child), while the one near the window that was wrinkled and dirty with several brands and smells of grease was Charley's. Charley had been greasy even when she had met him that first day at the garage. They had talked, and he had finally persuaded her to accept a date, and then another, and still another, until one day Charley had said that he guessed they ought to set a date for the wedding.

Charley wasn't a dreamer; he painted no pictures of romantic love, or of a cottage by the sea with roses in the garden. He was strong, determined, and sensible. Everyone had said it would be a good match, and she had agreed to marry him; her only actual decision in the entire matter was to choose between a Saturday and a Sunday for the wedding.

But she was glad it had been that way, because she hated to make decisions, and she could never make her mind up to do a thing unless somebody told her to.

The billowy suds were still rising. She poked a window and doors in the nebulous foam with her finger. Now it was a castle. The bottle cap, quick! There, it was a boat going through the dark sea carrying the handsome prince . . . she hummed a tune to herself, and then aloud to drown out Charley's whistling. Sometimes the water shimmered like gelatin, and she saw the light and other objects around the room shattered in a million pieces in the water's

reflection. But if she was very still they would all come back again, just as they had been before.

That was one reason Charley liked her; she liked to play. Oh, yes! Hadn't she often heard him say to a friend, "You should see her, just like a kid with a toy every time I bring her home a present."

But Charley had not brought any presents home for a long time. Business at the garage was not doing so well, Mavis needed new clothes, Mavis needed to have her tonsils out, Mavis needed . . . there were so many bills and so little money, she wished . . .

Charley always smiled too damn cheerfully and comforted her, but he didn't understand. He laughed and scolded gently, or called her "Baby" when she broke something, or when she cried because she was unhappy. Her capricious nature, her moods, her whimsy, and her constant silly jokes on him he thought were amusing; he merely thought her "cute."

"Hey, Baby." The whistling stopped and Charley's booming voice came through the vapory clouds of dampness. He was standing outside the door.

Go away—that's what she wanted to say—you're always spoiling things, you're always interrupting. She turned on the faucets full force. The bubbles were disappearing and now the needle-sharp rush of the water made them rise once more.

"Baby," called Charley, his voice louder in order to be heard over the roar of water, "ya see my overalls?"

"No," she replied. She really knew where they were, but it was too time-consuming to answer him. He always did that, ask questions day and night, "ya see my pajamas, ya see my hammer, ya see—"

Charley's voice interrupted her thoughts once more. "Did I tell ya what happened today, down at the garage? Listening Baby?"

No, she was not listening; it had been a long time since she had listened to anything he had to say. She turned over on her stomach and put her face close to the surface of the inviting water. One thing about water, you never had to talk to it; it was so silent, and soft, and warm. . . .

"Well, anyhow, I always say," continued Charley, "that a fella sure can't tell a guy by his car. Now you take ol' Doc who come in today, and gosh, you should have seen that front seat upholstery. Clean worn out. And then of course in comes Mrs. Janis with that new Cadie of hers . . . say, you listening, baby?" He hesitated for a moment and then assuming that Myra would answer affirmatively, continued, "Well, by God, she only had that Cadie a little less than, no it was more than, well, anyway it was a new job okay, and the motor went dead right in the middle of a red light. She says to me, 'Charley, you know more about motors than most men do about their wives!' Corney jokes! But the customer always being right and so forth that I just went right along with her and laughed. Say, now, Baby, what do ya think of that?"

No answer. Charley started to continue speaking, but then he noticed steam escaping from under the crack in the door, and he heard water spilling on the floor.

"Myra, why in hell don't you answer, Baby," he pleaded now. In his heart he knew what must have happened. Myra in that damned water, always playing, always pretending, making believe. Again he called out desperately, "Baby," but no answer came to his ears except for the dim hissing of the water faucets, going full force.

He stood back from the door, and charged it with his heavy shoulder. It didn't budge, he tried again, and again. The next time he stepped farther back, and hit not the unyielding door, but the soft, bathrobed form of his wife.

"Myra," he nearly shrieked at her. "Why didn't you answer me, why didn't you say something? Didn't you hear me call?" His eyes were popping from their sockets. "Baby. . . ."

"Must play," she interrupted as she walked over to the bathtub and pulled out the plug, for it was not a bathtub really, but a white boat.

\* \* \*

It was a large room, its walls adorned with guns, nature paintings, heads of wild deer, and other trophies of a hunter's world. A pale, intricate fresco covered the ceiling, seemingly a medieval reproduction, symbolizing progress in hunting techniques up to that time. On the floor was a rug made from the carcasses of many large bears, sewn together so skillfully one could barely tell where one ended and another began. The rug was thick and strong, and had taken the impact of tramping hunters' boots for many years. At one end of the room was a huge stone fireplace, in which a roaring fire was blazing, imparting warmth to each corner of the room. Around the fire were gathered a group of men, laughing and joking, filling the room with the sound of their voices. Dressed in heavy leather jackets and long boots which were freshly greased and polished, they were giving last minute attention to rifles, pulling on warm gloves, tying plaid caps over their ears, and making ready for an evening's "coon hunt."

"Hey," came one voice, "the moon's perfect tonight. Look at her! We'll make a haul!"

"Well, what are we waitin' for? Let's get going!"

There followed a bustle of last minute confusion, and then, comfortable pipes and warm fireside forgotten, the men burst through the door, greeted their cagerly awaiting hounds, and disappeared, their laughter ringing and dying on the night air.

ELEANOR LARSON, 102.

# Rhet as Writ

If a man is a man I don't see why he has to raid a sorority house in order to get a girl's panties.

\* \* \*

These children may be male, female or both.

\* \* \*

The bitter taste of last year's sports scandal has put a dent in the minds of all participants, coaches, faculty members, and students.

\* \* \*

If a dog is mad, he may bite you; but if he is happy, his tail will wag vigorously. This is a trait that is often lacking in human beings.

\* \* \*

Upon moving my eyes up his frame I discovered why everybody called him wasp-waste.

\* \* \*

In *The Baker's Wife* he played a tender roll.

\* \* \*

I think that Babbitt was waiting for the gravy train to fall right into his lap.

\* \* \*

The next thing I knew was that I was lying in a bed. There was a nurse beside me standing like a gardening angle.

\* \* \*

It is a story of a man set apart from his own race by sensitivity and intellect. At the age of six he tried to burn his grandmother's house.

\* \* \*

In this novel (*For Whom the Bells Tolls*) Hemingway drops his death plot and replaces it with style. . . . Maria is dwarfed by another woman, Beaky Sharp, wife of Pablo, chieftan of the guerillas.



## Honorable Mention

*James Bair*—Spring Is for the Birds

*John Geppert*—Unusual Process

*Thomas Harvey*—Age of Transition Exemplified

*Barbara H. Neal*—An Analysis of the Effectiveness of  
Freshman Week

*Thomas Regul*—The Kelly-Nash Machine

*Waneta Wilcox*—The Mark of Death

## The Contributors

*Edwin E. Kerr—Cordova*

*Ralph L. Goodman—Olney Twp.*

*Jo Ann Davidson—Monticello*

*David M. Behrend—Mattoon*

*Robert W. Lasher—Decatur*

*William H. May—New Athens*

*Jeanne M. Ecklund—Parker*

*Virginia McManus—Hyde Park*

*Anne Davis—East Rockford*

*J. Ward Knapp—Hillsboro*

*Harold Tenney—Decatur*

*Phoebe Mannel—Von Steuben*

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# THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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# Dirty Bill

VIRGINIA NELL McMANUS

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 11*

WHEN I WAS A CHILD WE HAD A VERY WONDERFUL MAN to tend our yard and furnace. His name was Bill Scooey, and he was the dirtiest man I've ever seen; he looked dirty and he talked dirty. Like most of the children in the neighborhood I was forbidden to "go within a mile of that dreadful man." Therefore, I spent most of my time with him, following him around the neighborhood as he did odd jobs at the various houses. I was not alone, for all the children followed Dirty Bill.

One of the reasons for his excessive filth was that he had no home; he owned an old car in which he kept his tools and personal belongings. In the winter he slept in the car; in the summer he slept next to the car. When he was drunk he would sleep on one of our porches, and there would be great excitement when two or three of the neighbor men came over to assist Bill back to his compact little home.

As far as I was concerned, Dirty Bill led an ideal life. He ate what he pleased, said what he pleased to whom he pleased, had no obligations, inhibitions, or confinements, and he followed a minimum of rules. Furthermore he was a magnificent liar, which made his stories far more juicy than tame old fantasies. He did not believe in Santa Claus, but he was superstitious in the extreme and could describe in vivid detail less pleasant supernatural creatures and their activities. He constructed wonderfully obscene statements for us to make to our teachers and parents, and taught us great contempt for authority.

Once, when our basement was flooding and Bill had been hastily summoned, he provoked the wrath of the gods and my family by childishly splashing around in the rising water and encouraging us to do the same before he fixed the leak. As he so aptly put it, this was the closest most of us would ever come to owning a private pool, and we should enjoy unexpected pleasures. But after the leakage was stopped and the surface drained, Bill was forgiven, for he was the only handy man in the neighborhood and therefore quite valuable.

Through a period of perhaps twelve years, or until I was in my 'teens, Bill's tales, escapades, and battles with and against authority were interwoven with my life. The year that I entered high school we lost him. It was in the early fall, and Bill was in great demand for leaf-raking, fall bulb-planting, and storm-window repairing. It was unfortunate that he chose that time to go on a binge, but Bill was not a practical person and he did not consider such things. For a week he reeled, lurched and staggered about, ignoring the pleas and threats of the local home-owners. Toward the end of his week-long orgy he curled up on Doctor Allen's front porch for a nap, choosing, with his usual

lack of consideration, the night of a party. The Allens apparently did not notice him until the first guests tripped over his sooty form, and there followed quite an uproar. Mrs. Allen insisted that she was disgraced, Dr. Allen was unable to arouse him, and in the confusion their better judgment was put aside, and they called the police to remove him.

We have never been too sure what happened from then on. I do know that my father and Mr. Mills went down to the jail the next night, and Bill was released. Someone said they saw him when he climbed into his car and drove off. But his moving was as simple as his mode of living, and it all happened inside an hour. And we never heard of him again. Still, we children paid a fitting tribute to Bill. We wrote everything that he had taught us on the Allen's sidewalk, and in a way it was a memorial.

## The Gas Turbine in the Automobile

GEORGE WARNER

*Rhetoric 101, Theme C*

SEVERAL MONTHS AGO ON A LONELY STRETCH OF HIGH-way near London a significant event took place which will do much to influence the evolution of the automobile. As the early morning fog began to lift, a group of engineers could be seen readying a small British automobile for its first test run. The general design of the car was entirely conventional.

But as the machine was started and began to move down the highway, an unnatural silence prevailed. There was no roar of exhaust. Although the car was accelerating very rapidly, only a soft hissing sound could be heard. Even at high speeds the noise was barely noticeable.

Upon reaching top speed the driver signalled to the timer, who clocked the car's speed over a measured mile. After reading the instruments, the timer eagerly rushed to the engineers to give them the results. On this, the initial run of the world's first gas turbine powered car, a speed of 152 miles per hour had been reached.

To the reader who is acquainted with high performance automobiles, this speed would not seem out of the ordinary if it were not for the following facts: the fuel used was ordinary, cheap kerosene; the engine consisted of only two hundred parts. It contained no transmission or cooling system, and the complete power unit itself weighed just a little more than three hundred pounds.

In contrast, a gasoline engine of comparable performance would weigh at least five times that much. It would need a transmission and cooling system and would incorporate about twelve hundred parts. If one compares the cost of assembling and operating these two types of power plants, he can easily see the many advantages that the gas turbine has over the gasoline engine.

The gas turbine has solved two of the fundamental problems of efficient engine design. These problems—weight and reliability—have done much to limit the use of other types of engines. Weight is a natural disadvantage if the engine is to be used in transportation, since much of the engine's output is wasted in moving the engine itself. Reliability is a major problem because the greater the number of parts in an engine, the greater the chances of failure. Unlike other engines, the gas turbine has a minimum of parts, and its basic structure is made up of very light components.

The development of the gas turbine is in its infancy. Still, considerable progress has been made, and the tremendous possibilities of this unit have been recognized by many industries. These industries are spending much money on research in the gas turbine engine and are confident that upon its perfection it will provide the solution to many power problems. There is little doubt that in time the gas turbine will completely replace the gasoline engine in the automobile and will find widespread use in many other types of transportation.

## Reluctant Journey

M. R. DE LA PAZ

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 2*

THERE HE WAS IN CALIFORNIA, THE LAND OF GIANT RED-woods and orange groves. He had arrived in San Francisco from Chicago in his dusty, wrinkled Air Force uniform, toting a duffle bag containing all of his precious belongings. The leaves and grass were strange to him, so green in contrast to Chicago's shivering branches and brownish tufts barely visible through the snow.

He did not like Camp Stoneman with its row after row of dreary, dirty-brown barracks. After two miserable weeks of waiting in lines for indoctrination lectures, inoculations, meals and movies, he was finally herded onto the huge transport and assigned one of the uncomfortable, quadruple-decked canvas bunks. They were so closely stacked that if he once settled down for the night in a nose-up position, that was the way he had to remain until morning.

He cursed the assignment sergeant when he discovered that he had been assigned a section in the bow of the ship on "F" deck. Since "A" was the main deck, he found himself riding almost below the water-line, in the very bowels of the ship. He would never forget those first nausea-filled days when he saw very little of the beautiful ocean, but knew it was there by the constant pitching and rolling of his bunk. After two seemingly endless weeks of staring abjectly at the monotonous, pale green, tossing ocean, he reached what he later knew to be Japan, his country's ex-enemy.

He did not see very much of Yokohama, Japan, because as he stepped off the gangplank there was a long troop train waiting to carry him off on another leg of the journey. The overnight trip was cold and the closing darkness prevented further inspection of this mysterious land. In the morning he arrived at Ashiya, Japan, located on the southernmost island, Kyushu. There he was equipped with a field pack, rifle, bayonet, and steel helmet. Now he had no doubt what his destination was to be.

What he was able to see of the Japanese landscape pleased him and reminded him of the smoothly-plowed furrows back in Illinois. The Japanese people were generally small and slender. He remembered the caricatures of the Japanese during the last war and was surprised to see that they did not all wear huge, horn-rimmed glasses and have projecting, fang-like teeth. He would watch their faces as they passed to see if he could detect some resentment of his presence, but saw only warm smiles and shy glances.

Several days later he was crowded into a C-54 four-motor transport and was soon skimming through the white, puffy clouds over the emerald-green mountains of Japan. He was on the last lap of his journey and knew that the next stop would be Korea. He had followed the newspaper accounts of the Korean War and his throat tightened a little when he was directed to fasten his safety belt. Looking out of the small window by his side he could see the ground getting closer and closer until the plane bumped the ground, hopped a few times, and finally glided to a stop at the edge of the dusty airstrip.

\* \* \*

The constant beating of the old clock on the double-dresser is the only sound which penetrates the stillness of the air. Its regularity is eternal. The walls of the room are dark, having neither pictures nor mirror, and are interrupted only by a single window. The thin rays of light which are reflected into the room are absorbed by a dark carpet. No draperies are hung, and, except for a wreath of holly, the window is bare.

A small, artificial Christmas tree stands in a corner of the room, near the window. It is trimmed with popcorn balls, candy Santas, and tinsel. Under the tree is a small package which has traveled a great distance.

A leather chair which matches the walls and the carpet stands in the center of the room, facing the Christmas tree. On one side of the chair is a metal ash tray, empty of cigarette butts and ashes. On the other side of the chair is a small table, upon which stands a lamp, several time-honored novels, and a lamp, but a newspaper is lacking.

On the double dresser, behind the old clock, stands a photograph of a man in uniform. The picture has been taken recently, and the colors are bright, but this state is not eternal.

—JERRY GOLD, 102



# Knock on Any Door

ALBERT G. BLEDIG

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 7*

NICK ROMANO, "PRETTY BOY" NICK ROMANO—HERE WAS a name that caused Chicago to shudder. Here was a name that was loved by few and hated by many. Here was the name of a murderer. Too many people knew only the name, and too few knew the young man behind the name. Nick Romano was taught in early life by his devout mother and the priest and nuns at his church to love his religion. He was going to be a priest. When the failure of his father's business necessitated his moving to a poorer section of the city, Nick was subjected to the crime, corruption, and cruelty of the slums. As a result, he learned the laws of the slums, that is, to follow the gang, to do as they did, to live as they lived. After being sent to reform school for a theft he did not commit, Nick became embittered against the law because of the harsh and violent treatment he received at the school. He learned to admire those who defied the law. He took a defiant attitude toward society in general. It was in reform school that the seed of Nick's fate was sown and the seed produced nothing but thorns. His hate and resentment led him through seven fast years packed with sin and crime and seated him in the electric chair at the age of twenty-one. He had said, "Live fast, die young, and have a good-looking corpse."

What made this man a criminal? What drove him to murder? How did Nick think and feel? Was he really to blame or were his actions seeded by his environment and by the treatment he received from others? These questions Willard Motley attempts to answer in *Knock on Any Door*. Puzzling though these questions are, they have, as the author points out, obvious answers that are easily overlooked by you and me. The author devotes his story primarily to presenting these answers to the reader from Nick Romano's point of view. Motley's aim is to show that a man's environment is a powerful force in determining his actions.

Does the author achieve his purpose? The answer is yes. After living through twenty-one years of love and hate, hope and disappointment, gentleness and cruelty with Nick Romano in the pages of *Knock on Any Door*, the reader gains an entrance into the real Nick. He shares Nick's thoughts, feelings, pains, and resentments and can understand why he was the kind of man he was. Nick was clearly a victim of his environment.

To emphasize the forces of Nick's surroundings, Motley skillfully employs realistic characters, background, and language to paint the shocking scenes of crime and sin on "Skid Row." His portrayals of the inhabitants are so complete and vivid that after reading the book one knows as much about them as if he had actually met them. Motley paints a striking picture of the

dirty, rundown buildings and filthy, cluttered streets and alleys. He adds the language of the slums to complete the description. One can more readily understand, after having read the book, how these surroundings would have a demoralizing effect on a person.

In addition to describing the slums expertly, Motley develops the characters in such a way as to sway the reader's feelings toward them. The reader, although he sees Nick both as a religious youth and a drunkard and criminal, both as a good-hearted young man giving his last quarter to a hungry friend and as a heartless murderer, is at all times sympathetic toward Nick.

Motley places the blame for a man's actions on society. He strongly emphasizes the role that society plays in making a man what he is. He implies that if people would try to realize the basic reasons for a man's actions instead of judging him as good or bad because of them, there would be greater understanding among men.

## A Gold Mine In My Basement

ROBERT IMMEL

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 9*

MY FATHER MIGHT STILL BE A STRIVING ENTERPRISER if he hadn't received a letter from his brother-in-law. For Dad had returned from the Army in 1946 to take an active interest in his half-ownership of a bowling alley, golf driving range and miniature golf course.

The fateful letter announced his in-law's plans to set up a mink ranch. The idea of making a living by raising fur-bearers sounded good to Dad, so he began investigating and soon learned about chinchillas—the fabulous little animals whose exquisite fur and extreme rarity make them literally worth more than their weight in gold. In the relatively open field of chinchilla raising there was little competition, big prices, and trivial maintenance costs. For almost a year, Dad talked to thirty chinchilla breeders from coast to coast and read about the valuable little rodents. This research deepened his interest and convinced him that he could raise chinchillas.

Another thing Dad discovered was that since Queen Isabella of Spain had gone into ecstasy over the first piece of chinchilla fur brought to Europe from the New World (about 1500 AD), chinchilla skins have commanded fabulous prices on the world market. The prices have been so exclusive, in fact, that only about twenty-five chinchilla coats are in existence today—each worth from \$25,000 to \$75,000! (About five have been assembled from ranch-grown pelts. The latest, sold to Rita Hayworth's husband for \$75,000, contains 231 skins.)

Dad's research turned up another interesting fact: Because chinchillas are native to the austere mountains of Peru and Chile, their diet consists of inexpensive vegetables. And the cool temperatures of their native habitat could be approximated in the basement of our home. Thus, the chinchilla seemed an ideal money-maker—inexpensive to feed and house, always in demand at regal prices. The original investment was also king-sized. Breeding animals sell for \$1200 to \$1600 a pair, and to raise this kind of money, Dad sold his part of the amusement business. He bought ten pairs of chinchillas, which were flown to Carthage from the West Coast.

With a herd of twenty animals, Dad settled into a delicate business that was unknown before a man named Chapman took a big gamble back in 1923.

Seven years before, Peru and Chile had placed a ban on the export of chinchilla skins because several centuries of ruthless hunting had almost exterminated the rodents. Chapman decided to beat the ban by bringing some live chinchillas to the United States. He did, but the sensitive animals died from their inability to adjust to lower altitudes. Undaunted, Chapman went back to South America, where he again caught some live chinchillas. On this attempt he acclimatized them gradually, bringing them down the mountains a few hundred feet at a time. On the voyage back to California, Chapman nursed his prizes with ice packs and hot water bottles. Eleven survived and became the distant relatives of the 40,000 domestic chinchillas alive today, including those owned by Dad and me.

The animals in our basement live comfortably in simple three by two and one-half by two foot cages. In each cage we keep a nest box about one cubic foot in size. The chinchillas stay in these cozy nests during the day and scamper around at night. Young are born throughout the year, and most litters contain from one to three babies which open their eyes and crawl around the cage an hour after birth. They are born full-furred. Both male and female are fine parents—the male often helps dry the first baby while the others are being born. Another peculiarity is that chinchillas prefer to bathe in dust, which we keep in each cage.

If chinchillas weren't so expensive, they would make excellent pets. Each animal has a distinct personality and is extremely curious and docile. In addition, chinchillas have very clean habits. The extreme thickness of their fur, which also makes them valuable, repels vermin. Most other animals grow one hair from each pore, but chinchillas have about eight per follicle. The result is density and silkiness. Chinchilla fur is light slate gray on the outside, shading down to a darker color closer to the roots; an imperceptible breeze reveals all shades of gray. Because chinchilla pelts are very light, a chinchilla-skin coat weighs less than a cloth one of comparable size.

Chinchillas are now raised only for breeding purposes, since a live animal is worth several times more than a skin. But we, like others in the industry, are looking forward to the time when pelts will be marketed regularly. Taking

skins from culls or dead animals—the present practice—yields lower grade fur than could be obtained if the best animals were killed when their fur is prime in cold weather. January marks the height of the prime time for chinchillas, and so the National Chinchilla Breeders of America (of which we are a member) stage their annual exhibition then.

We are listed with this trade association as owner of the Immel Chinchilla Ranch, and the NCBA has issued us an exclusive brand. The brand is put on one ear of each of our chinchillas. The year of birth and registered litter number are marked on the other. Our animals are listed with NCBA, which furnishes buyers with the pedigree of each chinchilla sold.

Opinions differ on the best diet for chinchillas, but we keep our animals healthy with prepared pellets of alfalfa leaves and roughage. These are supplemented with cereal products—wheat germ, barley, oats, hay and greens. This diet costs us only about three dollars per animal per year. This low maintenance cost, plus the animals' great value, makes them fine investments. And in these days of meager interest rates, chinchillas are also attractive investments because they usually double their number each year—if given good care. That's fine business at \$1200 per pair. In a few years the animals multiply themselves into a full-time business. Dad started with twenty and now has seventy-five.

That's how Dad's business has grown. The productivity of his chinchillas has enabled him to buy a ranch site. Dad is going to build on the land this spring. So if you are ever planning a visit to Carthage, stop in and meet a man whose gold mine outgrew his basement.

\* \* \*

The minister unfolded his handkerchief and wiped the perspiration off his forehead. He decided that he would omit part of his sermon; that it was too hot to deliver a lengthy address. Anyway it was apparent that no one in the chapel was really listening to him. A few of the ladies had shaped their programs into fans and were waving them back and forth in a vain attempt to gain some relief from the oppressive heat. One obese lady had even moved to a seat that was near an open window. Most of the men were coatless and had loosened their wilted collars. A young man sitting alone in a pew appeared to be reading a hymnal, but he was actually reading an old newspaper clipping that he had found when rummaging through his billfold. In the rear of the chapel a small boy folded a Sunday school pamphlet into an airplane and launched it out an open window. A gentle breeze wafted the craft back into the building, and it settled upon the head of one of his companions. Several little girls, unable to withhold their delight, giggled and pointed at the boy, who was unaware of the plane on his head. Those in the front pews turned to see the indignant mother of the young pilot lead him out the door. The minister's "amen" was accompanied by the mournful cry of a child in distress.

—RONALD BECK, 101.



# Mission Accomplished

S. C. EASTWOOD

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 13*

THERE IS SOMETHING INDEFINABLE, YET SWEETLY RE-assuring about the shrill "wheep, wheep, wheep" of a destroyer on blood scent. As the 3007 dashed down the channel, its wake caught up a hapless "Q" boat and sent it spinning. The bamboo outriggers and trailing lines might momentarily have led the uninformed to suspect the "Q" was engaged in some activity not necessarily or directly connected with the war effort. Any such thoughts were immediately dispelled by the presence of the two-star pennant, thoroughly soaked, but still bravely flying in the stiff breeze. A portly figure, clutching a deep-sea rod in his left hand, rose to shake his fist at the destroyer. From the bridge, the destroyer's captain returned the compliment with a smoothly executed salute. No one had ever accused Lt. Comdr. Oswald Oxrider Ormsby ("triple O" to his crew), Annapolis, Class of '43, of not doing exactly the right thing at precisely the correct moment. He had never made a mistake, and the odds were strongly in favor of his retaining this perfect record so long as Lt. Johnson remained his executive officer.

Lt. Johnson had held a master's license for sixteen years. He had received one promotion in almost four years of federal service.

On the navy houseboat, anchored in the shallow water adjacent to the channel, the loud speaker whistled, crackled, and announced in a grating voice that all small craft in the area would immediately lay along side. The urgency was apparent in the fact that the bosun on the mike had omitted the inevitable "Now hear this . . ." which customarily preceded all announcements.

A puff of smoke rose from the destroyer's after-deck. Two depth charges arched from the "Y" gun, sailed through the air and disappeared beneath the surface to reappear seconds later as geysers of grey-green water. For ten minutes the destroyer crossed and recrossed the channel, back and forth in a perfect geometric pattern, throwing her "ash cans" at perfectly-timed intervals.

Suddenly the firing ceased. The destroyer cut her engines and circled slowly. For the first time she broke radio silence. "Mission accomplished." Nothing more.

As she returned to her berth, with all the dignity befitting a ship of the line, a cheer went up from the small craft huddled against the houseboat. Now it was the turn of the two-star gentleman to salute smartly. The fact that he was clad only in shorts and sneakers detracted absolutely nothing from the gesture.

Much later in the evening, his report having been duly filed, Lt. Comdr. O. O. Ormsby repaired to the wine mess, as was the custom of the officers of the station. Ordinarily he would have joined the select group of "academy

men" who preferred to sit apart from the reservists, but tonight he was in an expansive mood and sought out the officers of his own crew. Motioning them to retain their seats, he announced: "Think the old man should buy a drink. Not every day a man gets a pig boat, y'know."

As the evening wore on, the breeze, which had been blowing steadily, increased to near gale velocity. "I was just thinking, Sir," ventured Ensign Hill, his engineer and youngest member of the crew, "with the wind blowing the way it is, and the ground swells running and all, some of the wreckage of whatever we hit should be washed up on Canajo Beach when the tide runs out."

"What do you mean, whatever we hit?" demanded Ormsby belligerently. "There was oil slick all over the bay. You saw it, didn't you, Johnson?"

"Well, I saw a slick of some sort all right," Johnson began, "but. . ."

Whatever he would have added was interrupted by the arrival of a marine orderly with a message. Ormsby ripped open the manila envelope and after taking what seemed an unreasonable length of time for a man of his education to decipher a simple message, remarked: "Uh-huh. T. W. X. from those army chaps patrolling the beaches. Says —'Enemy aground. Congratulations on typical Navy performance.' The skipper, Captain Ashmere, that is, is going over for a look-see. Invites us to go along. No, never mind, Mr. Johnson; you fellows stay here and enjoy yourselves. I'll go over with the captain."

There was little conversation during the trip across the bay. Capt. Ashmere was an efficient man. He was also a very tired man. Commissioned just after World War I, he had long since come to hate the Navy system that relegated older officers to comparatively quiet stations along the sea lanes, while younger men were given commands with the fleets operating farther north.

Ormsby was quiet for the simple reason that he fully realized the danger of opening his mouth. He had shipped out some weeks earlier, but the continued pitching of any small boat made him uneasy. He was sufficiently intelligent to realize this condition was entirely normal and would undoubtedly pass with time, but nevertheless it was unseemly that a man of his position should "feed the fish" in the presence of common seamen.

The barge touched at a tiny landing improvised from empty oil drums and rough cocoanut logs. An infantry lieutenant badly in need of a shave and change of clothes caught the line and made it fast. "Good evening, gentlemen. I'm Lieutenant Snyder," he introduced himself. "The colonel sends his compliments and requests I guide you down the beach. He's waiting for you there." In spite of the formality, Ormsby thought he detected a slight note of sarcasm. Regrettable how uncouth some of these fellows became after they'd been living in the jungle for a while.

They followed their guide in silence through a mangrove swamp that smelled as only a mangrove swamp at low tide can smell, around an outcrop of jagged coral, to the smooth, moonlit beach. Ormsby quickened his pace. His first kill! This was certainly good for a citation—possibly a promotion—even the Navy Cross!

A short, heavy man with a silver eagle on the lapel of his faded fatigues stepped forward and extended his hand. "Good evening. I'm Colonel Jones. Step up and take a look at your good work. As I said in my T.W.X., typical Navy performance."

It is extremely doubtful that Ormsby ever heard what he said. He stood like a man in a dream—a particularly horrible dream. There on the beach, partially submerged, but with a gaping hole torn in its port bow, was the enemy craft. "I might add," said the Colonel, "the disposition of this dead whale will be entirely the responsibility of the Navy."

## Portrait of a Librarian

JACK W. EHRETT

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 11*

SHE WORKED IN THE LIBRARY. SHE SAT AT A LITTLE table behind the huge main desk. I happened to watch her closely one day when she waited on a young man who wanted a pamphlet from some obscure file.

"Well, now, let me check this in the catalogue, and I'll be right with you," she said, smiling. ". . . Ah, here we are." She approached the desk again. "Now this pamphlet should be in the business room. I'll show you."

They set out together. He, with his erect, graceful figure, confident and relaxed gait, struck a conspicuous contrast to her, with her tall body, erect enough, but with long legs, knees hardly bending, alternating in a connecting rod fashion, cranking her way across the floor. And oh, those arms, straight and bony, even under two layers of material, elbows taut like brakes on a railroad car, hinges at the shoulders, crackling occasionally, arms pendulating to and fro, perhaps keeping her upright with their gyroscopic effect. Her hands flipped intermittently. She carried a pencil in one, a card in the other. Head and eyes straight ahead, onward she went, steering around posts and people, past famous paintings and mosaic walls, vases, busts of Shakespeare, Longfellow, Lincoln, Andrew Carnegie; past rows of tables, chairs, people poring over books, pencils wiggling furiously and heads being scratched; under indoor sunshine at noon on bald pates set between tiny, long, parallel gold bars; past shelves and past cases, past "Reserved" and "Do Not Open"; man looking at the woman over there bending over, door slamming upstairs, sneeze exploding, jingle-tinkle of sinner's penance on burnished mahogany; musty, mellow, archaic odor of yellow pages and moldy covers and wet glue and cord and wrapping paper and wooden shelves and varnish and tons of old newspapers, of oily floors and waxed woodwork and sweeping compound. Shuffle, scuffle, scrape, on hard polished parquet she went, never heeding



distraught glances, caring less for criticism, shifting now, lurching to the leeward, pumping and rocking, down the stairs she went.

They arrived at the shelves. She reached up for the pamphlet and the lace cuff of her white satin blouse moved out from the sleeve. She always wore a trim grey or brown suit, with little pleats on the coat sometimes, and occasionally a tidy little hanky in her left breast pocket. No, I couldn't say she was affected, for her gait and stance were just that way; it seemed, just natural, one might say. But besides, it showed in her face. To get up close and talk to her, to look into those deep, lustrous eyes with almost transparent irises of blue, to get a close view of the thousands of fine lines, horizontal on her forehead, convex around her cheeks, concave under her chin, vertical along her neck, leading in smooth semicircles up from the corners of a thin-lipped mouth, was to behold her countenance—or at least it seemed that way to me—as a subtle picture of such fine personal qualities as frankness, integrity, and broad-mindedness.

She handed the pamphlet to him, saying, "Well, young man, here is the paper you want." How those thin lips would curve into a warm, sincere, personable smile, not aristocratic nor cultured nor sophisticated! And how her deep-red tongue (don't old people have purple tongues?) clucked and zawwed and hammered softly against platinum cheeks when she spoke, curving or flattening on each vowel, ticking off each consonant like a grandfather clock, helping her precise lips to produce correct syllables. Her voice had a cooing, purring, melodious tone, not like a chicken or bird or cat, but like the singing of an old hen just going to roost late on a summer afternoon—soft, guttural, but not rasping, cheerful, contented, but not smug. It had a ring to it, too, like a medium-sized desk bell, or like the bell on the door of an old-fashioned grocery store; it seemed to indicate vitality and self-confidence and humbleness and fairness, industriousness and cheerfulness; just a touch of sadness, perhaps loneliness too, and sometimes it seemed to reveal tiredness; only occasionally had a tint of happiness. Something else, too—irresoluteness, no; or, a feeling of being out of place—that's it, I guess—in a voice!—I don't know why.

Her hair, hand-tooled silver, swept back from a high, rather narrow forehead, over antique temples, past lightly-tanned, fragile ears, thin like oriental tissue, veined like damask webbing, well-formed like pansies, and gathered at the very back under the command of a strong, daintily jeweled, sterling-silver barette.

They returned by the same route to the main desk, and she stamped the card. As the young man turned to leave, she smiled again. To me she seemed really sweet. Not cute. Somehow, again I can't say why, I liked her. She seemed, oh, so much kinder than the other librarians. Maybe she came from a farm or from some poor family or from some remote district, and had to earn her own way, adapt herself to "polished" life. I don't know. But I liked her, have always kept thoughts of her tucked away in my mind;—and I suppose I'll never lose them—not that I want to.



# Modern Residential Architecture

DAVIDA SOLOMON

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 3*

MOST PEOPLE SEEM TO BELIEVE THAT A HOUSE OR AN apartment building is an example of modern architecture so long as it is new, has a picture window, and contains an electric kitchen. Nothing could be further from the truth. A truly modern building is constructed according to certain basic principles. One of the most important of these is honesty in the expression of the materials used in its construction.

In older apartment buildings, brick was the basic structural material. Its purpose was to hold up the building. Most newer buildings, however, are built of steel. Brick is no longer needed for support. Yet even in newer buildings the fundamental form is often concealed with a conventional brick facade.

The modern architect believes in incorporating the structural material into the design of the building rather than in hiding such material. He may, for instance, enclose the building in glass, letting the steel show. If he does cover the steel, he will, at least, retain and reveal its basic pattern.

Nowadays many so-called "modern" houses are being built on a mass production basis. Blocks and blocks of these nearly identical houses are springing up in the outlying sections of towns and cities. Their buyers do not realize that such houses lack the very first essential of modern architecture—individuality. The modern architect does not put a family into a house; he builds a house around the family so that it will suit that family's personality and conform to its basic needs. An older married couple, for instance, whose children are grown or nearly grown have different needs from those of a newly married couple who are just about to start raising a family. The prevailing atmosphere in each of these two families would also be different. The architect takes these differences into account when he designs the homes.

Another fundamental concept of modern architecture is building a house so as to make it a part of its surroundings. For instance, if a house is to be built on a lot containing a ridge, it is possible to flatten the ridge with a bulldozer and build the house in a conventional style. The modern architect of the natural school of thought, however, would probably make the house conform to the natural land pattern by building it on two levels. On the other hand, another modern school of thought believes that man should display his technological knowledge and genius for construction by fighting the forms dictated by nature. An architect of this school would also allow the ridge to remain, but would probably build the front of the house on stilts to keep it on one level. In either case, the house would be singularly distinctive.

The prospective builder of a house should not be duped into accepting a standardized design that is being peddled off as "modern." A knowledge of the principles stated above should prevent him from making such a mistake and insure his getting a house more suited to his individual needs and personality.

## Dust Devils

ALBERT B. HOLLINDEN

*Rhetoric 101, Theme C*

**D**UST DEVILS ARE INTERESTING TO WATCH. A WHIRLING mass of air about twenty inches in diameter moves across the ground. As it moves it picks up particles of dust, small pieces of paper and leaves. A few seconds later the dust devil has disappeared, and the dust, paper and leaves slowly settle back to earth.

The processes of nature that develop these dust devils are really quite simple. It should be obvious not only to the meteorologist but also to the layman that the dust devil is evidence of some type of instability in the atmosphere. Such instability is dependent on the temperature distribution through the horizontal layers of the atmosphere. Cold air is heavier than warm air. If the temperature decreases too rapidly from a lower layer of air to a higher layer, there will be colder, heavier air above warmer, lighter air. If given any impetus, the heavier air will sink and the warmer air will rise. This action is called the release of instability.

In order for instability to occur, there must be a decrease of temperature from the bottom to the top of a one thousand foot layer of air of at least five and one-half degrees Fahrenheit. If such a decrease occurs, any slight impetus will produce a dust devil. Wind flowing around a barn or a haystack gives the air enough motion to release this instability and to start dust devils in movement. Any type of slope will also disrupt the normal flow of the wind enough to provide the impetus.

Dust devils are summertime phenomena. Summer is also the time when considerable differences in temperature are found in the layer of air next to the ground. A temperature of ninety degrees at eye level, for instance, may indicate a temperature of one hundred and forty degrees on the surface of the earth. Such a decrease is evidence of great instability and accounts for the number of dust devils we see on hot summer days.

# The Old Lady From Paxton

ALMA BOSTON

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 10*

OUT OUR WAY, A SATURDAY AFTERNOON AWAY FROM fourth grade at Gregory School is made just for 'War' games in the bushes along the Wabash tracks, baseball in the Red Alley (nicknamed for its red cinders) by the I.C. terminal, and sailing homemade boats in the Bone Ditch. Those games are sure a lot of fun, but they take a whole bunch of kids to play and the rest of the gang had gone to a Durango Kid movie at the Park. Only Raymond Schipp — he's in third grade — and I were left behind — no money, see — so we decided to take a bike ride in the country.

It was hot pedaling. My neck got hot under my hair and the dust made my eyes water and burned my throat, so I said to Raymie, "Where we going, Raymie? I'm sure hot and tired from pumping."

I was one year and two months older, but I was always following at his heels, so I had to take orders — what Raymie says goes in our block, except when Big Jimmie McCoy's around.

"Just down the road, Tush. Yuh can't quite tell it from here, but the road goes straight down — Graveyard Hill. it's called. Runs along East Lawn cemetery."

"Yeh, but I'm still thirsty."

"Aw, don't worry, Tush. We can get a drink from one of those sprinklers in the graveyard. Nobody'll care." He giggled at his joke.

When we got to Graveyard Hill it was so steep we just pushed off and coasted downhill real fast, like on a roller coaster. Under an elm tree in the cemetery I found a water faucet and cupped my hands like Raymie did.

"Hey, Tush. Look over there." Raymie pointed down the driveway. "Two men are digging up something."

"Silly, they're burying someone."

"I'm going to see."

Raymie's sure a fast runner, but I kept right behind until we dashed up to a man with a shovel in his hands standing beside a long, deep trench. The other was unloading folding chairs.

"Hey, mister! What'cha doing?" Raymie was always prowling around looking for things to get into, mostly trouble, his mom says. "Are you really burying somebody?"

"Not quite yet, son. Just digging the hole. Who are you kids anyway? Out for a bike ride?"

"Sure. I'm Raymond Schipp and this is Tush Mack." Raymie jabbed a thumb in my ribs.

Joe and Eddie — so they told us — walked around the open grave telling what every gadget was used for — the grass mat hid the pile of dirt, the canvas was for a little tent, and the low brass bars around the pit helped the pallbearers lower the coffin.

“Still looks like a man hole,” Raymie laughed.

“Say, Mister Joe.” I pulled at his shirt tail. “Who is it you’re working so hard to bury this afternoon?”

He ruffled my hair like I was a sheep dog.

“Why, honey, she’s a lady from Paxton. Can’t say as I exactly know her name though.”

“But why did she have to come all the way —”

Raymie jumped up from the grass mat and pointed excitedly toward the driveway.

“Here she comes!”

A long line of cars with purple flags flying from their windows was moving toward us. Joe and Eddie shooed us across the road so we could hide and watch the funeral. The minister talked awhile and sprinkled some dirt in the grave; the people went away. When they were out of sight, Raymie and I tagged after Joe and Eddie back to the grave.

“Can we help, huh mister?” Raymie tugged at Eddie’s sleeve. “Can we help bury the lady from Paxton?”

“Well, don’t see as it would hurt much.”

Raymie grabbed an extra shovel and started pitching in the dirt, but I didn’t do very much burying except to toss in a few globs of dirt now and then and hear them clunk kind of emptily on the cement vault. Somehow, burying somebody didn’t agree with me, but Raymie thought it was great fun. He sneaked a side look at Joe and Eddie busy folding up the grass mat, and then suddenly jumped right down in the grave.

“Com’on in, ’fraidy cat. It’s not very deep.”

“Oh no, I’d be scared to. She might not like it, Raymie.”

“Ah, she won’t care,” and he stomped on the cement vault. “Will you, old lady from Paxton?”

“Raymie, you shouldn’t of!”

He sure could be awful loud when he’s showing off, because Joe and Eddie came running back like the Durango Kid was after them.

“Here, boy! You get yourself out of there right now. It’s sacrilegious.”

“It’s what, Mister Eddie?”

Mister Eddie just stared real hard at Raymie.

“Oh, all right.” Raymie slid a leg over the edge and rolled over on the grass. “I was only having some fun.” He grinned and the empty spot showed in his upper gum where Jimmie McCoy had knocked out a big tooth in a fight. Eddie’s mouth sort of twitched at the edges and then he grinned back. Nobody could stay real mad at Raymie for long.



Joe and Eddie finished up the burying in a hurry without Raymie's help; it had started to sprinkle. Pretty soon there was only a bump in the ground left. The rain was coming down hard now, so we climbed up on our bike seats.

In the middle of the road Raymie stopped and whispered, "Just gotta get a souvenir, Tush." Joe and Eddie had their backs turned, so Raymie fished into a flower basket and snatched a pink gladiolus, then came running back.

Riding down the road toward home Raymie shook the long stem in the air like a sword. At the top of Graveyard Hill he waved the gladiolus over his shoulder and yelled, "Goodby, old lady from Paxton."

## The Effects of Pre-Frontal Lobotomy

NANCY SIFFERD

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 10*

SINCE 1935, WHEN FIRST SUCCESSFULLY USED BY MONIZ, a Portugese neurosurgeon, some twenty or thirty thousand pre-frontal lobotomies have been performed. Perhaps no other surgical technique in the history of medicine has caused as much controversy as this relatively simple operation.

Pre-frontal lobotomy is the surgical destruction of the white matter of the frontal lobe of the brain. The frontal lobe, which is located just above the eyebrows, is believed to be the center of human foresight, insight, imagination, apprehension, and self-consciousness. The operation is used on mental patients in depressive and obsessive states, psychoneurotics, alcoholics, and schizophrenics. The purpose of the surgery is to relieve anxiety and depression and to restore the patient to a more quiet state of mind.

The technique of lobotomy is not complicated, and the operation carries little surgical risk. Since the brain is insensistive to pain, only a local anesthetic is needed. A trephine, a saw which removes circular disks of bone from the skull, is used to make an opening into which a scalpel is inserted. An arc-like cut separates the frontal pole from the rest of the brain. The tissue is left in place.

The effect of lobotomy varies widely. There is usually no intellectual impairment, and most I.Q. tests are the same after surgery as before. But higher mental function, the ability to think abstractly, is definitely disturbed. The patient becomes inattentive and unable to carry on sustained activity. The drive to accomplish disappears, and he is satisfied to sit and do nothing unless pushed. A woman who was a meticulous housekeeper before the surgery

was performed becomes willing to let dust collect and dishes go unwashed. Memory for recent happenings is lost. Details of childhood are remembered, but yesterday's activities may be forgotten completely. The ability to make plans and foresee results is impaired. After slapping a nurse a patient may say, "I can see now why I shouldn't have done it, but at the time I couldn't see what the consequence would be." There is usually poor control of emotional expression. The patient is impulsive and does not always respond acceptably to social situations. He is often tactless and rude, but without malice. There is general lack of inhibition which may cause a reserved person to become a braggart.

On the positive side, lobotomy causes violent patients to become quiet and rather cheerful. It does away with crying spells, agitation, anxiety, violence, and fear. Obsessive thoughts may persist, but they lose their disturbing quality. Sadness and disappointment do not last as long as in normal individuals.

Lobotomy has shown the best results with depressives. Schizophrenics show poorer results, and alcoholics do not benefit at all. Some authorities, however, believe that lobotomy has actually caused more mental invalids than it has aided. The operation is not a cure. It does not solve the problems of the patient; it only creates a defective individual who no longer worries about his problems. The production of a brain defect is a means of lessening the management and custodial duties of society. It makes the job of those who must care for the patient easier. The patient, instead of being violent, a suicidal depressive, or obsessed with nameless fears, is childlike, dull, passively docile, and senselessly cheerful. What may appear on the surface to be social adjustment is not an active entering into the life of a group, but a passive state of being submerged in a group. Lobotomy may produce a "human vegetable."

Every medical discovery undergoes a period of critical evaluation, and lobotomy is now the subject of such an evaluation. Many think that it is morally wrong to interfere so radically with the function of the human brain. They argue that the brain is too closely related to the soul and to God to be tampered with by any man. But there are more practical arguments against this controversial operation. In spite of the number of lobotomies which have been performed, there is no definite proof as to their worth, so even when the moral aspect of the operation is disregarded the decision to employ it is a very serious one. The effect may be disappointing, but the interference with brain function is irreversible. The personality change which results from the operation is desirable only in relation to the symptoms which the patient has shown before surgery. Lobotomy will never return a patient to the same mental state that he enjoyed before his illness. It gives him an entirely new personality.

Consequently, the patient's outlook on life, his present environment, and his future aspirations should be taken into consideration before a decision is made. The operation should never be performed on a young person or if there is the slightest hope of spontaneous recovery or cure with less drastic treatments. Until more is known about it, pre-frontal lobotomy must remain an operation which is used only as a last resort.

# The Wake

J. A. CIARLO

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 11*

JIM LOOKED OUT THE WINDOW AND SAW THAT IT WAS raining harder. He noticed for the hundredth time the eerie patterns made by the reflections from the corner street light on the rivulets of water running down the pane. Unconsciously he moved the beads of a silver and black rosary through his fingers, keeping pace with the group. He shifted his aching knees around on the kneeler and looked across the dimly-lit parlor towards the body. He and his grandmother had never been close; it was one of those things that nobody seemed to understand in him. The murmur of the prayer responses came again into focus as he glanced around to see if anyone had noticed that he wasn't answering the rosary. The thought struck him that he had never seen most of these people before; he wondered why they even came to a wake on a night like this.

His eyes wandered from the people to the flowers surrounding the casket. Some were big, expensive clusters; others were small wreaths laid around to cover up the bottoms of the vases holding the taller bunches. The sweet, sickly odor that came from the blossoms bothered him; he couldn't figure out why anyone would want to put perfume on such nice-smelling things as roses.

Over the murmuring of the prayers he could hear the faint sounds of people talking in the outer room. He was curious to know what grown-ups usually talk about, but he knew that in adult circles he wasn't wanted. He allowed his eyes to run along the murals covering the sides of the room. One mural portrayed a woman in a flowing gown stretching her arms out to a starlit sky. He began to wonder what she would do if the sky in the picture suddenly grew dark and it began to rain. He came to the conclusion that she would probably stay there.

A loud clap of thunder brought back the sounds of the group praying, and he skipped half a dozen beads on his rosary to catch up with them. He wished he was in the outer room where he thought he could hear his dad's voice occasionally, but he couldn't bring himself to ask his mother to let him go; there were so many things that his mother didn't understand. His eyes returned to the body and he reflected upon the skill of the undertaker; his grandmother had been a very old lady. He remembered seeing her the last time, about four months ago. She had been cutting a bouquet of flowers from her small but complete flower garden. Somehow he couldn't associate her with flowers; they were so new, so beautiful, so fresh. . . .

He glanced at the man who had just come in and knelt down beside his mother. It was his dad. Jim was glad that he was in the room; he always felt better when his dad was around. His eyes returned to the mural of the woman in the gown, and he noticed that the stars were still shining in her

sky. He looked at it a few minutes longer and decided that she would put her arms down by her sides if it started raining. He wondered what she was looking at.

The rosary was finished. Several people got up to leave, stopping to whisper good-bye to his father and mother. He slipped the silver and black rosary into his pocket and looked out the window; it had stopped raining.

## Thank Heavens For Movies!

RITA CHANEN

*Rhetoric 101, Theme C*

**I**F THE DOORBELL RINGS INDICATING THE ARRIVAL OF your blind date for the evening and he turns out to be a sallow-faced youth, narrow through the shoulders and billfold, don't despair, girls. March him or drag him to a movie. Once you're there your troubles will be over.

Before you even start, stall for time by looking in a newspaper for the features "now showing" and discuss in great detail the merits of each one. Be certain to select a very small theatre; standing in line will pass a fraction of the evening away. Of course, this procedure could prove extremely mortifying if some acquaintances of yours are waiting too.

Don't overlook the possibilities of the popcorn box. There's nothing like a crunchy mouthful to eliminate conversation. As you leave the refreshment counter, forget the hope you've been harboring that there won't be two seats together. Even if you are so lucky, sooner or later the person next to you will leave, giving your escort his cue to come gallantly charging down the aisle to his rightful place by your side.

Should he be of the genus nuisance and constantly deliver a "calls-'em-as-I-sees-'em" commentary of the actions on the screen, pretend to be so engrossed in Will McGill's experiences in chasing cattle rustlers that you don't hear him. The chronic hand-holder can be cured easily; simply become so carried away by the exciting story that you must, to keep from bouncing out of your seat, grasp the chair-arm AWAY FROM HIM tightly with both hands.

If his personality is still unbearable or if he has the kind of breath not even his own mother—and certainly not you—would tell him about, you can always excuse yourself and enjoy a thirty-minute sojourn in the comfort station in the lobby.

When the movie is over—do stick it out to the bitter end—there's no need to worry about what to say to the character for another hour or two. Begin to squint and frown; then ask if he has an aspirin—that poor lighting in the theatre gave you a horrid headache! Unless your date is the most ungentlemanly sort of villain, he'll smother you with sympathy and speed you right home.



# When Is A Bargain Not A Bargain?

ROBERT S. WEBB

*Rhetoric 101, Final Examination*

NOT TOO LONG AGO A RETAILER OFFERED DOLLAR BILLS for sale at ninety-five cents each—nice, crisp greenbacks, fresh from the U. S. Mint. People flocked to his store. You might have been in the crowd yourself, for you certainly can recognize a bargain when you see one. However, if you were in the crowd, you probably wondered how a retailer could sell dollar bills for ninety-five cents and still stay in business. You asked yourself, "Is there a catch to this curious sale?" The answer is yes—a catch that is as old as this country, although it has been modernized to fit the present-day low standards of swindling.

The retailer knows that by offering a sale of this type he will attract people to his store. Also, he knows that once the people are in his store they will usually buy something, whether it be the advertised bargain or some other product. Therefore, by raising the prices of his no-bargain items he can make up for the loss on the sale. The sale is just a come-on to get people into the store.

Although this dollar bill sale happened only once, it symbolizes the extremes to which merchants will go to make a dollar. Usually they cut the prices of a nationally-known product. Then they advertise the reduction in all the papers and the big rush is on. Competitors, seeing that their rivals have reduced their prices, also reduce theirs.

This price-slashing goes on and on until sometimes the article offered for sale can be bought for less than the price of its container. Dazzled by all of these bargains, people get the idea that the merchants are really cutting prices. They are not. All they are doing is juggling them. By raising the prices of their other articles, merchants usually make a big profit on a sale.

Now many people believe they can beat the merchants at their own game by merely going into the store, buying the advertised article, turning around and walking out. That is more easily said than done. Look at the matter from the retailer's point of view. Once he has tricked a customer into coming into his store, he's not going to let him out as easily as he came in. Therefore, he has devised a few tricks to outsmart the average shopper.

The first of these is the sales switch. The retailer instructs his clerks to tell the customer that the advertised bargain is sold out, but that there is something else in stock which is an even better buy for the money. Watch out for

this line. Usually the "terrific buy" is an off-brand article and inferior in quality. All the buyer can be assured of is that the merchant is making a nice profit on the deal.

The second trick is the accessories sale. The customer gets the advertised bargain all right, but the price of the accessories is increased to make up for the loss on the original offer. In Chicago not too long ago a certain store advertised vacuum cleaners for sale at a good-sized discount. However, the accessory, which normally sold for six-fifty, was raised to fifteen dollars. Actually the customer lost money on the deal.

The third is the sales ambush. The retailer places the bargain counter in the back of the store. As the customer enters, he must pass virtually every other counter before reaching the right one. These counters are staffed by fast-talking, high-pressure clerks who could probably sell a bicycle to Whistler's mother. Only the person with iron-clad sales resistance is able to pass without buying something.

These are just a few of the tricks used in everyday business. There are many more, too numerous to mention. The important idea behind these illustrations is that when you go into a store, look out. There is no telling what new trick merchants will think up next to swindle the poor unsuspecting customer. So remember, any time the word "sale" comes up, think twice before running down to the store, because the customer is going to be the loser and certainly not the merchant, who will always be one step ahead.

\* \* \*

#### PROCESS THEME

Under a kettle, two cows' tails deep and four around, thrice greased by fat of a widow of three mates, one stabbed, one poisoned, and one burned, ignite the bones of a robin's first hatch, stolen from the nest before their first flight.

Into the caldron pour five skulls of fresh blood from the hearts of caterpillars still wriggling in the dust. Add a snail's whiskers and a dog's tooth, a leopard's eye and a toad's ear, a man's finger and a woman's toe, and with a rod, broken from a hazel tree in full moon, stir around four times four.

And at the last say the words:

To thee, O Prince, my soul I give;  
May I forever with thee live.  
If you will but grant my vision,  
I ne'er will change this dark decision.

—JOHN GEPPERT, 101.

# The Relationship Between Kurtz and Marlow

TATSUO TANOURA

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 11*

TWO MEN ARE BROUGHT TOGETHER UNDER STRANGE circumstances in Joseph Conrad's novel, *Heart of Darkness*. Their meeting and acquaintanceship are of short duration, but within that limited period the result of years of isolation and their deteriorating effect on the life of one is made strikingly clear to the other. Charles Marlow, the narrator and steamboat captain on whose ship the dying Kurtz is brought aboard, is able to understand the turmoil within the agonized soul because he sees in Kurtz the embodiment of his own weaknesses.

The aspirations of the two, however, differ greatly. Kurtz, at first, is an idealist with noble plans for bringing a semblance of civilization to the savages of the interior. He is also ambitious in his quest for great wealth, for the lack of it is the chief objection of his fiancée's parents to Kurtz's marriage with their daughter. Marlow, on the other hand, is a seaman and a wanderer. He is always yearning to explore the different countries on the map. He has no thoughts of settling down. His great love is adventure and a constant search for the unknown. He is restless, discontented, and vaguely aware of a vacuum in his life. It is as though his urge to travel is motivated by an unconscious desire to find that necessary something to fill this vacuum. Marlow's trip into the heart of Africa is symbolic of a trip into the depths of a human soul. It is a journey into the vast expanse of an unknown area, both in the geographical and spiritual sense.

For Marlow the success of his voyage into the interior is not measured in terms of whether he can safely navigate his steamer to its destination and back. Nor is he much concerned about the amount of ivory he will have aboard on his return trip. From the moment the name of Kurtz is introduced into his life, Marlow's only interest in the trip is to meet this fabulous personality and to hear him speak.

Marlow is not aware of this desire at first, but after an attack on the boat by savages and the resultant death of his helmsman, this strange yearning "to hear a voice" becomes the foremost thought in his mind. He experiences a keen sense of disappointment as he contemplates the possibility that Kurtz might not be alive when he gets there. He relates: "I flung one shoe overboard, and became aware that that was exactly what I had been looking forward to—a talk with Kurtz. I made the strange discovery that I had never imagined him as doing, you know, but as discoursing. I didn't say to myself, 'Now I will never see him,' or 'now I will never shake him by the hand,' but, 'now I

will never hear him.' The man presented himself as a voice." These words reveal Marlow's premonition that somehow Kurtz holds the secret of that elusive idea or truth for which he himself has been seeking.

During his brief relationship with Kurtz, Marlow comes to know the truth and wisdom that can come only from one who has known both good and evil, and who, before passing beyond the line into eternal darkness, utters words that seem clothed with the authority of an unseen force. Marlow is able to understand the inner struggles of the doomed man, for in Kurtz he sees an image of himself.

Kurtz represents Marlow's salvation, for through him Marlow gains an understanding of his own as well as all men's weaknesses when exposed to the temptation of the acquisition of complete power over other men. Kurtz was the living symbol of the *Heart of Darkness*. Marlow is its reincarnation.

## Does Honesty In Taking Exams Pay Off

DARLENE HERMANSON

*Rhetoric 102, Final Examination*

DURING THE WEEK OF INTENSIFIED EXAMINATION AT the end of the semester, the question of "to cheat or not to cheat" becomes an ever-present, though usually unconscious, thought in the minds of most students.

On the one hand, a person is taught—practically at his mother's knee—that dishonesty of any sort is to be avoided; he is told over and over again that dishonesty is simply not to be indulged in at any time or under any circumstances. Then on the other hand, he discovers that great emphasis is placed on final effort rather than on over-all, steady work. Such emphasis is particularly true in college, where much of the grade is decided by a final examination. Our hypothetical student naturally wants the best grade he can possibly get (he has also been taught that this is a virtue), and since it is pretty difficult to remember a whole semester's work on the last day, a bit of dignified cheating may seem justified.

The ordinarily honest student can find a number of good reasons to cheat on final exams. First of all, his instructors say all semester, "This will be on your final; never mind that, it won't be on your final." Such a method takes emphasis off knowledge and makes "passing the final" all-important. The student is also informed of the exact percentage of his semester grade to be determined by his final examination. Pretty soon the student's perspective becomes hazy and the semester may seem like a preparation for the "final" rather than the "final" being a test of what he has learned during the semester. It



is absolutely necessary for him to pass this examination, he knows, and therefore, if he can "get by" with a few artificial aids here and there, he will be applauded for the result.

But there is an even more important reason for doing well on final examinations. Our student wants to be a success in his society, which means he must get a job that will pay him a good salary. Companies interview graduating seniors and offer them salaries commensurate with their grade-point level. The enterprising student knows, therefore, that he must come as near a 5.0 as possible in order to command a high salary. After all, he reasons, no one looks into the whys and wherefores of the grade: they merely see the end grade level. He can prove he's valuable to them *after* he is in their employ. And, anyway, a few drinks now and then with the right guy and he's "got it made." Thus he reasons, and it does seem logical that he must, by fair means or foul, make a good showing on his final examination.

To add to the student's growing conviction that he is justified in cheating just a little bit, there are numerous stories of some buddy's "personal friend" who "knew somebody" in the college office and ended by graduating with honors, or who "got in good" with the instructor, and so on and on. He got by with it: all it took was a bit of discretion. And look at the wonderful job he has now. . . .

And what is there to stop him? The worst that could happen is dismissal from school, and that can be remedied easily enough if he really wants to return. He can appeal, or his father can "arrange" things. As for the moral integrity and inner satisfaction and other abstractions that he has been told are to be sought after, there is time for them later *after* the grade point has been achieved. Of course, this alibi will be used then, too, in rationalizing his adult cheating, but no student aiming at 5.0 is likely to think of that.

It has been argued that all through a person's life he is going to be faced with tests of various kinds and that college finals are actually a wonderful training ground wherein he can prepare to meet life's crises. However, the person whom I heard arguing along this line had access to a complete file of all his courses, admitted he and a friend helped each other during tests, and was using every dignified dishonesty available to further himself in his "high-grade-point-for-a-high-salary" venture.

The person who isn't proficient at memorizing text-book paragraphs and who cannot allow himself to stoop to cheating, may find himself with an abundance of principles but very little food on the table for his family. The majority of employers can't use an employee's principles nearly as readily as they can use his ability to get ahead.

As long as final examinations carry so much importance in a college, there will be an intense need felt by the individual student to cheat. The habit of cheating, once started, is difficult to end and will not be ended when a diploma is granted. Cheating, if not discovered, lends an air of intelligence; therefore, if one is to be a success as measured by material things, he must cheat and not be discovered. In this field, as in so many others, "practice makes perfect."

# On Happiness

W. E. CAIN

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 3*

THE SIMPLE TERM "HAPPINESS" SEEMS TO SUMMARIZE THE aim in life, conscious or unconscious, of every individual. Whether he devotes himself to making money, to drinking, to study, to research, or even to prayer and self-denial, each individual makes his own happiness his ultimate goal.

If this search is admitted to be everyone's fundamental purpose in life, then a computation of what way of life will lead to the greatest sum total of happiness should be of inestimable value. But is achievement of happiness a simple arithmetic problem applicable to everyone? Or is it a personal thing that varies with the individual concerned? Will the mode of living that brings the maximum happiness into one person's life do so for another's—or even tend to do so? A glance at what has guided men's lives in the past may help to answer these questions.

In past centuries man's desire for a guiding purpose in life has been satisfied by religion or mysticism. Principles of self-denial, moral behavior, and humility have been dictated by the promise of a happier life after death. Behavior has been controlled as much by fear of eternal damnation as by high principles. One result of this outlook was a negative, superstitious individual rather than a positive, straight-thinking one.

Then, with the great technological and scientific advances of the nineteenth century, came a turning from this devotional life to a more secular one. Many of the dogmas of religion were disproved by science, and new ideologies were advanced by philosophers. Self-denial retreated to the monasteries. People began to look for more pleasure in life on earth.

Today, the change that was initiated in the last century has been carried to an extreme degree. Although men still attend church for its inspirational value, many of them are hypocritical; they do not completely accept on faith the church dogmas that are so widely disputed in current society. Gross self-indulgence has for the most part replaced self-denial. The pragmatic and utilitarian concept of "the greatest good for the greatest number" has gained popular support. But each man tries to make certain that this "greatest good" will not pass him by; spreading it to the "greatest number" is of less interest to him.

How, then, should man strive for happiness in the future? Religious self-denial does not seem to be the answer. It leads only to lack of initiative and backwardness. On the other hand, self-indulgence brings only a shallow brand

of happiness, for the man who devotes himself to dissipation cannot help but feel that he is living a relatively useless life, that he is not using his potentialities to the fullest measure.

The obvious conclusion is that man is happiest when he is contributing as much as he can to the advancement of society—to what society has defined as cultural, scientific, and moral progress. Man will be happiest if he can feel he has done all in his power to create a better life for future generations.

That the most profound happiness comes from rejecting both self-denial and self-indulgence and from developing and using one's ability in a chosen field as far as his capabilities allow is not an individual, but a universal truth. Most people do not use their potentialities, not because they don't want happiness, but because they cannot see the forest of ultimate happiness for the trees of immediate satisfaction. If today's men and women plant a seed by making full use of their innate abilities, future generations, as well as they themselves, will reap the harvest of greater happiness.

## Dawn At Dake's Landing

ROBERT SNETSINGER

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 5*

THROUGH THE MIST A GULL CRIES. THE WIND WHINES in reply. A red lantern on the Missouri side of the river nods in cadence with the ripples. On the towhead the willows shiver as a sharp gust strips them of their yellow leaves. Every gust launches fleets of *Salix* ships bent on an invasion of Louisiana. Overhead grimy clouds besmear the moon with shadows.

Two dim beams of light cut their way up from Sainte Genevieve. A weak-eyed truck snorts to a stop. The door panels bear the label "Gus CRAIG, TRUCKER, GREER SPRINGS, MISSOURI." Three blasts of a 1939 "Chevy" horn, one bleat by a small Guernsey calf, and the passage of five minutes brings the hacking, the sputtering, the wheezing, and finally the catching of a ferry-boat motor. Chugging with only slight enthusiasm, the ferry tacks upstream to the Missouri side. The engine misfires twice and the ferry scrapes to a stop. White smoke fumes out of the mouths of the driver and the ferryman as they load the grunting truck aboard. The grumpy ferry recrosses the Mississippi River and dispatches its cargo. As a small red light disappears in the direction of Modoc, the ferry sinks into a sullen stillness.

Coughing up from Chester looms a gray oiler with consumption in its metal chest. It is headed for the Standard Oil Refinery at Alton. Now a wisp

of smoke hangs over the Dake farm house. In the cooling shed the banging of milk cans covers hints of morning. Over Prairie du Rocher a cold glow issues. The wind falls. A golden spider pokes first his antennae, then his forelegs, and finally, with great effort, scrambles upon the prairie north of Peter's Creek.

A crow caws, circles twice, and glides to a dead carp upstream on the Missouri side. A fox squirrel chatters nervously for no apparent reason. Overhead a turkey buzzard wheels. A small red pickup truck speeds up the prairie from Novac. The driver races the engine impatiently as he waits for the ramp to be put in place. The wind brushes aside the web of golden haze and the sun spins high above the horizon. From a tree behind the Dake homestead a tardy rooster proclaims morning.

## Rhet as Writ

When they ("the fixers") see which athlete they are to "work on" the athlete is offered a bride.

\* \* \*

The growth of the average person is from infancy to adolescence to adultery.

\* \* \*

He was a thin, hard-faced individual who hardly ever cracked a simile.

\* \* \*

In this day and age of fast living, you must find time to just sit down and take it easy. You will find that in the end you will profit by it.

\* \* \*

They enjoy Governor Stevenson's glib tongue patting them on the back.

\* \* \*

Consider not seeing any more women, the slender lines, the floating rear ends, the smooth paint jobs. . . .

\* \* \*

I soon found out that to teach a woman to drive a man requires patience and plenty of nerve.



## Honorable Mention

*Foshitaro Fukushima*—Headache of New Japan

*Evelyn McCreery*—Secret Sharer

*Shirley McVicar*—Environment and Morals

*Carol Peterson*—Three Came Home

*Mary Ellen Soper*—Vive el Torre!

*Robert M. White*—What I Saw in the South

## The Contributors

*Virginia Nell McManus—Hyde Park*

*George Warner—Watseka Community*

*M. R. De La Paz—Proviso Twp.*

*Albert C. Bledig—Galatia*

*Robert Immel—Carthage*

*S. C. Eastwood—Louisville*

*Jack W. Ehrett—Pekin*

*Davida Solomon—Sullivan*

*Albert B. Hollinden—Chanute A.F.B.*

*Alma Boston—Champaign*

*Nancy Sifferd—University High*

*J. A. Ciarlo—Marmion Military Academy*

*Rita Chanen—Quincy*

*Robert S. Webb—Amundsen*

*Tatsuo Tanoura—Mid-Pacific Institute*

*Darlene Hermanson—Chicago*

*W. E. Cain—Evanston Twp.*

*Robert Snetsinger—Ela-Vernon Twp.*

# THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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# The Plague

JOAN HRADEK

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 7*

A STRANGE PLAGUE HAS FALLEN UPON THE AMERICAN public during the past ten or twenty years. Although Americans have the energy and intelligence to make great scientific and technical advances, they seem to lack the ability to develop themselves intellectually and culturally. There are facilities to obtain the intangible asset of culture, and there are "cultured" people in America, but these people form a very small minority; the majority of Americans are uncultured boors. What little culture they possess is in the process of retrogression, a fact that can easily be illustrated by the tremendous popularity of television, which allows one to sit back and let a machine think for him while putting him in a trance and feeding him the nourishment of variety shows and cowboy movies. The retrogression is also made evident by the wide-spread market for comic books and the popularity of Mickey Spillane "novels," both of which indicate a childish desire for mental escape to murder and sex, supermen and flying saucers.

Americans have, of course, been educated to these tastes. Throughout most of history the Greek classics have been considered the foundation of all learning. Every educated person had a knowledge of the classics. Even today in Europe, classics are considered an essential part of an individual's education, but in America, where more people are literate than in any other country, such is not the case. Americans can read, but their tastes barely get past the Dick and Jane stage. Today the classics are not only unread but also unheard of except by a few college students and scholars. We strange Americans now have launched a vigorous program to destroy the classics because we consider them unimportant and a waste of time; the enormous wealth that they contain in human understanding alone is lost. We are not daunted by the fact that all other ages have appreciated the importance of the classics and have preserved them.

The real reason the classics are attacked is that they require a little effort on the reader's part. Americans increasingly have wanted all their thinking done for them. They do brilliant work in their occupations, but they have developed an attitude of "why think when you are not being paid for it?" Americans have a very difficult life: they work forty hours a week, they sleep fifty-six, and of the remaining seventy-two hours they have at least thirty of pure leisure. But they cannot waste this time in developing a cultural background. They want to be diverted from cruel reality. They do not look to good music, art, and literature for enjoyment, but they constantly look to

television, night clubs, taverns, cheap novels, and other forms of entertainment in which they can relax and let predigested trash seep into their bodies without any effort or disturbance to the brain cells.

Many of the novels that are being printed today and seriously called literature are indicative of this intellectual lethargy. Reading the classics, old "high brow" books, and especially poetry is a reciprocal project, for one must understand what he is reading. The effort involved requires hard work for the sluggish American mind, and it also requires some of the concentration that is normally expended only on getting a dollar. A reader cannot sit down with a book like *War and Peace* and enjoy it unless he attempts to understand it and discover the author's purpose. The popular novel, consequently, has a great advantage for the stunted American mind. It has been neatly simplified into an obvious plot, shallow characters, and no purpose except that of providing easy escape. It doesn't even demand concentration from its reader. One may easily sit back and think of his next Saturday's golf game while moving his eyes along the lines. The old-fashioned book was full of benefits, for it developed an understanding of human nature, caused questions to arise in the reader's mind, and prodded him to think a little. But Americans do not have time for thinking and very little time for reading, so why trouble themselves with such unpleasant tasks when they can easily obtain a baby food diet of popular novels?

Also Americans have a stupid egotism concerning the unique quality of their own age. Why bother reading a dated poem like *Paradise Lost* when the latest sex novel is much more modern and realistic? This attitude is one of the reasons for the American lack of appreciation for better literature. The American public has failed to realize that human nature does not change over thousands of years. Problems and people are the same and will always be the same; it makes little difference if they are seen through the eyes of an ancient Greek, a Victorian, or a modern man, for the emotions and feelings of people are a constant that will never change. Therefore, the human problem of living is presented in all literature and poetry of all times, and if one has a little intelligence and understanding, he will realize this. The character of Medea is essentially more real and modern than all the frustrated nymphomaniacs that cram drug store book racks.

The plague has fallen on the American public, and it is being passively accepted and perhaps even welcomed. The plague is doing its job well, for the next generation will be composed of Hopalong Cassidys and Captain Videos. What is the plague? It is the conviction that developing an understanding of life, a thinking mind instead of an accepting one, and a development of culture instead of the accumulation of money is unnecessary in the twentieth century. It has been created by and for fools and it is being accepted by Americans.

# Russia, The United States, And Sea Power

JAMES A. CIARLO

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 10*

FOR MANY YEARS THE FACT THAT RUSSIA HAS A NAVY has been overlooked by all but a few of the people in this country who are concerned with world peace. It has been the duty of these few to indoctrinate the general public with an understanding of the sea and the position of the U.S.S.R. with respect to it. For the sake of national safety it is necessary that we take cognizance of this position in comparison with our own.

## I. The Nature of Sea Power and Its Importance

Every military leader who has ever contemplated world conquest has known that the first requirement of success in waging global war is *command of the sea*. Hitler, through the advice given him by his geopoliticians, was aware of this fact; he, however, tried to win command of the sea with his Luftwaffe, indeed a tremendous air force, but was unsuccessful.<sup>1</sup> But what exactly is meant by command of the sea? In its military aspect it means the ability to move men and supplies into advanced bases, the neutralization and destruction of enemy fleets and positions, and the furnishing of cover and protection for landing operations. It also means freedom of movement of a nation's ocean-borne commerce and denial of that freedom to the enemy's merchant fleet.<sup>2</sup> Admiral W. M. Fechteler, Chief of Naval Operations of the United States Navy, said in an interview: "We have been successful in two world wars in projecting our military will upon the enemy across the sea. We do that because we control the sea."<sup>3</sup>

Command of the sea can only be gained through *sea power*. Naval strategists since the time of Admiral Mahan, the world-famous American originator of the concept of modern sea power, have agreed that sea power is dependent primarily upon six factors. The first of these is *geographic location*; a nation must be satisfactorily located in respect to the world's raw materials, navigable waters, and principal trade routes in order to possess sea power. The second is *physical characteristics*, which include climate, type of terrain, and industrial capacity. The third is *extent of territory*, or the amount of land possessed by

<sup>1</sup> Allan Wescott, *American Sea Power Since 1775* (New York, 1947), pp. 244-45.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 270.

<sup>3</sup> Admiral W. M. Fechteler, "We Can't Be Invaded," *U. S. News and World Report*, October 5, 1951, 31:29.

a nation and its disposition. Fourth is the *number of people*, or manpower, which is the fundamental source of all international power. The fifth is the *character of the people*; some nations have people who possess mechanical and fighting qualities, which are absolutely essential to sea power. And last, but very important, is the *character of the government*; an apathetic administration can cripple a nation with respect to sea power.<sup>4</sup> These six elements of sea power are closely integrated, and the culmination of these factors, when possessed to a sufficient degree by any nation, is a strong navy usually accompanied by an extensive merchant marine. With such a navy, command of the sea can be established.

In exercising command of the sea after it is once acquired, a navy has several functions or missions, which can be divided into offensive and defensive categories. Offensively speaking, its missions are 1) to transport, supply, and support its own nation's overseas invasion forces, and 2) to deny the use of the sea to the enemy. Its defensive missions are 1) to protect its own nation's seaborne commerce, and 2) to prevent enemy invasion.<sup>5</sup> The U. S. Navy's most valuable function, in the opinion of naval officials, is to carry the war to the enemy so that it will not be fought on United States' soil.<sup>6</sup> Included in the general missions are anti-submarine warfare, blockade, amphibious warfare, shore bombardment, and logistical supply.

In order to execute these missions, a navy must possess a surface fleet, an undersea fleet, and an air arm. The surface fleet is necessary to protect shipping, support landing operations with gunfire, and protect aircraft carriers from enemy fleets. The undersea fleet is the most dangerous weapon in existence to an enemy's seaborne commerce. In addition, it is a strong weapon against an enemy submarine fleet.

But a modern navy's principal instrument of attack is the aircraft carrier task force. Such a force provides the only truly mobile air force in the world: not only the planes, but the airfields are capable of rapid movement. The carrier task force can concentrate tremendous power combined with surprise at one particular point, while the enemy must spread his land-based airfields thinly along thousands of miles to protect possible targets of attack by this roving air force.<sup>7</sup> Another advantage enjoyed by carrier air forces is that they are the only air bases which can be made available at the enemy's frontier without previous assault and conquest by foot troops.<sup>8</sup>

The importance of the air arm should not be over-emphasized, however. Many people in the United States today think that a large air force will elimi-

<sup>4</sup> Wescott, pp. 246, 249.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 269.

<sup>6</sup> Admiral W. M. Fechteler, *The Role of the Navy*, Department of Defense Publication, No. 40-525 (Washington, 1952), p. 4.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*



nate the need for a strong sea-going navy. This opinion is unrealistic. First of all, in order for a nation to win a war, that war must be carried to the land of the enemy. Regardless of how many new weapons are developed, it will always be the foot soldier who captures and holds territory, and thus subjugates that territory and the people living in it to the will of his government. And in order for that foot soldier to fight effectively, a tremendous amount of supplies and equipment must be transported for his support to that country where he is fighting. During World War Two, for example, twelve tons of supplies and equipment were landed per soldier sent overseas; and in addition another ton of food, clothing, and ammunition was sent him per month.<sup>9</sup> Only a navy can handle this job economically and satisfactorily. Cargo-carrying aircraft will no more replace ships on the seas than they will replace railroads on land. As an example, forty-four ships can, and did, during World War Two transport 100,000 long tons of cargo from San Francisco to Australia per month. To accomplish the same task by air would require ten thousand four-engined aircraft manned by 120,000 highly trained personnel, plus eighty-nine sea-going tankers to provide gasoline along the route and at the far end of the run.<sup>10</sup>

Secondly, long-range bombers need fighter escorts to afford them protection while bombing targets protected by enemy aircraft. Because of its ability to stand immediately offshore from an enemy frontier, a carrier task force can provide on many occasions a fighter base which is much closer to the target than a permanent land airbase. Thus Navy fighters leaving the carrier and joining the bombers as they enter the area protected by enemy planes will have much more fuel to spend covering the bombers and doing damage themselves than land-based fighters from a more distant base. In fact, the Navy can deliver bombing attacks complete with fighter escort in areas that cannot even be reached by land-based fighters. It is evident that such people who maintain that a navy is outmoded and that an air force is the answer to all our difficulties are not at all familiar with the problems of fighter support and overseas supply.

Thus we see that command of the sea and the sea power obtained through a strong navy still remain the crucial issues of the two greatest world powers today, the United States and Russia.

## II. How Do Russia and the United States Measure Up to These Requirements for Sea Power?

Every informed person in the United States today knows that his country is the supreme naval power of the world, and that she had the largest fleet in

<sup>9</sup> Wescott, p. 259.

<sup>10</sup> Fechteler, *Role of the Navy*, p. 1.

history operating during the last war. But very few have any idea of what constitutes the Russian Navy, other than its submarines. A comparison of the two fleets in light of the above discussion on sea power will bring many facts to the fore concerning the potentialities of both nations.

Russia and the United States are similar in respect to the six elements of sea power, with a few outstanding differences. Both Russia and the U. S. have favorable geographic locations; Russia, however, holds an edge in the extent of her territory. But the United States has overcome this advantage chiefly through the establishment of military strongholds near the U.S.S.R.'s frontiers, such as Japan. Russia leads in both the fields of population and character of the government; she has many more people to work in her industry and man her military machines, and her government is militaristic and world-domination minded, while ours is not.

But the United States is far ahead in physical characteristics, namely industry. Russia's steel output is now about thirty-four million tons per year. This is an increase of 75% over pre-war figures. Her oil production is up 46% from the pre-war level. But the U. S. has increased steel production by 86%, and now produces 105 million tons per year. Also, we have stepped up oil production by 76% since the war. This is about seven times as much oil as Russia is producing.<sup>11</sup> We also have a great advantage in that the United States has for years been a nation of industry-minded people. Russian economy, after thirty-five years of communist rule, is still an agricultural economy. Russian cities, however, are drawing people from the farms, but farm efficiency has not risen enough to permit such a move on any great scale. The result is that a backward agriculture is hampering Russian industrial progress.<sup>12</sup> In contrast, records show that, contrary to most beliefs, the United States is going through a period of rapid industrial expansion that shows no signs of coming to an end. That growth is being complemented by Canada and other western hemisphere countries.<sup>13</sup> Hence it is to these two elements of sea power, *physical characteristics* and *character of the people*, that we owe our superiority on the seas today.

But just what are the comparative fleet strengths? In 1950 the Russians were building first-rate cruisers armed with seven-inch (diameter) guns, and a few new destroyers.<sup>14</sup> Also rumors passed along in Swedish seaports had it that Russia had completed the 35,000 ton battleship *Sovietsky Soyuz*. *Jane's Fighting Ships*, a British naval yearbook, conjectures that two other battleships whose keels had been laid in 1942 are now in commission.<sup>15</sup> The latest report available to the public (October, 1951) stated that the Red Navy con-

<sup>11</sup> "Can Russia Catch the U. S.?", *U. S. News and World Report*, February 15, 1952, 32: 66.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 67.

<sup>13</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 69.

<sup>14</sup> "How We Stack Up Against Russia," *Newsweek*, March 13, 1950, 35: 17.

<sup>15</sup> "Rumors," *Time*, September 25, 1950, 56: 36.

sisted of three old battleships, about fifteen cruisers, and from forty-five to fifty destroyers.<sup>16</sup>

In comparison, the Navy Department has said that by the end of 1952 the U. S. Fleet will include four battleships, nineteen cruisers, and about three hundred forty destroyers and destroyer escorts. In addition the Navy will have enough amphibious craft to carry two Army divisions plus all associated auxiliaries.<sup>17</sup> Thus it is clear that Russia is no match for the United States on the surface.

On the other hand, Russia has had the world's greatest submarine fleet since 1942.<sup>18</sup> In 1950 it was acknowledged that the Reds had about 270 submarines, but many of them old and almost useless.<sup>19</sup> The latest figures given estimate Russia's submarine strength to be between three and four hundred vessels.<sup>20</sup> But the U. S. is not without a submarine fleet. Late in 1951 we were reported to have eighty-eight submarines, thirty-five of them the snorkel type. We are also building killer submarines of very fast types, equipped with anti-submarine gear, such as sonar (sound navigation and ranging) and homing torpedoes, which follow a target vessel by means of sound waves.<sup>21</sup> In addition, the construction of an atomic sub has been authorized by the Navy.<sup>22</sup> Such a submarine would possess great speed and would be extremely useful against the faster types of combatant vessels.

Does Russia have a carrier task force to match one of ours? A report to the Central Executive Committee of the U.S.S.R. as far back as January, 1936, said in part: "Naval aviation has been supplemented by new planes of modern design and the number of planes has been increased several-fold."<sup>23</sup> Russia had a carrier in the Black Sea, the *Stalin*, which was rebuilt from a cruiser commissioned in 1914; this carrier supposedly carried twenty-two planes. A larger carrier, the *Voroshilov*, was completed in 1940. In October, 1944, the *Kraznoye Znamya*, a twenty-two-plane carrier, participated in destroying the German forces then withdrawing from Estonia.<sup>24</sup> But high-ranking U. S. naval officials firmly believe that the Reds do not have any aircraft carriers suitable for combat.<sup>25</sup>

<sup>16</sup> Fechteler, "We Can't Be Invaded," p. 24.

<sup>17</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 28.

<sup>18</sup> Sergei N. Kournakoff, *Russia's Fighting Forces* (New York, 1942), p. 79.

<sup>19</sup> "How We Stack up Against Russia," p. 19.

<sup>20</sup> Fechteler, *Role of the Navy*, p. 2.

<sup>21</sup> "Our Underwater Defense," *Life*, December 10, 1951, 31:134.

<sup>22</sup> J. J. Cassady, Deputy Chief of Naval Operations for Air, "First Story of Naval Air Power," *U. S. News and World Report*, January 18, 1952, 32:32.

<sup>23</sup> Kournakoff, p. 78.

<sup>24</sup> Mairin Mitchell, *The Maritime History of Russia, 848-1948* (London, 1949), p. 426.

<sup>25</sup> Cassady, p. 33.

The United States, on the other hand, will have twelve large, fast carriers and seventeen escort carriers by the end of 1952. Naval and Marine Corps aviation will consist of over 10,000 planes and 19,000 qualified aviators by June 30 of this year.<sup>26</sup> These figures show that Russia cannot compare with the United States in the most important phase of naval power: that of the naval air arm.

### III. What Can and Cannot Be Done With the Existing Forces By Each Side?

To what extent can the United States employ this tremendous advantage in naval air power? And what can Russia do with her enormous submarine fleet?

Considering first the possibilities of invasion by either side, it is immediately obvious that the U. S. Navy could land troops anywhere along the coastline of the U.S.S.R., although how long the troops could remain there against Russia's massive army is another question. But the United States has the surface fleet with which to accomplish this mission, and she is not becoming stagnant in the art of amphibious warfare. Amphibious operations are practiced in the Mediterranean Sea, where the U. S. Sixth Fleet, the biggest ever to sail that sea, is operating. Every ship and man in the Sixth Fleet is changed every four months, with the exception of the fleet commander and his staff, who number only 200 out of 20,000.<sup>27</sup> The value of maintaining our skill in amphibious operations is obvious. World War Two could not have been won either in the European Theater or in the Pacific without successful amphibious attack.<sup>28</sup> A recent illustration of the effectiveness of amphibious assault was the Inchon landing in Korea. But for a later change in the character of that war, resulting from the entry of the Chinese Communists, this landing would have proved the decisive factor for complete success in our favor.<sup>29</sup>

On the other hand, Russia cannot touch our shores. In order to send an invasion force across the sea to the United States, she would have to build a navy larger than the combined fleets of the United States and Britain. Without such development, Russia could not use her fleet for offensive purposes.<sup>30</sup> And it would be hard to conceive of the U. S. allowing any other nation to become supreme on the seas after the lessons she has learned from two world wars.

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<sup>26</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>27</sup> Admiral M. B. Gardner, Commander, U. S. Sixth Fleet, "U. S. Navy at the Gate to Russia," *U. S. News and World Report*, December 21, 1951, 31:43.

<sup>28</sup> Fechteler, *The Role of the Navy*, p. 3.

<sup>29</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 3.

<sup>30</sup> R. S. Kerner, "Russian Naval Aims," *Foreign Affairs*, January, 1946, 26:291.



Can Russia hit our cities with the atomic bomb? And what can we do with our navy in respect to the A-bomb? There are two ways at present of delivering the bomb. One has been used at Hiroshima, Nagasaki, and Bikini: that of the long-range high altitude bomber. Most military officials believe that Russia does have long-range planes capable of carrying the A-bomb; but there is no way possible that she could give those bombers any kind of protection in the way of fighter escorts. She has no carriers which can stand off our shores and send planes to knock out our fighters as they come up to stop the bombers. And it is because of the short range of land-based fighters that naval officials doubt the ability of any potential enemy to imperil the United States with long-range bombers.<sup>31</sup>

The second way of delivering the atomic bomb is exclusively American: the Navy now has an attack plane which can carry the bomb 770 miles inland, complete with full fighter escort, perform the mission and return to the carrier.<sup>32</sup> If a person takes a world map and draws 770-miles-radius circles from every possible point where an American carrier can operate, he will be astounded how much of Russia and her satellites can be hit with the A-bomb. The entire east coast of Siberia, the North Cape of Norway, the Archangel and Leningrad areas, the Aegean Sea area, and the Ukraine, the heart of Russian oil resources, fall within the range of a carrier-delivered attack.<sup>33</sup> Now that Turkey is a member of the North Atlantic Treaty Association, the Navy can send the bomb still deeper into Russia, for Turkey holds the Dardanelles, the gateway to the Sea of Marmora.<sup>34</sup> Russia, on the other hand, could hardly accomplish such a mission against the United States; and it could be this fact that is deterring Russia from beginning outright hostilities in Europe.

Attack by guided missile, unfortunately, is a possibility of which both the U. S. and Russia are probably capable. No information of any definite significance concerning the guided missile situation is available to the public, but it is well known that the Reds got a number of excellent German scientists after the last war, and are possibly on a par with the U. S. in this category. A few short weeks ago a Navy spokesman made a slip in a congressional hearing and let out the information that the Navy has a guided missile which is fired by aircraft at other enemy planes, and which follows the plane much as the homing torpedo follows naval vessels. The nickname given this missile is the "sparrow." A V-2 rocket has also been fired off the deck of the *U. S. S. Midway*. Many rumors have been circulating which hold that Russia has a

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<sup>31</sup>Fechteler, "We Can't Be Invaded," p. 24.

<sup>32</sup>Cassady, p. 33.

<sup>33</sup>Fechteler, "We Can't Be Invaded," p. 26.

<sup>34</sup>Gardner, p. 40.

new guided-missile battleship; and newspapers here in America have carried the story that the U. S. is building a guided-missile ship, the *Kentucky*. Idle speculation on this subject is, however, useless.

Russia's best opportunities for inflicting harm upon the United States undoubtedly lie in the use of her submarines. The Red undersea fleet is definitely a threat to our command of the sea.<sup>35</sup> A submarine's only fighting superiority, however, is its relative invisibility, and because of this invisibility it enjoys the greatest advantage that a warship can have: the ability to approach unseen and strike suddenly.<sup>36</sup> But the U. S. is now developing measures to strip the cloak of invisibility from the enemy submarine. Some new developments in anti-submarine warfare are: 1) the CLK (cruiser, light, killer), a light cruiser specially equipped with detection and ranging devices, along with the latest anti-sub destructive weapons; 2) hunter-killer submarines, mentioned before in the discussion of comparative fleet strengths; 3) homing torpedoes, mentioned along with the killer submarines; 4) advanced types of depth charges, and 5) radar-equipped spotter planes.<sup>37</sup> Our large number of destroyers and destroyer escorts would also undoubtedly assist our shipping to a great extent against Red submarine attacks. These fast, small ships are the terror of the undersea craft. But the best way to combat subs is to get them where they are based; that can be effectively carried out by both long range bombing and carrier attacks.<sup>38</sup>

Russia would without doubt use her submarines against American shipping; we, on the other hand, would not have such a great opportunity to harm Russian shipping as they would ours. A. I. Mikoyan, former minister of foreign trade of the U.S.S.R., stated that foreign trade in 1949 was double that of the pre-war period, but added that trade with the "capitalist" countries had decreased, and that trade with the people's democracies amounted to two-thirds of the total.<sup>39</sup> There is no doubt, however, that our submarines would prove a great threat both to Russia's subs and her surface fleet.

The submarine picture is not at all as bad as many people paint it; yet we by no means have the undersea menace under complete control.

## V. Future Prospects of World Power

The concept of sea power will remain unchanged no matter what weapons will be developed in the future, but the method of obtaining command of the

<sup>35</sup> Fechteler, "We Can't Be Invaded," p. 26.

<sup>36</sup> A. M. Low, *The Submarine at War* (Plymouth, England, 1941), p. 137.

<sup>37</sup> "Threat of Russia's Snorkels," *New York Times Magazine*, February 5, 1950, pp. 9, 17.

<sup>38</sup> Fechteler, "We Can't Be Invaded," p. 26.

<sup>39</sup> Kazimerz Smogorewski, "Russian Trade," *Britannica Book of the Year* (Chicago, 1950), p. 687.

sea may be changed if fighter planes can be given the long range of the bombers and if a nation is able to afford to spend fantastic amounts of money upon aircraft fuel. Such developments, however, do not seem to be in the near future.

As long as the United States remains the world sea power that it is today, it can be safely stated that we will never be invaded by Russia. The Reds could not possibly support with aircraft, for any length of time, any troops, which they would be fortunate to land here by some method other than amphibious attack. But Russia has been working for many years to secure sea power. U.S.S.R. Vice-admiral Abankin on Red Navy Day, 1946, said that the Soviet Union "has her interests on the seas and she shall always defend them," and that "in the interests of her security and independence she will continue to build up a strong navy and consolidate her naval power."<sup>40</sup>

The United States is not lying dormant with respect to naval development. At the present time the Navy has four new fighters that are not just blueprint planes, but are flying and in production, which are superior to the Red MIG-15 in performance.<sup>41</sup> And it is essential to our national security that we develop not only the air arm, but also our surface fleet and submarine force. A modern addition to both the surface fleet and the air arm will be the super-carrier *Forrestal*, now under construction and scheduled for commissioning in 1954.

"Thus it is that a policy which provides for balanced development and coordinated use of strong naval forces must be fostered if we are, within the foreseeable future, to meet the challenge of arms of the forces which seem to oppose us." : Admiral Fechteler.<sup>42</sup>

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<sup>40</sup> Mitchell, p. 11.

<sup>41</sup> Cassady, p. 30.

<sup>42</sup> Fechteler, *The Role of the Navy*, p. 5.

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### SPRING IN PHILO

The urbanite usually accepts spring as merely another season: the postlude of winter, the prelude to summer. It represents change in time, weather, and perhaps mood. But spring in Philo is not something to be considered with such indifference. It is exquisite, throbbing, alive—and it should be lived. It is inspiring to walk along the roads of Philo and see barren trees hopefully send forth leafy buds, to watch black earth faithfully release potential shafts of corn; for nature, like man, makes the attempt to find a new and richer existence.

To the casual motorist, Philo is probably as insignificant as the fertile farm land which surrounds it. In outward appearance, this "stop in the road" is quite prosaic. It has only a cluster of simple frame houses, a network of lawns, several enthusiastic canines, and many busy insects. Its main street is flanked by a one-chair barber shop, a town meeting room, a tiny gas station, and a tavern where men go not for escape, but rather for the friendly companionship of neighbors. In a word, Philo is simplicity; in this quality its beauty lies and is unselfishly offered to anyone who seeks to understand and possess it. Philo is a town where the spirits of love and honest labor merge into a serene atmosphere. One may forget petty material considerations in the realization of these beauties.

Spring in Philo is a period of renaissance—a time when man may awake from his mental hibernation and crawl from his cave of false values into life.

SHERRY ZWEIG, 101.



# And Don't Just Whisper

WILMA SPAINHOUR

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 9*

AS LONG AGO AS THE WORDS OF JOHN DONNE'S "DEVOTIONS XVII" were written, they still carry, and will always carry, a great and beautiful philosophy. To us, John Donne says, "You are your brother's keeper."

"No man is an Iland, intire of itselfe" is a shocking but beautiful thought. In few words, the author has caught the basis of life. For the typical, self-centered Americans, nothing is more important than remembering that we need something besides our own thoughts and accomplishments. Whether Donne meant man needs mankind or needs God is difficult to say; both are essential.

"Why should we fight other countries' wars?" asks the man on the street. "We don't need those people, and, anyway, they probably wouldn't help us!"

And someone whispers, "It's not just their war; it concerns us all and the people to come. Think . . ."

Yes, think. We need to remember that no man is an island. ". . . if a clod bee washed away by the Sea, Europe is the lesse." If one loses we all lose something. Whether by war, death, revolution, or age, we lose a part of our life.

In a small town in the Midwest an International Harvester plant goes on strike. Three hundred union men walk out, and two hundred other laborers are soon out of work. A farmer in Colorado can't get a plow, and two hundred acres cannot be planted; and they yield nothing. Five hundred families lose money and food and security. The steel industry, the paint industry, the copper industry, the coal industry—all feel the jolt. Why? A man was injured while working, and the company is not meeting his bills in a manner suitable to the president of a union. "If one little clod . . ."

And then ". . . never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee." For life and death, if one man lives or dies, all of it is a part of you.

"But why should I worry about a yella-man that dies in China?" shouts the man on the street. Yes, why?

And a tiny voice whispers, "And why should he have sheltered your brothers in World War II; why should he unload your ships to make you rich; why should he send you the exquisite luxuries that make life a joy. He matters . . ."

But the voice is so very soft.

The man on the street is our neglect, our careless thoughts. Because our lives have become complex, yet filled with nothing but ourselves, we are so

busy thinking of the big "I" that nothing else is important. It's "standing room only" when a person is focusing on his own interests. How petty we have become.

Yet there are guides. A young man said long ago, "I am the Light and the Way."

Someone else assures us, "God is . . . refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

What is there to do? Remember. Think. Speak. And don't just whisper.

## The University Should Stop Treating Students Like Children

MYRON MILLER

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 4*

THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE AN institution of higher learning. The student body of such a university should be thought of as intelligent, responsible adults who come here for the main purpose of acquiring an education. But in the light of some of the policies set down by the university, the student is a child who lacks common sense and is to be sheltered from the evil world around him. The best examples of these policies are the ban on political speakers appearing on campus, the restrictions on the student operation of automobiles, and the maintenance of the University Police Force.

The first of these policies, that of banning political speakers from the campus, seems to be a foolish attempt to keep the student protected from the evils of politics. As an educational institution, the university should try to promote appearance of political speakers on campus in order to increase the students' knowledge of the issues which the nation is facing. The Board of Trustees, who control university policies, should be made to realize that it cannot shield the student from affairs in the political world and that it is not right in trying to do so. Radio, magazines, newspapers, and newsreels bring important issues to the attention of almost every student. At the university there is a good opportunity to get first-hand accounts of all the important issues. Speakers could easily be attracted to the campus to give their opinions on vital questions. Yet instead of taking advantage of this situation, the Board of Trustees has passed a rule which prevents the appearance of political

speakers. Instead of trying to help promote greater knowledge of political issues among the student body, the board is trying to keep the student shut away from the world which is always around him. To turn out citizens who have a full understanding of political affairs, the university must take advantage of all the opportunities which are presented.

Secondly, there is the regulation which prevents the use of automobiles on campus by students under the age of twenty-one. This regulation is one which also treats the student as an irresponsible child. According to the university regulation, this rule is in effect in order to protect the well-being of the student. The fact that the student has received a license from his home state ought to prove him capable of operating an automobile safely. Furthermore, it is hard to see where the university has derived the power to prevent the operation of automobiles by students. According to the law, the state is the only agency equipped with the power to issue or repeal licenses. But the university has taken upon itself the power to control the use of the automobile, thereby regulating the private lives of the students and treating them as children.

The way in which the University Police Force functions is the third policy through which I believe the university is treating the student as an immature person. A stranger visiting the university for the first time would think that he is visiting a penal colony. As he looks around, he sees policemen armed with loaded revolvers patrolling the bicycle paths looking for speeders and dangerous characters, and others hidden in doorways looking for the unfortunate student who happens to take a short cut across the grass. At night he sees patrol cars, billy clubs and loaded shotguns on the front seats, peeking with their searchlights into parked cars, looking for couples who are necking. At all gatherings he sees more armed policemen scattered throughout the crowd with loaded guns handy as if to guard against a sudden uprising or rebellion. At the head of this protective force is a man with the imposing title of Security Officer. All this takes place not at a penal institution but at an institution which is dedicated to the purpose of furthering knowledge. Are we considered so immature, reckless, and irresponsible that the university must hire a full-time police force to supervise our actions? We have come here to gain an education and in doing so have come under the supervision of an institution which believes that the student hasn't enough sense and good judgment to manage his own life.

If the university is to fulfill properly its duty to turn out good, intelligent citizens, it must do something about these policies. They contradict the benefits to be gained from attendance at an institution of higher learning. If the university persists in treating the student body as a group of children too immature to know how to behave and think, then these students cannot take their place in the world as responsible citizens.

# Chicago

CHARLES SISK

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 1*

CHICAGO IS A SWOLLEN, TURBULENT, DISTENDED MASS of polyglot human beings, each a virulent entity in the city's consummate infectiousness. It is a tumid cell of life that extends from the border of Wisconsin to the border of Indiana. It defecates its rottenness into an area of blue purity and vies with that purity for dominance.

It is the garbage heap of the Midwest; the scab of humanity coagulates within its core. It spreads its inflammation by arterial railroads.

It is a microcosm. The Japanese, Filipinos, and the Mexicans live in the unlivable. The Chinese are squeezed among the Negroes; the Negroes possess the lake front; the Jews possess the Negroes; and the politicians possess the Jews. Foreign bodies are present everywhere to aggravate the sore.

It takes five minutes to go by rapid transit from one of these foreign bodies to another. On Cermak Road travelling east to State Street one encounters Chinatown, with its native restaurants and pock-marked neon signs simulating Chinese writing. Crossing State Street and continuing west he encounters something entirely different: the Jewish ghetto or the Maxwell Street district. In this district the individual must take care of his billfold, for if he doesn't, someone else will. Maxwell Street is coterminous with the German quarter which, notably, is infamous for its murders, suicides and rapes in ratio to the number of its inhabitants. Further west one comes in contact with Little Poland. It is the scene of race riots, bloody killings, organized crime and wholesale prostitution.

Down Clark Street one sees in succession a tavern, a bookie joint, a burlesque theatre, and, at the corner, an addict selling dope. The atmosphere of this street has the inter-mingled smell of a wound being swabbed with alcohol.

On the congested Clark streetcars foul-odored breaths contaminate one another.

The Loop is the center of the canker. Impulses of political intrigue and business corruption ooze from this nerve and fester the industrial organism of the Great Plains.

The masses of life convulse over the sidewalks, through traffic lanes and up and down subway tunnels. They are infestation. They are Chicago.

Once in a great while you see a church spire rise up out of this fermentation like a sterilized needle.

As Kipling once remarked of Calcutta: "Having seen it I urgently desire never to see it again. It is inhabited by savages. Its air is dirt."



# Look Homeward, Angel

ROXANE KAMM

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 10*

**L**OOK *HOMEWARD, ANGEL* IS A FAR FROM ORDINARY book. It is a book that gives the reader an insight into human relationships and emotions, into man's aspirations, his joys and sorrows, his frustrations and destiny.

Thomas Wolfe attempts to express in this book the loneliness and empty frustration of man's instinctive craving for an indefinable something, perhaps a remnant of a world he once knew. Wolfe feels man spends his life fruitlessly searching for "a stone, a leaf, an unfound door," a door that will open and end this hunger. He believes each man is utterly alone in this search, and that, living and dying by himself, no man really ever knows another. In his own words, "Caught in that insoluble prison of being we escape it never, no matter what arms may clasp us, what mouth may kiss us, what heart may warm us. Never, never, never, never, never." His purpose in writing the book is to instill his own belief in the reader, and he succeeds admirably.

Part of his success may be simply the tremendous truth of what he says. Hasn't everyone thought that "all of our life goes up in smoke . . . we are passing away in smoke, and there is nothing but weariness to pay us for yesterday's toil?" We have all said to ourselves, or to the world, as Ben did, "Where do we come from? Where do we go to? What the Hell is it all about?"

The greatest part of Wolf's success, however, is due to sheer genius in writing. The beautiful, lyrically poetic style and sincere idealism which are the essence of Wolfe's writing are unlike those of any other author except perhaps Antoine de St. Exupery. These two qualities, along with his acute perceptiveness, his wonderfully vivid, although basically simple, wording, and his fantastic yet very real characters, place his book far above the ordinary.

Most characteristic of Wolfe's writing is a poetic quality to be found whether he is searching the depths of a philosophical concept or describing a summer day. This lyric gift is noticeable, for example, in his expression of Eliza's grief and despair at the death of her son, Grover: "She was sorry for all who had lived, were living, or would live, fanning with their prayers the useless altar flames, suppliant with their hopes to an unwitting spirit, casting the tiny rockets of their belief against remote eternity, and hoping for grace, guidance, and delivery upon the spinning and forgotten cinder of this earth"; or his description of a summer day: "The day was like gold and sapphires: there was a swift flash and sparkle, intangible and multifarious, like sunlight on roughened water, all over the land"; and the mournful plea he repeats

throughout the book: "Oh lost, and by the wind grieved, ghost, come back again."

Wolfe is extremely perceptive. He is very much interested in even the most ordinary things and is unusually skillful in transmitting his interest to the reader. He writes of all the variegated emotions and physical sensations that to us are life, and expresses emotions and experiences common to the entire human race. The imagination of the reader is constantly stimulated by clever, unorthodox twists of words and vivid word pictures like these:

"We walked along the road in Cumberland and stopped, because the sky hung down so low."

". . . the inchoate sharp excitement of hot dandelions in young Spring grass at noon."

". . . the million-noted ululation of little night things, the great brooding symphony of dark."

And notice the striking simplicity and compression of thought with which he handles the complex concept of existence:

"I am a part of all that I have touched and that has touched me, which, having for me no existence save that which I gave to it, became other than itself by being mixed with what I then was, and is now still otherwise, having fused with what I now am, which is itself a cumulation of all I have been and am becoming."

Another outstanding quality of Wolfe's writing is the reality of his characters. Although my credulity was taxed occasionally when reading of the extreme viciousness of the feelings among members of the Gant family, I attribute this to the narrow range of my personal experience rather than to a distortion of reality on Wolfe's part.

For realism is the outstanding quality of all his characters. His portrayal of human nature is perceptive and penetrating; each person has a characteristic mannerism—Gene clutches at his throat; Gant continually moans, "It's fearful, it's awful, it's cru-el" and Helen plucks at her chin.

Wolfe skillfully creates reality by dealing always with a mixture of emotions, whether he is portraying reactions in his characters or arousing emotion in the reader. The reader hates Eliza for her pettiness and stinginess, yet at the same time, his heart goes out to her in pity for the hardships she has endured and for the utter uselessness of her life.

Wolfe says of Gene, "He felt that he might be clean and free if he could only escape into a single burning passion—hard, and hot, and glittering—of love, hatred, terror, or disgust. But he was caught, he was strangling, in the web of futility—there was no moment of hate that was not touched by a dozen shafts of pity: impotently, he wanted to seize them [his family], cuff them, shake them, love them, comfort them." Wolfe's characters come alive because he accurately reproduces this combination of conflicting, indeterminate emotions that is life.

Because of the truth of what Wolfe says, the sincerity of his belief in it, and his skillful way of expressing it, he accomplishes his purpose very well—perhaps too well. By the time the reader finishes the book, he knows the obscure craving of which Wolfe speaks. He thinks; he begins consciously to look around himself for “a stone, a leaf, an unfound door.”

## A Girl In The Library

BOB JENKINS

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 1*

THE GIRL SITTING ACROSS FROM ME IN THE LIBRARY IS apparently revising a Rhetoric theme. She is a short girl, around five feet two inches, with long black hair and deep brown eyes. She has a round, pudgy face with a broad, freckled nose and full red lips. It is not a very beautiful face perhaps, but certainly an interesting and inspiring one.

While I watch her read, the varying expressions on her face make me wonder what sort of theme she has written. She reads a few words, stops to make a correction, then goes on to the next sentence. Apparently she has made quite a few mistakes. She appears very much disgusted with the whole thing and finally gives up on Rhetoric and begins to stare out of the window. Her gaze seems to be fixed on space, for she has the same look in her eyes as those of a person in a trance. What is happening in that mind of hers? Is she homesick—is she having trouble with her school work?

She makes me think of the complexity of the human mind. Suddenly she smiles and turns to the boy sitting next to her. She moves her chair closer to his and they begin to talk. She seems very interested in this young man, for she listens attentively and her eyes sparkle when he speaks. He is starting to tease her about something. She is shaking her head in denial, but I can see a blush starting to come over her face—first just a gentle pink, then a soft red, then a flowery red. She picks up her Rhetoric theme again and pretends to work. She tries to concentrate for a few minutes, but she can't help turning her head to look at the boy, who, at that same second, has turned his head to look at her. Their eyes meet and he grins from ear to ear. She starts to blush again, but averts her eyes. Suddenly a bell breaks the silence and they gather their books to leave. As they leave the library side by side, I realize that the human mind is really very simple and predictable.

# Allegory

LAWRENCE G. COHEN

*Rhetoric 101*

And has there ever been  
One moment of transient beauty—  
Wasted—  
For which I have not wept?  
And has there ever been one mongrel sigh that slunk about,  
Through the paradox of midnight,  
For which I have not mourned?  
O soul! O solitary soul,  
Thou art a dark madonna of the night.  
O soul! O haunted soul,  
Seek not.

When shall the blur-eyed seeking end?  
When shall the locked-arm struggle cease?  
When shall the blessed sleep  
Fall soft as mist about my shoulders,  
Shroud my soul with peace?

And how many cigarettes tonight?  
How many vague phantasmal bodies  
In their smoke?—O memories!  
O beauty,  
O sacrificial lamb,  
Where is the long lost door?

And is there one who knows me, loves me?  
Who has seen,  
Through my own eyes,  
So much beauty wasted and destroyed  
That he may share my sorrow.  
I have never had a brother.

When shall the blessed sleep  
Fall soft as mist about my shoulders?

I shall go to the hills of Golgotha.  
I shall stand there amidst the Halleluja Choir.  
Alone.



Alone shall I meet the cold finale.  
Upon the hill shall I plant my rock.  
For I am myself—  
Alone.  
In death forever.

alone.

## A Day In The Army

ROBERT P. PHILLIPS

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 4*

THE 111TH Q.M. BAKERY COMPANY HAD BEEN IN ASSAM, India, for about two weeks. The men were living in a temporary area composed of British tents, slit trenches, straddle trenches, and jungle. The "powers that be" had selected a "permanent" area which was to be occupied by the company as soon as the ground was cleared and buildings or tents were erected. Sgt. Phillips was N.C.O. in charge of the platoon detailed to clear the area. The platoon had been marched to the area and at 7 a.m. was awaiting the day's instructions.

First Lt. Presby, formerly a bank clerk, arrived at five minutes after seven and gave his orders to Sgt. Phillips. A ditch was to be dug from the site of the proposed shower room to a ravine which was about fifty yards away. Sgt. Phillips relayed the orders to the platoon and the digging began. It continued until about 10 a.m.

Second Lt. Comhoff, formerly an insurance salesman, passed by at that time and informed Sgt. Phillips that the shower was not to be built at the point where the ditch began. He told Sgt. Phillips to stop the work until the captain had been consulted. The order was passed on to the men and they all sat down.

Second Lt. Grilk, formerly a butcher, happened upon the men. He called for Sgt. Phillips in a loud voice and ordered him to have the men resume the digging immediately. He did not give the sergeant a chance to explain why the work had been stopped five minutes earlier. Upon the order from Sgt. Phillips the men resumed their digging and the ditch was completed at about four that afternoon.

At about five minutes after four Captain Nunsom, formerly a bakery truck driver, appeared on the scene and called for Sgt. Phillips. He explained that there would be no need for a ditch at that place and requested that it be filled in that afternoon.

When the captain was gone, Sgt. Phillips told the men that as soon as the ditch was filled in they would be through work for the day. By five o'clock the work was done. The sergeant marched the platoon back to the temporary area.

# Statehood for Hawaii

SADAO HONDA

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 6*

IN 1898 THE UNITED STATES SIGNED A TREATY WITH THE Republic of Hawaii providing for the annexation of the islands, not as a colony, possession, or dependency, but as an integral part of the United States. Under the Organic Act of 1900, Hawaii was incorporated as a territory with expectations among the people that Hawaii would in time become a state. At present Hawaii and Alaska are the only two such incorporated territories in the United States; other United States territories are termed unincorporated.

The incorporated territories were created under the Northwest Ordinance of 1787, which provided an interim government for parts of the United States which were deemed not politically matured enough for admittance to the union as full-fledged states. This Northwest Ordinance was enacted specifically for the vast, uninhabited Northwest Territory in existence at that time; in subsequent years, however, many Supreme Court rulings interpreting that law established any such territoriality as being in preparation for statehood. During the famous Dred Scott case, Chief Justice Taney declared that a territory "is acquired to become a state, and not to be held as a colony and governed by Congress with absolute authority."

Since the incorporation of the Territory of Hawaii, there has been an almost continuous activity among the people of the territory in their fight for statehood. From 1903 to the present, there have been no less than fourteen petitions presented to Congress for statehood. Why are these people so eager for statehood? What are their qualifications to be put on an equal political footing with the forty-eight states of the union?

Some of the qualifications Hawaii possesses cannot be denied by any rational American. They are as follows: (1) Hawaii covers an area of 6,435 square miles—larger than any of the three smallest states in the union; (2) the population is 540,500 (estimated in 1948), 85 per cent of whom are American citizens; (3) Hawaii has one of the highest health standards in the world with a death rate of 6.0 per 1,000 estimated population in 1946, which is lower than the 7.9 per 1,000 recorded by Utah in 1945, the lowest in the union; (4) illiteracy in the islands is almost non-existent; and (5) Hawaii pays annually more taxes to the United States Government than any of a dozen or so states. These facts can easily be proven by reference to statistical reports, and therefore need not be further elaborated here.

It is appropriate now to acknowledge some disadvantages existing for Hawaii under a territorial government. The residents of Hawaii cannot vote for the President of the United States, and there are no Representatives in

Congress with voting power. These facts show, in effect, that Hawaii suffers taxation from the federal government without representation. In addition, the governor and other territorial officials are appointed by the President with the consent of the Senate. The people of Hawaii, under these conditions, cannot choose the officials under whom they must live. The territorial legislature is elected by the people, but the laws enacted by the legislators so elected can be vetoed at any time by Congress. A territorial form of government is a government run by puppets whose masters remain in Washington pulling the strings which affect the lives of a half-million people who have practically no voice in their government.

With fifty-two years of territoriality already credited to Hawaii, why haven't the people been granted the right to self-government which seemingly they so much deserve? In reality, the United States House of Representatives has twice passed bills granting statehood to Hawaii; twice the measures died in the Senate without being put to vote. The chief issues against statehood for Hawaii seem to be the non-contiguity of the islands, the large number of Asiatics comprising the population, and the alleged Communist infiltration of Hawaii.

The question of non-contiguity could easily be settled by referring to the time Hawaii was incorporated in the union as a territory. If non-contiguity was not an obstacle to making Hawaii an integral part of the United States, it should certainly be no objection to making it a state. Also, modern inventions have shrunk the world until today Honolulu is closer in traveling time to Washington than were most of the states at the time of the nation's birth. There is instantaneous communication by radio, telegraph, or telephone.

The opponents of Hawaiian statehood on grounds of its large Asiatic population fear that Hawaii might some day elect an Asiatic—more specifically a Japanese Governor, Senator, or Representative through the use of bloc voting. This argument stems from racial prejudice; moreover, it can be disproved by referring to past records of Hawaiian elections. The candidates for offices are elected on their merits, and racial issues have never been the criteria. In addition, the Japanese element of the population, like other racial groups, is itself divided into factions of opposed political, social, and economic views; furthermore, the Caucasians comprise the largest (33.2 per cent in 1948) single racial group in the islands.

The third argument against statehood for Hawaii is of recent fabrication, and, in my opinion, was brought about by opponents for want of better issues to base their arguments on. In April, 1950, a sub-committee of the House Un-American Activities Committee visited Hawaii, and upon its findings, it was established that there were no more than ninety Communists in the territory. The maximum strength of the Communist Party in Hawaii was 160 members in 1946; the prediction for the end of 1950 was set at 40 members. This gives an infinitesimal percentage of only .00008 of the half-million population.

Hawaii is ready for statehood; she has grown to political maturity through fifty-two years of progressive territorial government. Can these ambitious, energetic people any longer be denied their right to statehood? As a territory Hawaii shares equal duties and responsibilities with the states but has unequal rights and privileges. Territories are subject to all federal laws; territories have the same military obligations. Over 25,000 young men of Hawaii were drafted for World War II; they are still being drafted for the present national emergency in Korea, and Hawaii as a territory has had her share of combat casualties.

Hawaii will not be satisfied if she is any longer held in a subordinate position as compared with the other parts of the United States. To deny this right to the industrious and progressive community of Hawaii is in direct contrast to the principles of self-government and equal treatment of all upon which the United States of America was formed.

## Rhet as Writ

We too often take for granite this food at Thanksgiving.

\* \* \*

"All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players." This is a quotation from William Shakespeare's *Ibid*.

\* \* \*

Never again did I go into any place even resembling a tavern until I came to the University of Illinois.

\* \* \*

In learning to drive, it is most important that both the woman and the man concentrate on the matter at hand, otherwise they might find themselves parked along the roadside on an altogether different subject.

\* \* \*

The various types of college instructors cause a wide gap in the breach of learning.

\* \* \*

I believe she also proved that sometimes if a person does take the easiest way out, suicide, it can ruin a person for the rest of their life.

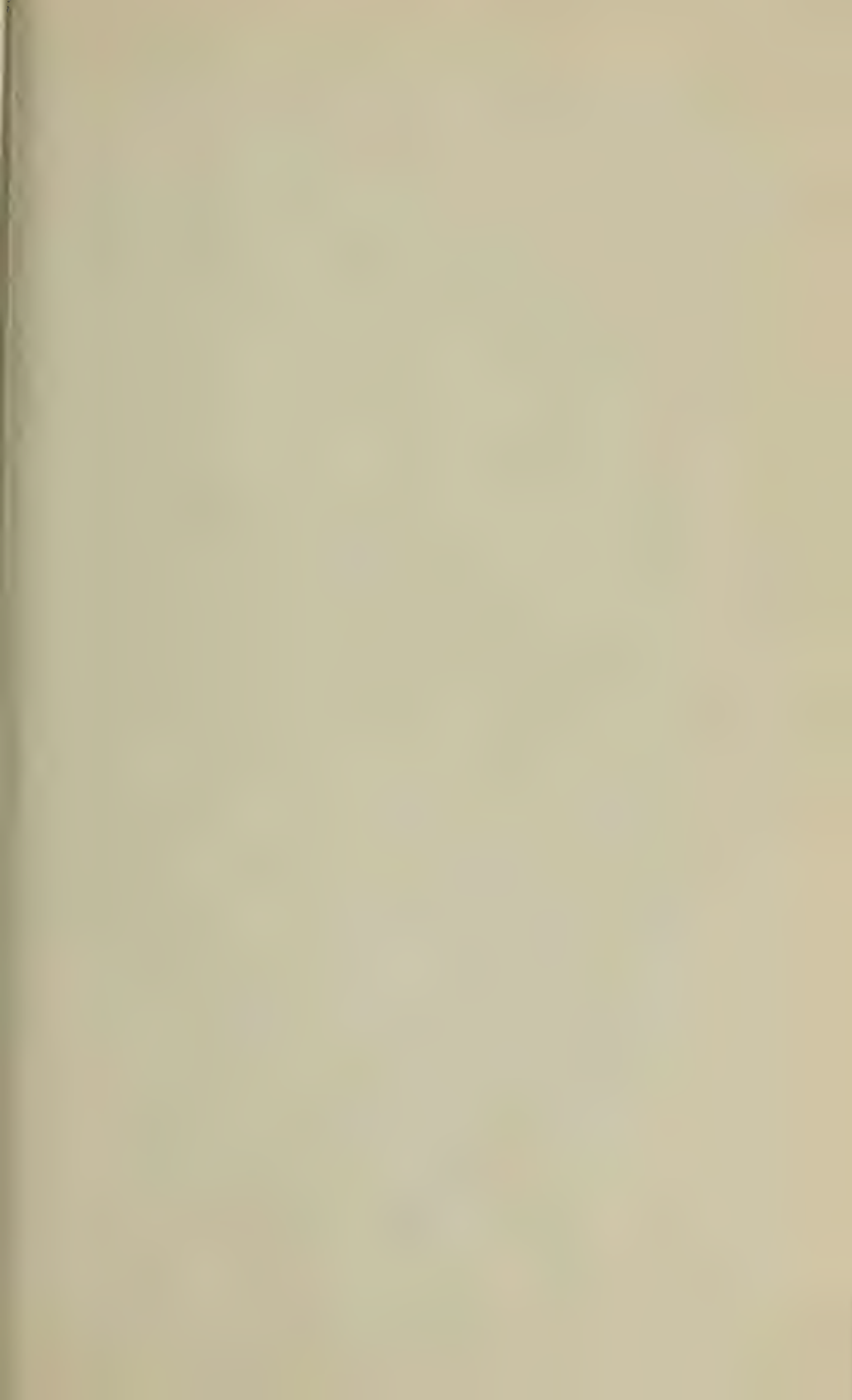
\* \* \*

The men worked ceaselessly putting sandbags on top of each other.

\* \* \*

The Constitution of the United States states that all men are created equal and that they all have certain unaimiable rights.





## The Contributors

*Joan Hradek*—Tuley

*James A. Ciarlo*—Marmion Military

*Wilma Spainhour*—Canton

*Myron Miller*—Rochester, N. Y.

*Charles Sisk*—Eldorado

*Roxane Kamm*—Von Steuben

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# THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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The committee in charge of this issue of THE GREEN CALDRON includes WILLIAM COLBURN, MONTGOMERY CULVER, JAMES DONOVAN, KENNETH NIXON, HAROLD PENDLETON, and HARRIS WILSON, Chairman.



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# "I Remember Mama"

VIRGINIA McMANUS

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 8*

IT SEEMS THAT AT SOME TIME IN EVERY WRITER'S career he produces a character sketch of his mother. "I Remember Mama" is usually pretty stereotyped; "Mama" is capable and philosophical and kind. She works much harder than she should, and she makes the best cherry pies in the world. "Mama" is short on looks, but her work-roughened hands are nevertheless soothing, her tired eyes understanding, and her too-ample figure comforting. Her hair is grey from years of toil and worry. "Mama" handles the family, including Father, with a deft but iron hand, and does a good job of it. "Mama" never tires, never complains, never puts herself first. She is a rock of Gibraltar, and the core of family life.

Somehow this wonderful woman is tied up with memories of Christmas trees and homemade sugar cookies, first formal dresses and graduation frocks lovingly hand-stitched, hot chocolate on cold days and lemonade on hot days. Even if the rest of the family go their sinful ways she attends church, white-gloved and wearing an ancient hat bravely topped with a new feather. She is pictured in her kitchen, aproned and be-smudged with flour; she is lovingly fluting a pie, basting a turkey, or plucking old leaves off the window-boxed geranium. All this means "Mama" to the American reader; she is a tradition and a pattern. And each time I read a tribute of this sort, I cannot help but think of my own "Mama" who would even detest being called by such a title.

My mother never felt that she was "cut out" to be a parent; the old bugaboo of the proper mother with her wispy hair and ample front haunted her. She had no particular desire to become over-weight and carelessly groomed for the sake of a child. She liked babies, but she also liked kittens and puppies and piglets. So when I was born, she was hardly elated, for I lacked the appeal that the young of the animal kingdom have. I was red and bald and horrible, and the sight of Clapp's baby cereal made her ill. But she adapted herself to all this and in her own way she became a mother.

As I remember her from my earliest days, she was fragile and blonde and helpless. Her art work was excellent, and her housework was deplorable. Our maid stayed only because she liked the gay atmosphere that always surrounded my mother. The apartment was cluttered with stray animals that Mother picked up in the alleys and brought home to bathe and feed. She tossed her clothes in corners, draped the doorknobs, smothered the delicate, satin-covered French chairs. Her art set-up was smack in the middle of the living room; her fashion drawings were stacked on every surface. When we went for our daily airing in the park she would toss paints, brushes, charcoal and sketch pad and last of all me into the buggy so that she could paint the lagoon and the other

children. In her sentimental moods she sang me to sleep with "Moonlight and Roses" and "Together."

As I grew older, I never enjoyed going to school or playing outside half as much as simply staying at home. Mother lived in a world of color and beauty and art; we went to junk shops in the heart of the colored section in search of antiques; we went behind the scenes everywhere. She re-decorated our apartment and changed the furniture three times as frequently as she cleaned it. Each time before the painters would arrive to change the wallpaper, we would stand on chairs and cover the walls with murals and sketches and writing.

Nothing ever changed at home. There was security of a sort in our beautiful if untidy home; Mother lavished on me the love she had always had for stray animals, and was determined to give me a childhood to remember. She forgot many things that are considered essential in bringing up a child; Sunday school, stories with morals, training in thrift and neatness and prudence were among them. But she tried to help me to learn about the things I showed an interest in. Despite her delicate stomach, she ordered a chicken intact and dissected it because I had asked her what was inside one; together we pulled the radio and alarm clock apart to find where the noise came from. If she dominated my life, it was only because she was the most wonderful and colorful companion I could have hoped for, and she made most people seem insipid by comparison.

She never did become a proper "Mama." She never turned grey or wrinkled from her cares over her child. Motherhood never perplexed her that much; she loved her haphazard life and sharing it with her daughter was no trouble at all. Being an optimist, she never doubted that I would turn out well, and she never worried about me. To this day she does not feel that she has really been a proper "Mama" by the conventional standard, but since I have been away from home, I think we have both discovered how wonderful and how ideal our relationship actually was.

## A Definition of Tolerance

MARILYN MORINE

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 5*

SINCE TOLERANCE IS AN ABSTRACT TERM, IT SEEMS almost indefinable. Semantics cannot classify it as a physical act, a state of mind, or a way of living. There are probably as many definitions for the word as there are people who use it. Most people would agree with the dictionary's definition of tolerance as "bearing with a person or putting up with views differing from one's own." This definition is cold and unfeeling, but perhaps very descriptive of the common man's conception of tolerance. To most people, tolerance means merely to "tolerate", and not, as it should, to learn to love as well.

Currently, "tolerance" is in vogue in America. That is, it is discussed by the women's groups and bandied about in the businessmen's conversation. Some people are proud of the fact that they are tolerant; others are just as proud that they are not. But by far the greatest majority are the indifferent ones who think they are tolerant because, having heard a lecture on the subject, they seldom condemn a particular race or religion in public. These are the people who make the fight against intolerance an uphill struggle, because they are certain that as long as they are not actually intolerant, they are on the right track and need not be moved to serious thought about the problem. They do not understand that true tolerance is based on love and not on indifference.

The roots of tolerance go deeper than the realm of conscious thinking; they lie at the depths of feeling rather than reasoning. Tolerance is more than a movement to allow Negroes to be served in white barber shops; it is more than allowing little Johnny to play with the neighbor's children whose parents came from Poland; it is more than remembering to serve fish on Friday if the guests are Catholic. These are outward signs which come from conscious thought. True tolerance is the unaffected feeling of brotherhood which comes from the heart, that does not question the fact that the man is more important than his customs and his way of life.

Someone has said that in understanding there is no need for forgiveness. The meaning of understanding, in this case, could also apply to tolerance, for understanding is the basis for love and love of fellow man is the basis for true tolerance. If we understand why a man believes as he does and if we really love him, not for what he does, but for what he is, then we are tolerant.

## Literature and the Discovery of Values

GORDON FALES

*Rhetoric 101, Final Theme*

IT IS A GREAT FAULT OF HUMAN NATURE THAT SO FEW people understand how they should live, or what Law governs their lives, or even why they are alive. Most people live a day by day existence based upon earthly ambitions. This type of life, disregarding its sensualistic compensations, fairly drips boredom and unhappiness.

When a good novelist builds his characters around inherent traits or faults of man, such as those mentioned above, he can produce a piece of literature of real value. A novel of this type not only affords reading enjoyment, but also can be of a great help to its readers in solving the problems in their own lives.

Robert Penn Warren has written such a novel in *All the King's Men*. Jack Burden, the hero of the story, was a cowardly sort of man for many years. He did not want to grow up and assume the responsibilities and disappointments of life; he much preferred the warmth and comfort of an imaginary womb which he built around himself. However, through the rise and fall of Willie Stark and the course of events which Stark's career brought about, Jack Burden became a man. He came to realize his responsibility to his fellow men and even more important he came to understand and believe the scholarly attorney's statement that God's creation of the evil in the world was justified; that "the only way for God to create, truly create, man was to make him separate from God Himself, and to be separate from God is to be sinful. The creation of evil is therefore the index of God's glory and His power. That had to be so that the creation of good might be the index of man's glory and power." With these new realizations and beliefs instilled in his character, Jack was ready, as he himself put it, to face the "awful responsibility of Time."

I have said few people understand how they should live. Those that don't, such as Jack Burden, either die after a useless life or come to realize the truth as Jack did. However, there is a worse fate than never understanding. It is only barely within the scope of our imagination: the horrible existence of an intelligent man who has surveyed the facts of his existence and arrived at a morally confused sense of values and way of life.

Such a creature was Ivan Karamazov, as created by Fyodor Dostoyevsky, in *The Brothers Karamazov*. Ivan was a desperately unhappy man. He was torn between love of man, faith in God, and purely Satanic characteristics in his nature. Ivan's intellect and complexity of mind drove him slowly to a mental derangement that bordered on insanity. He cursed his wonderful mind and fervently wished for stupidity, as we see when he complains to his brother Alyosha, "I would give all this super-stellar life, all the ranks and honors, simply to be transformed into a merchant's wife weighing eighteen stone [250 lbs.] and setting candles before the icons [altar]."

The life which Ivan believed in was a terrible thing. He reasoned that since such horrible things happened in this life of ours (the example he used was the torturing of little children) there could be no God, or He would have prevented such tragedies. And since there is no God, there is no virtue—virtue becomes useless. Without a God and without virtue all things become lawful. Murder, rape, pillage—all these things become lawful in Ivan's world. It is no wonder that a man tormented by such bitter and agonizing thoughts would be driven to insanity.

With Ivan's tortured mind for background, we can understand how he completely breaks down when he realizes that by instilling his philosophy in Smerdyakov, the bastard half-brother, he has incited the death of his father and caused his brother, Mitya, to be sentenced to Siberia for the murder.

However, it may be said, happily enough, that the novel gives the impression that Ivan will recover from his derangement. And I believe we can



assume that if he did recover, he would have found a real sense of values through his suffering, and would be able to face the responsibility of the world, just as Jack Burden did.

We who are young can benefit greatly from the lives of Ivan and Jack. We must all pray that we shall not remain lethargic, as did Jack Burden, and that we shall not succumb to the frustrations and doubts that attack us, as did Ivan Karamazov. Instead let us completely accept the advice of Alyosha when he said, "Ah, children, ah, dear friends, don't be afraid of life! How good life is when one does something good and just!" When we wholeheartedly believe these words we shall know that the Lord is with us and our true sense of values is complete.

## Man's Love For His Country

ULDIS BLUKIS

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 6*

EVER SINCE MAN CEASED TO BE A NOMAD HE HAS LOVED one particular place more than any other—namely the place where his childhood was spent, his home, or in a broader sense his native country.

The love for "our country," the consequences of losing "our country," are part of the tragedy of the "Okies" in Steinbeck's novel *Grapes of Wrath*.

Although Steinbeck does not pose the question directly, he set me thinking about the causes behind this love for one's country. As a matter of fact we hear the answer quite often, but we fail to understand it because it is often hidden under a cover of high-sounding patriotic expressions.

There are two basic reasons why we love our country. First, man's spirit and soul is ninety-nine percent the product of circumstances and inheritance; second, any healthy and natural man holds at least a subconscious conviction that he is right, that his people, his country are the ones which are natural, more perfect than any other. Because of these two facts man feels best in the familiar places where he was raised. He likes and understands best the people who speak his language, who behave as he does.

The modern man feels less attached to his country because the modern world is becoming smaller and smaller, and the differences dividing it are becoming less significant. The same types of machines are used all around the globe now; modern cities are planned and built almost alike. Men restricted by the rigid rules of society are modeling their behavior after one pattern. Modern means of communication enable them to hear the same ideas, to see the same entertainment. In short, the circumstances modern men live in have become more alike than ever before in history; consequently men have become more alike. They feel more at home anywhere in the world where the modern ways of living are common.

In Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath* we see a different kind of people. These are natural, simple people with strong emotions and convictions. They are bound tightly to the place of their childhood. However, each is an individual, each reacts differently when he loses his country.

There are those old people to whom the loss means death. Grampa and Granma are like trees torn out of their place of growth. They cannot be transplanted—they are too old. They wither and die. Muley is the same; he stays in his country at the expense of his dignity even though he knows it means death.

Then there is Pa, whose fighting spirit is lost together with his country. He does not really look forward any more. His soul remains with his country. He tries to exist from day to day; his ambition does not reach further.

Ma is a fighter. She dreads the strange, unfriendly country they are in. But she tries to put against it their "Okie" spirit—the part of their country they could take with them. She tries to preserve that spirit by preserving the family, which rapidly disintegrates as soon as its country is lost.

Least affected by the loss are the young people. Tom does not think about past or future; he tries to forget the home he has left and expects nothing from "the land of promise," because he feels it is better to live only for today. And the three youngest ones are not yet mature. They can still change. They can learn to love a new country.

Steinbeck expresses the idea best in the following passage from the novel. After the Joads have crossed the desert and see the beautiful gardens, fruit trees and houses in the green valley below, Ma is expressing her grief that Grampa and Granma cannot see this. Tom answers:

"They wouldn't of saw nothin' that's here. Grampa would a been a-seein' the Injuns an' the prairie country where he was a young fella. And Granma would a remembered an' seen the first home she lived in. They was too ol'. Who's really seein' it is Ruthie an' Winfiel'."

\* \* \*

The big white house sits well back from the highway; from the road you see only a colonial country home—a flash of red shutters and ivory blinds—set in a background of rich tapestry green. Lilac bushes stand on either side of the white picket gate like chunky matrons, their heads inclined toward each other in a social, confidential way. The picket fence is scarcely discernible: rose and razzberry bushes have choked it into a green hedge. Patriarchal northern pines cut the lawn into small, useless, green patches, so whimsical was the plan of the planter. More green—piney shrubs and bushes—hugs the house like a hot and heavy fur collar. Each spring finds this heavy foliage sneaking a little higher up the walls; and, not so timidly, sprawling lazily out into the grass. Morning-glories climb the chimney to feel the eastern sun; early morning travelers see a great patch of clear blue and smokey pink blossoms against the white and green background as they pass. This place, then, almost oppressive in its perennial greenness, was to the casual observer the general setting of what was my happiest home.

MARY F. SHIVE, 101.

# Shakespeare in High School

GLORYA MAY

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 6*

WHY SHOULD HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS BE FORCED TO study Shakespeare? It seems a shame that they should have to spend valuable time studying literature that is not suited to their age group, their tastes, or their needs. Of course, there is much to be said in favor of the study of Shakespeare's works, but this study should be left for the colleges and not taught in high school.

In the first place, high school students want concrete facts. They are, for the most part, incapable of comprehending the abstract implications of Shakespeare. The tragedies *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* usually impress the high school students as being purely imaginative nonsense. Since to the majority the visions of the dagger and dreams of foreboding described are merely the fanciful products of a poet's mind, the moral value and the true meaning of the passages do not sink in.

Then, too, the time students have to spend memorizing lines and passages is almost a complete waste. It would be far better if more emphasis was placed upon grammar and composition, which are necessary in every phase of life. After all, the student who goes on to a job right after high school has no more time to learn to express himself, and certainly the ability to quote a few words of Shakespeare will be of no help in writing a business letter or making out a report. As for the college student, the lack of enough grammar and composition work in high school is often the primary reason he has so much trouble with rhetoric placement tests.

Even from the cultural standpoint there is little to be said for the study of Shakespeare in high school. Few people go around quoting Shakespeare, and any possible cultural benefit must come from complete understanding of the plot and theme of the work. Very few teen-agers have either the ability or the disposition to discern the meaning behind the rhyme scheme. Even the points learned about Shakespeare's method of plot development and versification do not remain with the student long enough to become a topic of conversation or an incentive for further reading.

The saddest but most important argument against the study of Shakespeare in high school is the fact that the student actually learns to hate anything Shakespearean. Since he doesn't understand Shakespeare, he naturally dislikes the plays violently. This dislike often lasts a lifetime, and it is really too bad, for the college student would get much more value out of his literature courses, and the non-college person would enjoy reading good literature far more if he had not had an unfortunate exposure to Shakespeare at too early a period in his education.

So the study of Shakespeare in high school leaves the student with no noticeable advantages. The lines memorized are soon forgotten, but the habits of reading for words rather than for understanding and the dislike for Shakespearean works remain for a long time. There is really no point in loading the high school student with a study he cannot appreciate. It would be far better to leave the teaching of Shakespeare to the colleges where the students are old enough and interested enough to derive some good from it.

## Number Three

JOAN MARTIN

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 5*

HE STARED DEEPLY INTO MY EYES AND I HAD THE uncomfortable feeling that he could see straight through to the back of my head. He spoke now in a soft, reassuring, monotone. "I am going to tell you a number and I want you to tell me what it reminds you of. Tell me the first thing that comes into your mind. Number three!"

It didn't seem to me to be a very special number, but I decided to do my best with it. "Three blind mice," I said with confidence.

From the sudden glint in his eye I could tell that he was saying to himself, "Aha, here is a person who is disappointed by life and wants to revert back to childhood." He said aloud, "Try again."

I decided to play along with him and answered quickly "Three little kittens; three bears."

"That's fine," he said smugly. "Now could you think of something still referring to the same number but of a little more serious nature?"

This request called for some deep thought, and after a moment something ran through my mind. "It reminds me of the three triangular shaped rubies on the crown of King Abashaba, who ruled in Egypt during the year 3333 B.C. during the time of the Third Blue Dynasty and his rule was marred by three wars whose names and dates are— — — —."

I paused for breath. I could tell he was shaken. Perhaps he was saying to himself, "Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe this person is a serious student who has forced her mind too much."

He made one last attempt, still using the old number three. It was late, so I tried to think of something that would end our conversation. I blurted out, "Three Feathers!"

I was almost sorry after I said it, because he looked so shocked and confused. My plan had worked, however. He said, "That will be all for today."

I couldn't help wondering as I started to leave the psychologist's office which of us was more bewildered. His office girl, however, had complete presence of mind under my glassy-eyed stare as she said, "Three dollars, please!"



# Environment and Morals

SHIRLEY McVICAR

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 3*

MORALS ARE THE STANDARDS OF RIGHT AND WRONG which guide the actions of every society, but it is the environment in which each society exists that determines what these standards are to be. What is considered proper behavior in one community may be taboo in another. Therefore, it is wise to investigate the mores and surroundings of an individual society before condemning its ethical pattern.

The manner in which young lovers court demonstrates clearly the psychological influence which tradition exercises over behavior. In the hills of Virginia, the courtship is transacted as the two sweethearts walk home from church. To the inhabitants of Chicago's Southside, where street corner pick-ups are not uncommon, such a mode of love-making might seem insipid. Moreover, the Virginians would wonder at, and undoubtedly be shocked by, the seemingly lewd technique of the Chicagoans.

Propriety of dress is another point of difference. In this matter, however, tradition teams up with climate to establish what each society considers an appropriate manner of attire. Again the South merits reference, for here, during the summer months, shoes are an unnecessary and unused accessory to many of the hill people. Though such an omission would be an unpardonable laxity in Boston, it must be remembered that Bostonian customs are formal and Bostonian weather is cool. Much farther south, in South Africa, dress is reduced to a mere fragment of cloth. Although the natives accept this type of costume as suitable, a citizen of the United States would be arrested for indecent exposure if found in such vesture.

Christianity and the absence of Christianity have exerted much moral force in the establishment of dietary laws. In a society of Christian people, the consuming of fellow men would be unspeakable; but in a community of heathens, cannibalism may be prevalent. The Hindus uphold the sacredness of the cow and are appalled at the cold manner in which other societies slaughter and devour that animal. Likewise members of the Jewish religion eat only that food which is sanctioned as ritually clean.

The moral code of one society cannot, then, be expanded to direct the actions of every other society. Such factors as tradition, climate, and religion, must be considered before a standard of behavior can be established. And these factors must be considered again before judgment is passed on any existing code of ethics.

# His Brother's Keeper

S. C. EASTWOOD

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 11*

AS THE TWILIGHT DEEPENED, LIGHTS FLICKERED ON IN the long rows of grey buildings. Somewhere in the distant hospital area a group of men were singing. The melody was familiar but the words were strange and alien. Two men, standing ankle deep in snow, faced each other across the wind-swept compound. One stood erect, his back to the wind. His boots were polished to that peculiar state of perfection which immediately identifies the wearer as a member of the General Staff. Despite the bitter cold, he wore no overcoat. His tight fitting tunic, of the washed-out khaki color that blended so perfectly with the desert sand, was without decoration save for the red and black ribbon of the Iron Cross, first class. His face was the distinctive shade of white characteristic of those who habitually avoid the sun or are convalescing from a long and serious illness. It was without blemish save for the right cheek, which was an angry mass of red scar tissue.

The man facing the wind was of approximately the same height and general proportions, but he slouched in such a manner as to appear almost a head shorter. His boots were issue, undyed, and covered with fresh mud. His huge field coat was as shapeless as a piece of new canvas. Every item of clothing upon his person appeared to have been just taken from the quartermaster's shelves. Only his pistol holster was old. Long exposure to the action of tropical fungus had turned it a permanent dirty-green. His face was the deep, unnatural yellow known as "atabrine-tan." In spite of the dissimilarity in dress, his features bore a striking resemblance to those of the other man.

His eyes wandered from the man in the beautiful boots to the ranks of silent men behind him. Ten thousand men stood as straight and still as if they were literally frozen. This mass of blue and khaki-clad humanity extended almost to the double wall of barbed wire marking the perimeter of the compound. The wire stretched in a straight line, a quarter of a mile in each direction. At regular intervals the monotony of the wire was broken by thirty foot guard towers.

On the catwalk of each tower a lone sentry stood by the black, ugly snout of a machine gun. Silhouetted as the sentries were against the setting sun, one appeared as lifeless as the other. Each was an efficient but wholly impersonal part of the environment.

A wooden rail of rough lumber stretched in an unbroken line six feet inside the wire. It was the death rail. To cross the rail was to invite a hail of bullets from the nearest tower. This too was a part of the system, completely impersonal. The rail was a dirty white color, save for a four foot strip which was raw and splintered.

Beyond the wire, a hungry rabbit, lured from his hiding place by the lengthening shadows, leisurely inspected the long dead flowers still neatly arranged in front of a single wooden cross. Finding nothing to his liking, he hopped out of sight behind the neat white picket fence.

As the last red arc of the sun slipped behind the cottonwoods lining the distant river bank, the man in the shapeless coat pulled himself erect. It was a jerky, abrupt movement, as if he were forcing himself to perform some particularly unpleasant duty.

"Re-PORT!" The single word of command cut the cold air like the dry crack of a rifle shot. The German raised his arm in salute. It was the honored and respected salute of the Wehrmacht, not the silly gesture of the Nazi party. "Officers' compound, all present or accounted for, Sir." And then, in a voice so low the men behind him could not hear, he added, "A Merry Christmas, Martin."

## Portrait of an Introvert

MARILYN GILLISON

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 2*

REVOLVING IN AN ORBIT OF HIS OWN MAKING WITHOUT ever wanting to deviate from the course he has chosen is the introvert, a human being lost in the fascinating domain of himself. Like a planet in a lonely solar system of its own, he drifts slowly, deliberately, in an isolated path around his soul.

The well-meaning, but unwanted people who try to befriend him are like foreign planets who would undoubtedly upset the timing and precision of a planet's fixed revolution if they were allowed to penetrate its orbit.

Annoying, too, are the little asteroids who constantly intrude upon the precious solitude of the planet's lonely track. There seems to be no way of preventing their careless wanderings in and out of its isolated realm. These asteroids are like the people the introvert is forced to contact in the daily process of living.

Once in a great while, a bright, forceful comet will pierce the outer boundaries of the planet's celestial home, leaving a gaping hole behind it. No longer does the planet remain in a fixed cycle, but finds itself free to move into a great network of orbits. The old tiresome journey is quickly abandoned in the excitement of becoming a part of something greater and better.

The comet may be in the form of a person, a sudden interest in a new job, or even a problem that must be overcome. No matter what it is, if it can divert the introvert's attention from himself, his life will be made more complete. Unfortunately, too many people who have become lost within themselves are

never jolted into facing reality. The pathways in the outer world can lead too easily to sorrow, disaster, or ruin. It seems better to remain in the old orbit where nothing new must be encountered, and where security can be expected. And the rest of the world soon learns to shun the introvert; his path is side-stepped and he is soon left far behind.

The orbit of this lonely planet can be traced as a perfect circle with a circumference so flawless that almost nothing can penetrate it. Thus, the introvert, in the same way, misses the richness and fullness that could have been brought to his life by experiences with the others. He believes his single orbit is complete within itself; after all, what path could be easier to follow than a perfect circle?

The circle may be perfect, but all that can be seen of it is the excellence of its outer rim. There is nothing on the inside; it is an empty thing which is merely the absence of love, sorrow, ambition, and all those things that make a life worth living.

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#### "EUCLID ALONE HAS LOOKED ON BEAUTY BARE"

The words of Edna St. Vincent Millay, "Euclid alone has looked on beauty bare," may seem to many people naive, or even meaningless. Perhaps it is, for it obviously implies that true beauty exists only in geometry. But after all, what is most beauty besides a combination of curves and planes? To me, beauty is something approaching perfection, and geometry is perfection.

Consider the lowly circle. It is nothing more than a curved line always equidistant from its center point—simplicity at its uttermost, yet what else dares to rival a circle in its perfection? Once a circle is drawn, the point of beginning and point of ending are lost, and a continuous line is left—unending, unfading beauty.

If I rotate this circle on a diameter, I generate a sphere, the prime geometric figure of the entire universe, for all the heavenly bodies are imperfect spheres. The Almighty Father must have admired the sphere immeasurably, for he molded an infinite number of them and set them spinning in that vast vacuum known to us as the universe, for all mankind to admire.

I see beauty even in the straight line. A straight line has no boundaries; it stretches from infinity to infinity. I see the beauty of freedom in the straight line, and the beauty of the inexplicable.

I do not maintain that true beauty lies in geometry alone. One can find beauty in nearly everything if he only has the patience to look. Trees, flowers, buildings, paintings, the human body,—all are beautiful, but all consist of various combinations of geometric figures. Indeed, if broken down into their separate components, most things of beauty would be only colored illustrations in a geometry book.

JOHN T. HENRY, 101.



# Miss Rampert's Thread

MARY CAROL WAXLER

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 1*

MISS RAMPERT MARCHED INTO THE DIME STORE WITH purpose shining on her thin, bespectacled face. She had come to town for only one reason: to purchase a spool of number seventy thread to finish the quilting on her new Wedding-Ring quilt. She had to buy the thread and hurry home in order to finish the quilt for her niece Maria's wedding. After letting the door swing back into the face of the next shopper, Miss Rampert headed for the thread counter.

She had just passed the doughnut machine when she spied the fortune-telling scales on the far aisle.

"No," she muttered to herself, "I mustn't do it."

But her feet, obeying her mind, walked right over to the scales and stepped up. Snapping open her new, black patent-leather purse, she took out a penny and stuck it in the slot. A whirring noise, two or three clicks, and out came a small card into her waiting hand.

"Keep close to home or disaster may strike—108 lbs." said the card. Miss Rampert tucked it carefully in her purse to show her neighbor, Bessie Lambkin, when she got home.

Again on her way to the thread, she paused for a minute to watch a four-year old hero wearing cow-boy boots as he rode the mechanical bucking bronco in the front of the store. A stern look on his face proved that he was the Gene Autry of his day chasing thirty or forty badmen all at once. Miss Rampert, nodding with a smile to his mother, moved toward her destination.

Conversation on her right caught her attention as she passed the cosmetic counter. A heavily made-up woman with bleached hair was doing all the talking.

"Now, madam, all ya hafta do is to put this here curler on the heat for a minute or two. Hold it up to yer eyes, and presto, ya've got curly eyelashes just like the movie stars. . . . Would ya like one, Madam? They's only a dollar each."

Miss Rampert sniffed coldly as she turned away, and mumbled to the lady next to her that she wouldn't curl her eyelashes for any man. Anyway, the result might make her look like the painted lady selling the gadgets.

She moved to the stairs to the balcony and climbed them slowly as she watched the women below her gathering around several racks of dresses marked "Excellent Cotton Dresses—\$1.98—Special Today Only." Miss Rampert decided not to hunt for house dresses today, for she had bought two last week from the same rack.

At the first table at the head of the stairs she searched through a jumble of yard goods remnants to find pieces suitable for her next quilt. One which she decided would do if she made an Around-the-World quilt was marked ten cents. After trying to convince the salesgirl that two cents tax was not charged on a dime sale, she paid the twelve cents and took her package.

"No," she thought proudly, "I'm not one to haggle over pennies."

Deciding that she might as well eat her lunch in the dime store, Miss Rampert moved on to the lunch counter, where she ordered a frosty malt—chocolate—and a hot dog with ketchup and pickle relish.

"That hot dog was good, but," she reflected as she drained the last drop of her malt, "I've had better drinks than this girl makes. Next time I'll get the blonde waitress to serve me."

Now she decided to purchase her one spool of thread and go home. Although the store didn't have the kind of thread she ordinarily used on her nicest quilts, she found some that would do this time. On her way from the thread counter, she purchased a quarter's worth of salted peanuts to eat on her bus ride home.

"Really," she thought as she went out the door, "I haven't wasted much time. I bought my thread, and, my . . . I wonder what kind of a disaster to expect."

With that startling thought in mind, Miss Rampert, with her thread and sack of peanuts, trudged across the street to wait for her bus.

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### LAKE FRONT VIEW

You are in Chicago on the South Side shore of Lake Michigan. It is a hot summer day and the friendly blue water invites you to join the late afternoon swimmers. The waves, sparkling in sunlight, lazily slap against rocks splotted with the prints of wet bare feet. The deep green firs contrast with the pale green of the grass around the rocks. A few gulls scream in the cloudless sky above. The shore to your left curves sharply so that you can see the heavy traffic speeding along the outer drive that follows the shoreline all the way downtown. Far to the north the skyscrapers, narrow and grey, blend with the light haze that shrouds them.

The sun, moving westward behind you, leaves a pinkish cast in the sky over the lake. It is cooler, and the people on the beach around the shore to your right are leaving. The water, restless now, is discouraging the swimmers on the rock levels below you and they leave too.

As it grows later, the trees become feathery silhouettes. Look how the water, so welcoming a while ago, now seems aloof, yellow-green, choppy. Look above you now; the sky and stars are a splash of rhinestones against blue-black velvet. The unbroken string of streetlights along the outer drive brilliantly outlines the shore. The haze is gone now and the buildings of the skyline stand out like a hundred miniature dominoes. Every few seconds, a search light beam flashes out and sweeps the sky. A heavy blanket of silence has fallen, muting the sounds of city and traffic. It gives you a strange feeling, doesn't it? You can see the hodge—podge of light, color, and motion, but all you can hear is a wave splashing, a cricket chirping, and perhaps a whisper from the wind.

LISA GALAM, 101.

# Caesar or Calculus?

H. F. CROMBIE

*Rhetoric 102 Proficiency Examination*

BEFORE ULTIMATELY DECIDING BETWEEN A FUNDAMENTALLY liberal and a fundamentally technical education, one should first carefully define then critically compare these two great bed-rocks of human knowledge.

The etymology of the two words provides a revealing clue to their definitions. The adjective "liberal" is derived from the Latin word *liber*, meaning *free*. That is just what liberal arts ultimately concerns itself with, the free and untrammled analysis of the world's great thoughts by the world's great minds. The word "technical," on the other hand, is given to us by the Greeks from their word *techne*, meaning *art*, in its present application, the useful arts. This activity of course is what all technicians are practicing in one form or another.

Let us look at the great common domain of these two realms before setting out to point our contrasts. This shared treasure is *mathematics*; but while the subject matter is the same, the approach and ultimate aims are different. The technical student's task is to put calculus to work for him so that he may use it to construct an auditorium or design a better vegetable can. The liberal arts scholar is interested in mathematics more for its own sake. Here we discover a fundamental difference between their whole respective philosophies. The liberal scholar is interested in all knowledge for its own sake, while the technical man surveys things with a practical eye, concerning himself with immediate material benefits for himself, his employer or mankind. It is natural for such a man to look with jaundiced eye on the esoteric pursuits of the medieval French literature scholar, just as, reciprocally, the latter will never understand what makes a man devote a lifetime to a study of the stresses and strains in boiler plates at high temperature.

How are we to reconcile these two great parallel rivers of human achievement? After all they, like the seven and twenty jarring sects, are pursuing the same ultimate ideal, knowledge. I believe in a liberal (in its broader sense) sampling of each in any curriculum of study. If good engineers and poets are born and not made, they will become engineers and poets anyway. But if they are not (and this is somewhat more credible) let the twig be subject to a fair distribution of pedagogical forces.

# Two on the Isle

ROGER DEAKINS

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 11*

HE DIDN'T KNOW HOW IT CAME TO BE THAT HE HAD been left on the island, nor did he care. Since he had given up his old way of life, the motivations of his fellowmen had become a mystery to him. He was aware that he had not washed nor shaved for over a month, but as to whether there were deeper reasons, he was indifferent. He could adapt himself to almost any place. And one place was like any other. What did bother him was why the girl had followed him. But then he decided to accept that too.

The ship had pulled alongside the dock only long enough to leave the two expatriates and then it disappeared again into the world-haze. The two figures stood alone and erect on the dock watching the ship until it was gone. Then they turned and walked with rapid steps toward the native settlement.

They walked in silence for a half-mile and then the girl turned to her companion.

"Where are we going?" she asked softly.

"Here. Of course. Where else in the world have you ever been? Where else is there to go?"

He was beginning to form a concrete resentment of her presence, but still she persisted. It was apparent that she was not interested in his answers to her questions, except as justification for her own abnormal behavior.

"Why did you leave your wife?"

A frown crossed his face and his answer was choked and angry. Doubtful yet of his own actions, he was on the defensive.

"Why shouldn't I? I did my duty to the Race." The frown passed and he turned forward again, smiling slightly. "I left her with child."

And so they came to the settlement, and he decided to secure horses and supplies and to make the longer journey to the northern tip of the island.

Their silence had been broken; the rest of the journey he spent in trying to restore the pieces.

"Why have you followed me?" he finally inquired.

"I am looking for a friend."

"I doubt if you will find him here."

It was to no avail. She wouldn't keep quiet.

"I am looking for a friend of the soul. It matters not that you are a man, for the soul is asexual."

He looked at her sharply, as if aware of her presence for the first time. Indeed he now saw her as more than the mere condition of things; she was another being. He took a deep breath.



"Once I knew a little boy who was different. And his peculiarity was this: he looked like what he wasn't. Everyone liked him because they thought that he was one of them. They liked him until he opened his mouth; then he gave himself away. For he had not learned the prime law of living in society: that society asks certain questions of all young men, and it demands the same answers from each. There is no margin for disobedience. Even after he learned this, he could not comprehend it.

"He was unchangeable; society was unchangeable. And so he made an inevitable discovery. He told a little lie. And the surprise was: he fooled everyone and therefore they continued to love him. So he embroidered the little lie until it became the big lie, and as with most big things, it was appalling. But he learned to accept it and it became his shield against the world. Only he had to take it off at night when he went to bed, and then he had to live with the truth and sometimes when he got up in the morning his pillow was wet. But only when he was little, of course. As he grew up, he wore his albatross willingly, until the day he made another great discovery: there was someone more important than society.

"He was becoming aware of the most important person in the world: himself. Well, that is why I am here."

They reached the furthestmost part of the island; camp was set up easily and quickly. The sun dropped below the horizon and with it went all the energy of the physical world. Thus is the night the time when all truth is uncovered, for in the darkness all things of the body, which is non-truth, will perish.

The two lay on either side of the little campfire, not seeing each other, aware only of the purity of the fire between them.

"Consider this": he was saying, "that were it possible to take a man, and to strip away his flesh, to separate his mind from his body; and then from his mind to drive out all fears and hopes and desire, which are, after all, but conditions of the physical world; and to cast out morals and inhibitions which have likewise been inflicted upon him by his environment; then would there be anything left?

"If you answer no, then what hope is there for the individual?

"I think that there would be something; and in that Something which knows the meaning of true freedom, I will find the reason for being.

"I know that the answer lies within myself, for surely the mind which is capable of framing the question is also capable of answering it, if only it be willing to accept the truth."

"But," she answered, "have you not yourself removed all hope for the individual? For you have removed all identification, and without Identity, there can be no Individuals. Are you not, rather, conceiving Man as but a common will, of which each of us carries around a chunk for a few years in an identifiable cell of flesh, and therefore foolishly pride ourselves on being individuals?"

"Exactly," he replied, "And so there is the reason for my being: that I might propagate this will to the next generation. And so life has direction, but where does that direction lead? Of this I cannot, nay I need not know. And yet I wonder."

Understand, the sun had risen and set many times while these things were said, for nothing is discovered all at once, but is there all the time, and is only revealed by degrees.

And so this is the story of a man who held the fruit of reason in his hand, and by using that reason, he closed his hand and crushed the fruit until it was nothing except the incompressible pulp of Wonder, which he kept with him always.

# The Electroencephalograph

LAURA RUST

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 8*

AS A RESULT OF THE STUDIES AND INVESTIGATIONS OF physiologists and neurologists during the past few years, many new and important instruments to aid science and medicine have been developed. One of the most recent and useful discoveries in the field of electrophysiology is the electroencephalograph. This instrument, which is capable of making a record of brain waves, was first put into operation following the discovery by H. Berger in 1929 that characteristic action currents of brain activity can be registered. Since its perfection, the instrument has proved to be of much value in the diagnosis of a number of abnormal brain conditions.

The electroencephalograph is of special interest to two sets of workers: physiologists, who study the behavior and characteristics of the brain wave rhythms, and clinical neurologists and psychiatrists, who use the brain wave rhythms in the diagnosis of abnormal conditions of the brain.

Through the work of the latter group, the electroencephalograph has been developed to such a degree that it is now possible to use it as a method of localizing damaged or diseased areas of the brain. The instrument has proved of great value in the discovery and determination of different kinds of epilepsy, in the discovery of brain tumors, and even in the discovery of some forms of mental disease.

It is possible to detect these various brain disorders by comparing brain wave rhythms of abnormal persons with the wave rhythms of a normal brain. For example, different kinds of epileptic attacks are associated with specific

patterns and rhythms. These attacks produce conditions which interfere with normal brain activity and cause uneven brain wave rhythms to show up in the test. In testing the brain waves of a normal person, a rather even, though jagged, pattern is found. Tests on abnormal persons show definite, uneven patterns. Thus by comparing abnormal to the normal in a fine, complicated reading, it is possible to determine almost certainly from what type of abnormality a patient is suffering.

The instrument itself is simply an electronic amplifier of great power which records brain wave rhythms upon photographic paper. Reading the results of the tests requires considerable training and skill, and as yet few persons in this country are sufficiently trained to make such a reading. The actual process, however, of running the test is fairly simple once the technique is developed, and is entirely painless to the patient.

If the patient is an adult or a cooperative child, he sits on a bed while the apparatus is being assembled and placed in position. Since it is necessary for the patient to remain quiet, however, a less cooperative one is given a sedative at the very beginning of the test. Contact with the brain waves is made through a series of six or eight units, reading simultaneously, so that the activity of several areas of the brain can be studied at the same time. These units are encased in a large machine. From each unit runs a wire, very fine and several feet in length, and on the end of each wire is a small, metal disc, called an electrode. Placing the electrodes on the head of the patient requires from fifteen to twenty minutes. The hair is parted (for the scalp positions) and a small amount of paste-like substance is put on the exposed area; the electrode, which has been dipped into a solution of collodion, is placed over this area, and air is blown through a small hose onto the collodion. In this manner the acetone in the solution is dried quickly and a film is formed which holds the electrode securely to the head. Each electrode has its place: one on each ear, one directly above each eye, two on top of the head, two at the back of the head, and one on each temple. (Sometimes fewer positions are used.) The electrodes are so placed to receive the sensations of the various lobes of the brain (occipital, temporal and frontal).

After the electrodes are in place, the patient must recline and relax, and, preferably, sleep, since the brain wave recordings show best results when the patient is completely passive. Naturally this procedure often requires the use of a sedative. While the patient sleeps, the actual test and recording is made. Each electrode, except the two attached to the ears, has a separate electromagnetic needle attachment which records the brain waves on a white paper—or scroll—which keeps turning continuously during the test. In this way the entire brain wave activity is recorded in a few minutes time. The voltage of the waves is minute, but the amplification used is sufficient to allow accurate recording through the scalp. After about ten minutes of these recordings, the patient is awakened, the electrodes removed, and the test is complete.

Although the electroencephalographic testing machine has been perfected to the degree that it is capable of making tests as delicate as those just described, there is still much about such brain wave testing that is completely baffling. Much study is still being devoted to the instrument and its uses, and new electrical methods of analyzing the complicated records are being devised.

## Rhet as Writ

With the way taxes are today it would take a person a lifetime to collect a million dollars, and if and when this is done, a person is too old to enjoy it, because how much traveling can a person do in a rocking chair except to a doctor's office once a week to make sure he will live to pay him some more money.

\* \* \*

It is not a magazine for just men or women, but it is for boys, girls, men, women, and for anybody else who reads and doesn't come in this class.

\* \* \*

War is a deadly thing. It destroys many lives and much propriety.

\* \* \*

Look carefully before you shoot for innocent bystanders near your target.

\* \* \*

In her blue uniform and black bag, the public-health nurse is an educator, advisor, and a fiend to the community.

\* \* \*

Mickey Spillane's novels are a little out of the extraordinary.





## The Contributors

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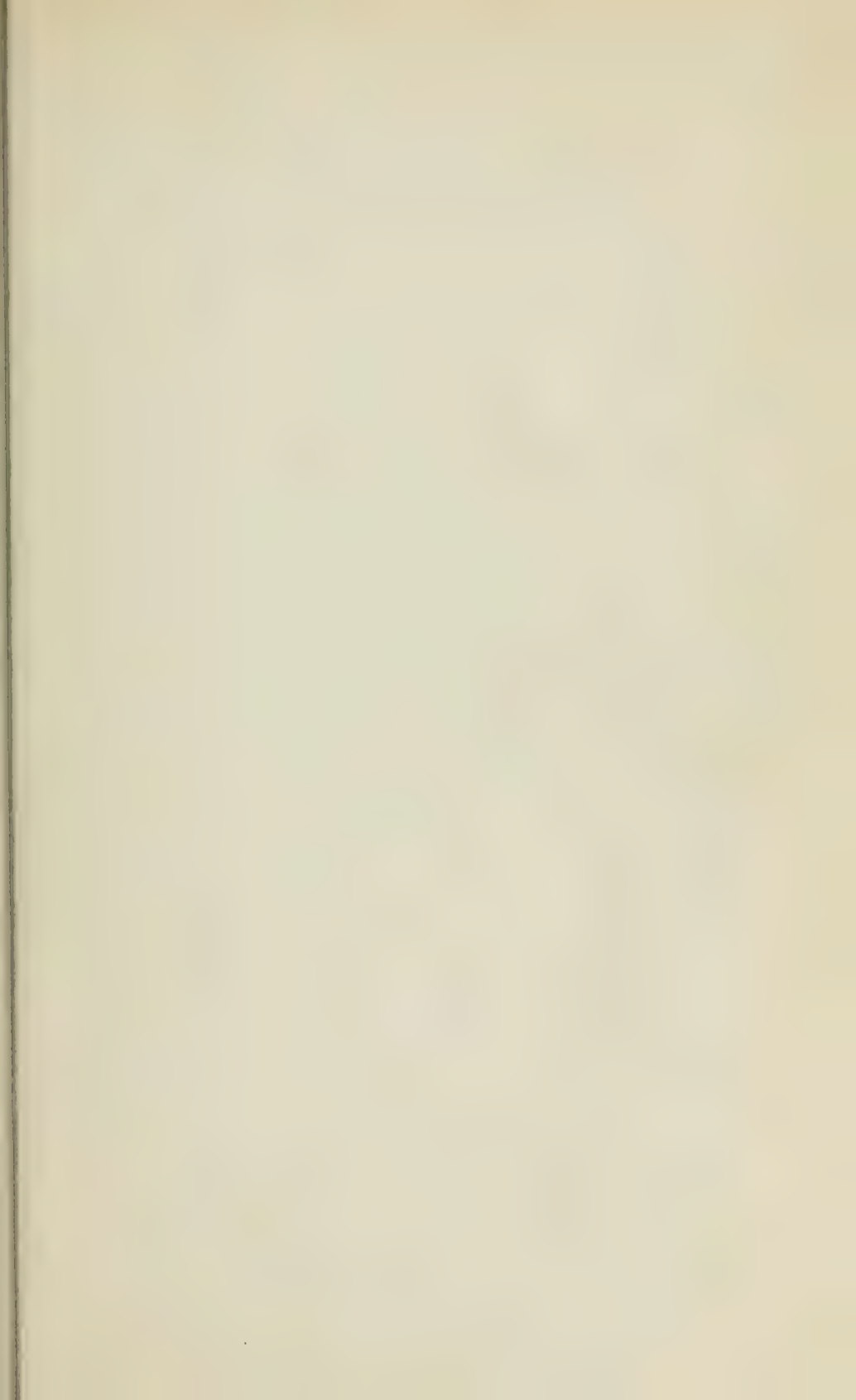
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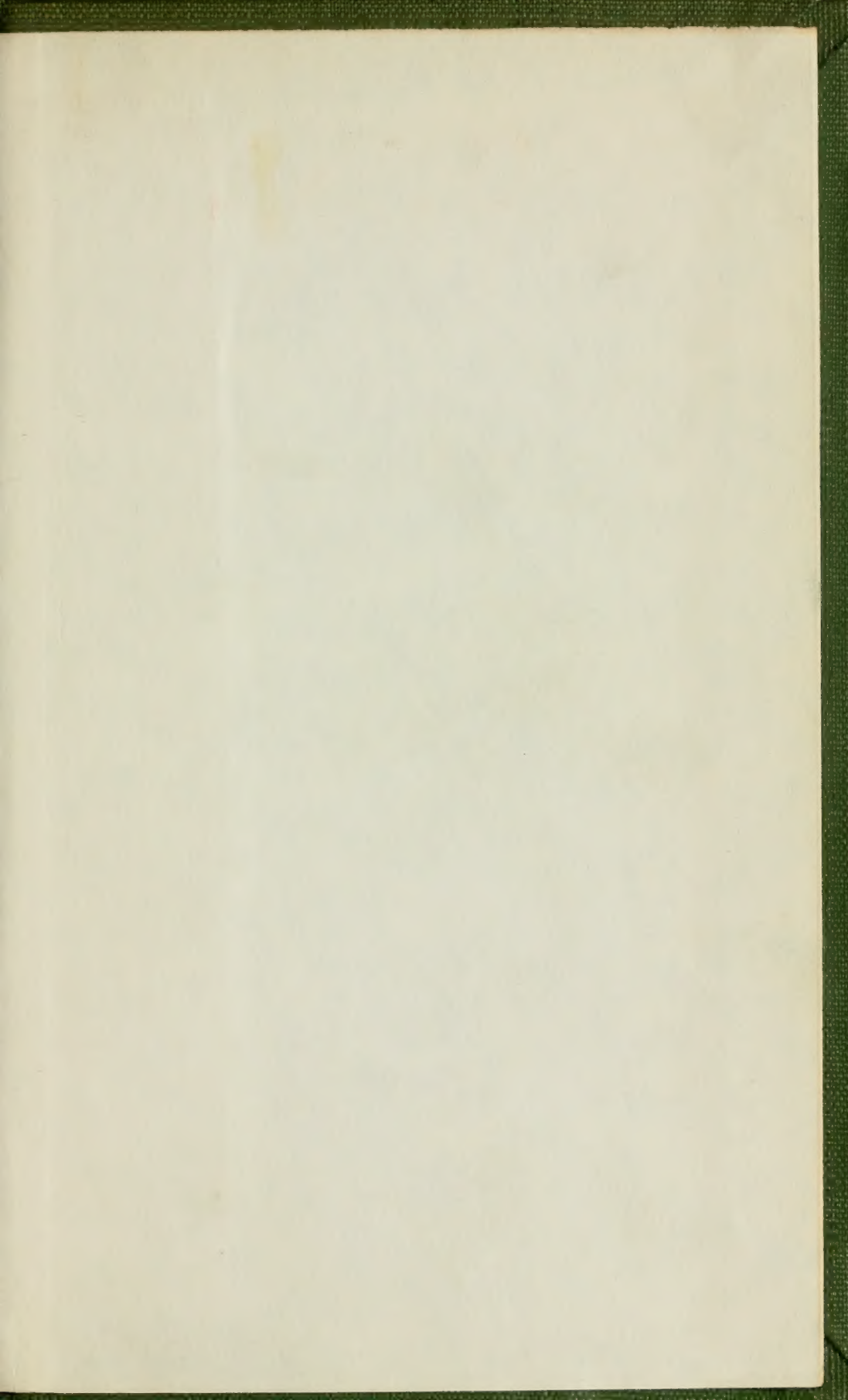














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